The Osho Upanishad

Talks given from 16/08/86 pm to 02/10/86 pm
English Discourse series
44 Chapters
Year published: 1986
To be renamed "**The Osho Upanishad**".

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #1

Chapter title: The mystery school: an encounter with the miraculous
16 August 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
COULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN EXACTLY WHAT THE WORK OF THE MYSTERY SCHOOL IS?

My beloved ones...
You are blessed to be here today, because we are starting a new series of talks between the master and the disciple.
It is not only a birth of a new book, it is also a declaration of a new phase. Today, this moment: 7:00 pm, Saturday, the sixteenth of August of the year 1986 -- one day this moment will be remembered as a historical moment, and you are blessed because you are participating in it. You are creating it; without you it cannot happen.

Books can be written, can be dictated to a machine, but what I am going to start is totally different. It is an UPANISHAD.

Long forgotten, one of the most beautiful words in any language, a very living word, `upanishad' means sitting at the feet of the master. It says nothing more: just to be in the presence of the master, just to allow him to take you in, in his own light, in his own blissfulness, in his own world. And that's exactly the work of a mystery school.

The master has got it. The disciple also has got it, but the master knows and the disciple is fast asleep.

The whole work of a mystery school is in how to bring consciousness to the disciple, how to wake him up, how to allow him to be himself, because the whole world is trying to make him somebody else.

There, nobody is interested in you, in your potential, in your reality, in your being. Everybody has his own vested interest, even those who love you. Don't be angry at them; they are as much victims as you are. They are as unconscious as you are. They think what they are doing is love; what they are really doing is destructive. And love can never be destructive.

Either love is or is not. But love brings with it all possibilities of creativity, all dimensions of creativity. It brings with it freedom, and the greatest freedom in the world is that a person should be allowed to be himself.

But neither the parents nor the neighbors nor the educational system nor the church nor the political leadership -- nobody wants you to be yourself because that is the most dangerous thing for them. People who are

themselves cannot be enslaved. They have tasted freedom, you cannot drag them back into slavery.
So it is better not to allow them to taste freedom, their own being, their potential, their possibility, their future, their genius. Their whole life they will grope in darkness, asking for guidance from other blind people, asking for answers from those who know nothing about existence, who know nothing about themselves. But they are pretenders -- they are called leaders, preachers, saints, mahatmas. They themselves don't know who they are.
But there are these cunning people all around, exploiting the simple, the innocent, poisoning their minds with beliefs of which they themselves are not certain.
The function of a mystery school is that the master -- speaking or in silence, looking at you or making a gesture, or just sitting with closed eyes -- manages to create a certain field of energy. And if you are receptive, if you are available, if you are ready to go on the journey of the unknown, something clicks and you are no more the old person.
You have seen something which before you had only heard about -- and hearing about it does not create conviction but creates doubt. Because it is so mysterious... it is not logical, it is not rational, it is not intellectual.
But once you have seen it, once you have been showered by the energy of the master, a new being is born. Your old life is finished.
There is a beautiful story.... A great king, Prasenjita, had come to see Gautam Buddha. And while they were conversing, just in the middle an old Buddhist sannyasin -- he must have been seventy-five years old -- came to touch

the feet of Gautam Buddha. He said, "Please forgive me. I should not interrupt the dialogue that is going on between you two, but my time... I have to reach the other village before sunset. If I don't start now I will not be able to reach there." The Buddhist monks don't travel at night. "And I could not go without touching your feet because one knows nothing about tomorrow; whether I will be able again to touch your feet or not is uncertain. This may be the last time. So please, you both forgive me. I will not delay your conversation."

Gautam Buddha said, "Just one question: How old are you?" Strange... out of context.

And the man said, "I am not very old -- just four years."

King Prasenjita could not believe it -- a seventy-five year old man cannot be four years old! He might be seventy, he might be eighty, there is no problem. It is difficult to judge; different people grow old at a different pace. But four years is too much! In four years nobody can grow to be seventy-five years old.

Buddha said, "Go with my blessings."

Prasenjita said, "You have created a problem for me by asking an unnecessary question. Do you think this man is four years old?"

Buddha said, "Now I will explain it to you. It was not unnecessary, it was not without a proper context. It was for you that I was asking him -- really I was creating a question in you -- because you were talking nonsense. You were asking stupid questions. I wanted some relevant question to come out of you.

"Now, this is relevant. Yes, he is four years old because our way of counting the age is from the day a person allows the

master, allows his total being to be transformed, not holding back anything. His seventy-one years were simply a wastage; he has lived only four years. And I think you will understand that your sixty years have been sheer wastage unless you are reborn. And there is only one way to be reborn, and that is to come in contact, in deep communion with someone who has arrived. Then the real life begins."

A mystery school teaches how to live. Its whole science is the art of living. Naturally it includes many things, because life is multi-dimensional. But you must understand the first step: being totally receptive, open.

People are like closed houses -- you cannot find even a single window open, no fresh breeze passes through those houses. Roses are standing outside but cannot release their fragrance into the house. The sun comes every day, knocks on the doors, and goes back; the doors are absolutely deaf. They are not available for fresh air, they are not available for fresh rays, they are not available for fresh perfumes, they are not available for anything. They are not houses, they are graves.

An upanishad contains in itself the whole philosophy of a school of mystery.

THE UPANISHADS don't belong to Hindus; they don't belong to any other religion either. THE UPANISHADS are the outpourings of absolutely individual realized beings to the disciples.

There are four steps to be understood.

First, the student: he comes to a master but never reaches to a master; he reaches only to a teacher. It may be the same man, but the student is not there to be transformed, to be

reborn. He is there to learn a little more knowledge. He wants to become a little more knowledgeable. He has questions but those questions are just intellectual, they are not existential. They are not his life concern, it is not a question of life and death. This type of person may go from one master to another master collecting words, theories, systems, philosophies. He may become very proficient, he may become a great pundit, but he knows nothing.

This is something to be understood. There is a knowledge: you can have as much as you want. yet you will remain ignorant. And there is an ignorance which is really innocence: you do not know anything, but still you have come to the place where everything is known. So there is a knowledge which is ignorant, and an ignorance which is wisdom.

The student is interested in knowledge.

But sometimes it happens: you may come to a master as a student, just out of curiosity, and you may be caught in his charisma, you may be caught by his eyes, you may be caught by his heartbeat. You had come as a student but you are turning to the second stage -- you are becoming a disciple.

The student unnecessarily goes from one place to another place, from one scripture to another scripture. He collects much, but it is all garbage.

Once he comes out of the cocoon of studentship and becomes a disciple, then the wandering stops; then he is getting in tune with the master. He is being transformed without his knowing. He will know it only later on, that things are changing. The same situations that he had faced in the past he faces now with a totally different response.

Doubts are disappearing, rationality seems to be a child's game. Life is much more, so much more that it cannot be contained in words. As he becomes a disciple he starts hearing something which is not said -- between the words... between the sentences... in the pauses when the master suddenly stops... but the communication continues.
A disciple is a great improvement upon the student.
In the past, in the days of THE UPANISHADS, those mystery schools that existed in India were called gurukula. A significant word -- it means `the family of the master'. It is not an ordinary school, a college or a university. It is not a question of just learning; it is a question of being in love. You are not supposed to be in love with your university teacher.
But in a gurukula where THE UPANISHADS flowered, it was a family of love. The question of learning was secondary, the question of being was important. How much you know is not the point; how much you are is the point. And the master is not interested in feeding your bio-computer, the mind. He is not going to increase your memory because that is of no use. That can be done by a machine, and the machine can do it better than you.
I have heard about a computer. The computer was fed with all kinds of astrological knowledge. And the scientist who worked for years on the computer, filling it with all possible knowledge of astrology, naturally wanted to ask the first question himself. And he wanted to ask a question which was really difficult. Apparently it was a simple question: he asked the computer, "Now you are ready. Can you tell me where my father is?"
The computer said, "It is better if you don't know."

He said, "What? Why should it be better if I don't know?"
The computer said, "Don't insist... but if you want to know, it is not my problem. Your father has gone fishing."
The man said, "Nonsense. My father has been dead for three years. So my whole work is wasted!"
And the computer laughed. It said, "Don't be sad, your work is not lost. The man who died three years ago was not your father. Go and ask your mother! Your father has gone fishing, he must be coming back. He is your neighbor."
But even a computer can do things which the human memory cannot do. A single computer can contain a whole library. There is no need for you to read; you can just ask the computer and it will give the answer. And it is only very rarely that things will go wrong, if the electricity goes off or the battery runs down.
The master is not interested in making you into a computer. His interest is in making you a light unto yourself, an authentic being, an immortal being -- not just knowledge, not what others have said, but your experience.
As the disciple comes closer and closer to the master, there comes another point of transformation -- the disciple becomes, at a point, a devotee. There is a beauty in all these steps.
To become a disciple was a great revolution, but nothing compared with becoming a devotee. At what point does the disciple turn and become a devotee? He is so much nourished by the energy of the master, by his light, by his love, by his laughter, just by his sheer presence -- and he cannot give anything in return. There is nothing that he can give in return. A moment comes when he starts feeling so immensely grateful that he simply bows down his head to

the feet of the master. He has nothing else to give except himself. From that moment, he is almost a part of the master. He is in a deep synchronicity with the heart of the master. This is gratitude, gratefulness.

And the fourth stage is that he becomes one with the master.

There is a story about Rinzai. He was living with his master for almost twenty years, and one day he came and sat in the seat of the master. The master came; he looked at Rinzai sitting in his seat. He simply went and sat where Rinzai used to sit. Nothing was said, but everything was understood. Everybody was puzzled -- ``what is happening?" Finally Rinzai said to the master, "Are you not offended? Have I insulted you? Have I shown ungratefulness in any way?"

Rinzai laughed. He said, "Now you have become a master. You have come home; from the student to disciplehood, from disciplehood to devotion, and from devotion to mastery. I am immensely pleased that now you can share my work. I need not come every day now; I know somebody else is there with the same aura, with the same perfume.

"In fact, you have been very lazy. This should have happened three months before; you cannot deceive me. For three months I have been feeling that this man is unnecessarily holding my feet. He can sit on the seat, and for a change I can hold his feet. It took three months for you to gather courage."

Rinzai said, "My God, I was thinking nobody knew about it, that it was just inside me. And you are giving me the exact date of when it started. Yes, it has been three months.

I have been lazy and I have not been courageous enough. I was always thinking that this is not right, it doesn't look right."
The master said, "If you had waited one day more I was going to hit you on your head. Three months is enough time to decide, and you were not deciding... and existence has decided."
An upanishad is a mystery school.
And we are entering into an upanishad today.
I was a teacher in the university. I left the university for the simple reason that it stops at the first step. No university requires you to become a disciple; the question of being a devotee or a master simply does not arise. And there are temples which, without making you a student or a disciple, simply enforce devotion on you -- which is going to be false, without roots. And there are devotees in churches all over the world, in synagogues, in temples: not knowing anything about disciplehood, they have become disciples, they have become devotees.
A mystery school is a very systematic encounter with the miraculous.
And the miraculous is all around you, within and without both. Just a system is needed. The master simply provides a system to enter slowly into deeper waters, and ultimately to enter a stage where you disappear into the ocean; you become the ocean itself.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
IF THE SEARCH IS TO KNOW WHO I AM, I MUST BE TAKING A WRONG TURN. THROUGH WITNESSING,

I AM LOSING ALL THE WAYS I HAD OF DEFINING MYSELF: I'M NOT WHAT I DO, I'M NOT THE PERSONALITY WHO DOES THEM. I FEEL AS IF I KNOW LESS AND LESS WHO I AM; I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE A PERMANENT FACE ANY MORE. I FEEL MORE LIKE A CLOUD -- SPACIOUS AND LIGHT -- THAN ANYTHING ELSE.
WOULD YOU PLEASE SAY SOMETHING?

It is not a wrong turn. You are on the right path.
Your personality, your actions, your thoughts, your mind, your emotions -- none of them is your reality. So naturally one who goes in search of himself finds himself in this strange position, that every day he becomes less and less instead of becoming more and more.
The logical mind says, "What are you doing? You have been searching for yourself and all that is happening is that you are losing all those things that you used to think are yourself. You must be taking a wrong turn. Come back! The old way was better. You could collect more thoughts and become more. You could cultivate a better personality, more polished. You could rise in the world of ambitions and you would have been something -- a president, a prime minister, a celebrity." That seems to be the right path to the logical mind.
But remember, the logical mind is continually going to deprive you of the right direction. The right direction is bound to be that you will become less and less, because all that is false will be understood as false. A moment will come when you will know that everything is false. You are

just a witness, at the most, a point of witnessing. But this is only half the journey.
Before knowing the truth, one has to know the false -- because we live in the false. So we have to know it, we have to drop it, and we have to be empty of the false, utterly empty, so that the truth of our being can fill the space. There will be a gap, a very small gap... but it will look like eternity.
When the false leaves you and the real comes in there is a little gap, a fragment of a second. But because of the emptiness it looks as if eternity has passed. And those are the moments when the master, when the family of the master, can be of immense help. Just the presence of the master is enough proof: "Don't get frustrated. Learn to wait and learn to be patient. If it can happen to one man, it can happen to all."
And the family will provide every support, because each one of them will be at a different stage. Somebody will be just in the same position as you are; somebody may have passed beyond it, and just holding his hand you will feel the warmth, the love, the compassion. Just being in the school -- which is full of the presence of the master -- will give you courage.
It was not without purpose that mystery schools were opened. The reason was that alone the journey becomes at many points very arduous.
I am reminded of a story of Gautam Buddha.
He is traveling with his disciple, Ananda. They are tired. They want to reach the next town before sunset; they are rushing as fast as possible. But Buddha has become old, and Ananda himself is older than Buddha. They are worried

that perhaps they will have to stay in the forest for the night, they will not be able to reach to the nearby town. They ask an old man, a farmer who is working in his field, "How far is the town?"
And the old man says, "Not very far. Don't be worried. It is just two miles, at the most. You will reach." Buddha smiles. The old man smiles. Ananda could not understand: "What is going on?"
Two miles have passed. There is no town yet, and they are more tired. An old woman is collecting wood and Ananda asks her, "How far is the village?"
And she says, "Not more than two miles. You have already reached, don't be worried." Buddha laughs. The old woman laughs. And Ananda looks at both: "What is this laughter?" And after two miles still there is no town.
They ask a third man, and again the same question and the same situation.
And Ananda drops his bag and he says, "I am not going to move any more. I am so tired. And it seems we are never going to cross these two miles. Three times we believed... but one question arises in my mind continually...."
Living with Buddha for forty years... he has learned how to live with such a man, not to ask him unnecessary questions. But he said, "Now if it is unnecessary or necessary, I don't care. One thing you have to tell me -- why were you laughing when that old man said, `Two miles, just two miles -- you have not to go more than that'? And again you laughed with that old woman, and she also smiled, and again with the third person the same thing happened. What was this laugh? What was transpiring between you people? You don't know them, they don't know you."

Buddha said, "Our profession is the same. When I laughed, they laughed. they understood that this man belongs to the same kind of profession, where you have to keep people encouraged: `Just two miles, just a little more.'"

He said, "For my whole life I have been doing that. People finally reach, but if from the very beginning you tell them `fifteen miles' they will drop then and there. But by `two miles' and `two miles' they will pass two hundred miles.

"And I laughed at those people because I know this village, I have visited this village. I know it is not two miles. But I kept quiet because you were so eager to know how far it was. I knew that we were not going to make it. But what was the harm? -- you could ask them.

"You can understand a deep phenomenon of human psychology. These people are compassionate people: they were not lying, they were simply encouraging you. The first old man pushed you two miles, the second old woman pushed you two miles. The third man also pushed you two miles; you just needed a few more people and you would reach the town! But now you have dropped your bag. It is okay, we can stay here under this big tree. The town is still... NOT two miles!"

The mystery school helps you not to be alone in a search which is basically lonely, helps you to keep courage in a search which is unpredictable.

But the master... his authority, his love -- you cannot believe that your master would be lying. But there are even higher values. If I can help you to reach to the ultimate goal by just lying a little I will not hesitate, I will lie. Because I know you will forgive me; not only forgive me, you will be

grateful that I lied for you. If I had told you the truth, perhaps you would have stopped.
The journey is long, it is tedious.
Everything has to be dropped, taken away.
This is possible only when somebody you love, somebody you are devoted to, somebody you trust, says, "Don't be bothered. The things that you are dropping are not real, and unless you drop them you will not find the real."
All that is unreal has to be dropped. You have to come to a point of utter nakedness where you don't have anything -- no personality, no name, no fame, no face -- because all faces are different masks that you have been using on different occasions.
You can see it. Just sit by the side of the road, see the people on Juhu Beach. You can tell from far away whether a couple is married or not. How can you say? The married man looks as if he has been beaten the whole day, and is now somehow trying to reach home and fall on his bed and forget the whole nightmare. But he cannot show that face to his wife. When he looks at his wife he smiles, runs to bring the ice cream -- although he is cursing in his mind, "This woman is a hell!" But he is presenting ice cream to the hell... or bhal puri....
But if he is with somebody else's wife then you can see -- his eyes have a shine, he looks younger. He looks beautiful, he looks so energetic. You can just sit down and note the people who are passing -- who is married and who is unmarried, who is going with somebody else's wife. Different masks...
When you are with your beloved you have a different face; when you are with your wife you have a different face.

Strange. When you are with your master, the boss, you have one face; when you are with your servant you have another face.

With the boss you go on moving your tail -- which does not exist at all, but it moves. With your servant you don't behave as if he is a human being. Have you ever said to your servant, "Good morning" or "Good night"? No, the servant is not human. He can go on passing through your room and you don't even take note of it, that anybody has passed.

These masks will fall down, and behind these masks is just your skeleton. It creates fear. But behind the skeleton is your real face, your original face. But you will have to pass through all this agony before you can feel ecstasy.

Everybody wants to feel ecstasy, but nobody wants to go through the agony. Agony is the price -- you will have to pay for it.

Alone it will be very difficult, but when there is a school and many people are passing through different phases they can help each other.

And every mystery school can exist only in one way, and that is that they have a living master. Once the living master is gone the mystery school disperses. That's why you don't see mystery schools becoming religions.

There were mystery schools around Gautam Buddha, but that mystery school dispersed. What is now known as Buddhism has nothing to do with his mystic teachings. It is the knowledgeable people, the students, the scholars, the researchers, who have combined all his teachings, compiled, edited them. They have done a great job, but the soul is missing.

It happened on Charles Darwin's last birthday. He was very old and everybody was thinking that perhaps this was the last birthday, so all friends and colleagues gathered to celebrate it. The children of the neighborhood also wanted to contribute to the celebration, and they did a great job. Charles Darwin's whole life was spent in studying insects, animals, birds, because he was in search of how evolution has happened and what the stages are.

The children played a trick on him. They caught many kinds of insects, cut those insects into different parts and made a new insect -- somebody's head, somebody's legs, somebody's body -- no such insect exists anywhere. They glued it perfectly well, made it ready, and when the party was on they entered, placed the insect before Charles Darwin and said, "People are afraid that you are not going to live long. We are also afraid, because you have not studied this insect up to now. There is no reference to this insect in your books."

He looked at the insect; he could not believe it. Such a thing he had never come across! And these neighborhood boys, from where did they get it? Then he looked from this side and that side, and those children were hilarious... and they asked, "Can you tell us the name of this insect?"

He said, "Yes. It is a humbug."

All religious scriptures are humbugs -- perfectly glued. And those who don't have any experience of truth of their own cannot find what is missing in them -- because to find what is missing you must know it.

A mystery school comes into existence with a master, and disappears.

And that's how it should be.

In nature, in existence, everything that is real.... A roseflower opens itself in the morning and by the evening it is gone. Only plastic flowers remain; they remain forever.
Becoming part of a mystery school is a great benediction. It is very difficult to find a mystery school, to find people who are searching and not imposing themselves on each other, but only helping each other if the need is there. If there is no need, even help can become a hindrance.
You are absolutely on the right path. You have not taken any wrong turn. Just go on dissolving all that is false. It is beautiful to feel like a cloud, beautiful to feel like just a witness.
These are the moments, the interval. Night has gone, the sun will be rising soon. Make these gaps as beautiful as possible -- full of silence, full of gratitude, gratitude to the existence that has given you the chance, gratitude towards all those who have helped. And wait.
`Wait' is a key word.
You cannot force existence to do things.
You have just to wait. In the right moment things happen. You have sown the seeds, you are watering the garden; now wait. Any hurry is dangerous. Everything, to grow, takes its time. Only falsities can be manufactured quickly, in an assembly line. But realities grow, and growth needs time.
And the inner growth is the greatest growth in the whole of existence.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #2

Chapter title: The Master: making your life an orchestra

17 August 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU SEEM TO BE FULFILLING TWO ROLES: AN OUTER ONE IN WHICH YOU PROVOKE AND EXPOSE THE STRUCTURE OF OUR SOCIETY, AND A MORE INTIMATE ONE IN WHICH YOU ENCOURAGE YOUR DISCIPLES TOWARDS THE ULTIMATE.
COULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT.

Existence consists of both: the inner and the outer. Unfortunately, for centuries the inner and the outer have been thought to be opposed to each other. They are not. The teaching which proposes that the inner and the outer are opposed has caused a tremendous tension in man -- because man is a miniature existence, a miniature cosmos. Whatever exists in man also exists on a wider scale in existence, and vice-versa. If man can be understood in his totality, you have understood the whole.
The function of the master is to bring the inner and outer into a harmony.
To create opposition between them is poisoning you. They are not opposed, they are one -- two sides of the same coin, you cannot even separate them. Can you separate the inner from the outer? If they can be separated then what will you call the inner? What will you call the outer? Of what? Both are part of a coherent whole. But mankind has suffered tremendously because of the division.

My function is to destroy the division completely, and to create a synchronicity in man's outer life and his inner life. The work is tremendously complicated and great because the outside, up to now, has been considered to be materialism. It has been condemned by the so-called holy people; you have been told to renounce it. If you are not capable of renouncing it, you are a sinner. Life has been made a sin. And for centuries, the whole emphasis of all the religions and all the traditions has been on the inner. This is one side of the story.

The other side of the story is that matter is objective, visible; the inner reality seems to be just beautiful talk. So there have been philosophers and thinkers saying that only the outer is real; the inner is only an invention of the priests, it has no existence. These people have condemned spiritualism as nonsense. And both sides agree on one point: that the inner and the outer are contradictory -- you can choose one, you cannot choose both.

My approach is a choiceless acceptance of both. Naturally I am against the materialist, because I know the inner exists -- in fact, the outer exists only for the inner, for its protection, for its nourishment. And I am also against the so-called spiritualists, because I cannot deny the reality of matter. It is so evidently there, all around us, that only people who can close their eyes, their reasoning, their understanding, their intelligence, can believe that this is all illusion, that it does not really exist.

Just try. When you go out, go through the wall, not through the gate -- and you will know whether it is illusion or reality. Even a Shankaracharya will go through the gate, not through the wall -- and his whole life he will try to

prove that the wall is an illusion, that it only appears to be, but it is not there.

There is a beautiful incident. One fine morning Shankaracharya -- THE Shankaracharya, the first Shankaracharya -- after taking his bath in the Ganges in Varanasi, is coming up the steps and a man is coming down the steps. It is still dark. The sun has not risen yet, and the man touches Shankaracharya. And the moment he touches him he says, "My God, please forgive me. I am a SUDRA."

And Shankaracharya is very much angry. A man who says that everything outer is illusory, even for him the body of a sudra is not illusory. He says, "You wasted my time. Now I have to take another bath."

The sudra said, "Before you take the bath, please answer my few questions. If you don't answer, you can take the bath but I will touch you again -- and that will be a real waste of time."

He has put Shankaracharya into such a corner... and there is nobody around, so Shankaracharya agrees to answer his questions: "You seem to be such a stubborn man. First you touch me, then you declare that you are a sudra. And now you are forcing me to answer your questions. What are your questions?"

The sudra said, "My questions are very simple. I want to know whether my body is sudra, untouchable. Is there any difference between my body and your body? Is there any difference between my blood and your blood, my bones and your bones? Would it be possible, if we both died, for anybody to decide which body was a brahmin's body and which body was a sudra's body? Our skeletons will be the same, so please tell me: is my body untouchable?

"If not, then is my soul untouchable? And you are the man who has been teaching that God is in everybody's soul -- is he more in you and less in me? Is there some difference of quantity or quality? Or does he exist only in you, and in me there is no God, no satchitanand, no truth, no consciousness, no bliss?

"And remember, you are standing near the Ganges and the sun is rising. Don't lie! And this is not a philosophical discussion; it is a question of my life and death."

Shankarcharaya moved all around the country, winning great debates with great scholars, but he remained silent before this sudra. His question was very simple: Bodies are bodies, made of the same stuff, and consciousness is consciousness, made of the same stuff. Where is the distinction?

Seeing Shankaracharya silent he said, "If you have understood me, then just go back, no need to take another bath. If you take another bath -- then answer my question!"

And you will be surprised -- in his whole life this was perhaps his only defeat. He had to leave the place and to go back to the temple without taking another bath. Of course he was not courageous enough to say the truth. The question was simple, but he could see that whatever he said was going to be against his own philosophical teachings, against his own religion. It was better to keep silent, not to say anything.

But the untouchable man -- nobody knows his name -- must have been of tremendous intelligence. He managed to get the answer because he made it clear that, "If you take the bath I am going to touch you again. If you accept my

standpoint that there is no difference, then simply go back to your temple -- it is time for your morning prayer."
Seeing the situation, Shankarcharya went back to the temple. But that destroys his whole philosophy; within five minutes his whole life's effort is destroyed. And the reason is that his philosophy is against existence; this unknown man was simply stating a fact -- that the outer is material, the inner is spiritual, and there is no conflict.
Have you seen any conflict between your soul and your body -- fighting, wrestling, beating each other? There is tremendous harmony.
In fact, whenever the harmony is not there, you are sick. The healthier you are, the more harmonious. Disease can be defined as a conflict between the outer and the inner; they have fallen apart, they are not moving together. The harmony is broken. The function of the physician is to bring the harmony back, to bring the music back, to make your life an orchestra.
The master is a physician -- not of your ordinary diseases but of your existential conflicts.
That's why I have been fighting on two fronts. I have to fight the old traditions, old religions, old orthodoxies, because they will not allow you ever to be healthy and whole. They will cripple you. The more crippled you are the greater saint you become. So on one hand, I have to fight with any kind of thinking or theology which divides you.
Secondly, I have to work on the growth of your inner being.
Both are part of the same process: how to make you a whole man, how to destroy all the rubbish that is

preventing you from becoming whole -- that is the negative part; and the positive part is how to make you aflame with meditation, with silence, with love, with joy, with peace. That is the positive part of my teaching.

With my positive part there is no problem; I could have gone around the world teaching people meditation, peace, love, silence -- and nobody would have opposed me.

But I would not have been of any help to anybody, because who is going to destroy all that rubbish? And the rubbish has to be destroyed first, it is blocking the way. It is your whole conditioning. You have been programmed from your very childhood with absolute lies, but they have been repeated so often that you have forgotten that they are lies. That's the whole secret of advertisement: just go on repeating. On the radio, on the television, in the films, in the newspapers, on the walls, everywhere, go on repeating. In the old days it was thought that wherever there is a demand the supply happens on its own accord. Now, that is not the rule. The rule is, if you have something to supply, create the demand. Go on hammering in people's minds certain words so that they forget completely that they have been listening to it on the radio, on the television, in the films, in the newspaper, and they start believing it. Listening continually to something, they start purchasing it -- any soap, any toothpaste, any cigarette. You can sell anything.

I have heard about a man who was thought to be a great salesman. His company was very proud of him. The company was dealing in real estate, and there was a big plot of land that had been with them for years and they had not been able to find anybody even interested in it. Finally the

owner called the great salesman and asked him. He said, "Don't be worried," and he sold the plot.
After just fifteen days, the rains started and the plot was at least fifteen feet under water, fifteen feet deep. That was the reason nobody was interested in purchasing it -- anybody could see from the road what would happen in the rains. All around, the land was so deep....
The man who had purchased it came, really angry -- rushed into the owner's office and said, "Is this business or robbery? Where is your salesman?"
The owner said, "What is the matter? What happened?"
He said, "What happened? He sold me a plot that is now under fifteen feet of water! It has become a big lake. What am I going to do with it? I will kill that man. Otherwise, return my money."
The owner said, "Don't be worried; you just sit down."
He called his salesman. And the salesman said, "This is not a problem, you just come with me. I will solve it. You need your money? You take your money with fifteen days' interest because I have better buyers ready."
The man said, "What?"
The salesman said, "Don't change your mind -- you take your money with interest, and forget all about that land. It is such a beauty.... You can make a beautiful house on it after the rains, and when the rains come again you can make arrangements so that the water does not flow out. You will have the only place of its kind in the whole city, a lake palace. And as far as the situation right now is concerned, I will give you two boats. We have been saving them for this situation."

And he sold two boats to the man! The owner was just standing there, seeing the whole scene. Those boats were absolutely useless -- for years they had been lying down there, rotten. They would drown the moment they were put into the water. He said to his dealer, "You are creating more trouble."

The salesman said, "You don't be worried. If I can manage that big a trouble, I can manage just two boats."

You have just to create a desire in people -- `lake palace'. He was thinking only of making a house. You have changed the desire and the ambition into a lake palace. The salesman said, "Just think, if you want to make a lake palace, first you will have to make a lake. And we are giving you a ready-made lake and not charging anything!"

For centuries man has been sold beliefs, dogmas, creeds which are absolutely untrue, which have no evidence except in your ambition, except in your laziness. You don't want to do anything, and you want to reach to heaven. And there are people who are ready to give you maps, shortcuts -- as much a shortcut as you want. Just get up in the morning with the name of God, remembering it for two, three minutes while you are getting ready to get out of the bed -- and that's enough. Once in a while go to the Ganges, take a bath so all your sins are finished, you are purified. And all religions have created the same kinds of things -- go to Kaaba and everything is forgiven.

Mohammedans are poor people, and they are poor because of their belief. They are against taking money on interest or giving money with interest. Now, the whole business depends on interest; they are bound to remain poor. And it is told to them that at least once in life you should go to

Kaaba, and that's enough -- going seven times around that stone of Kaaba, all sins are finished, all virtues shower on you. Such shortcuts.

One man reached Ramakrishna. He was going to Varanasi to take a holy dip -- but he was interested in Ramakrishna, so before going, he went to touch his feet. And Ramakrishna said, "But what is the need to go to Varanasi, because the Ganges is coming here" -- just behind his temple where they were sitting, the Ganges was flowing. "The Ganges is coming to Calcutta itself. Where are you going?"

But the man said, "In the scriptures the Ganges in Varanasi has a specialty. It is the same Ganges, but in Varanasi if you take a bath then all your sins are washed away."

Ramakrishna was a very simple man. He said, "With my blessings you can go, but remember one thing. Have you seen? On the bank of the Ganges there are big trees."

The man said, "Yes. I have been there once when I was very young with my father. But why are you mentioning those trees?"

He said, "I am mentioning those trees because people don't know their purpose. The Ganges is great -- you take a dip and all your sins leave you immediately. But they sit on the trees and they wait for you! They say, `Son, sometime you will come back on the same road. Where you are going to go? How long can you remain in the Ganges? You can manage as long as you want -- one hour, two hours, one day, two days -- but finally you will have to come out.'"

That man said, "Not even two days; I will just take the bath and come out. It will take five minutes at the most, in such

cold weather.... But this is strange. Nobody told me that all those sins are sitting on the trees."
Ramakrishna said, "And the moment you put on your clothes... you are putting on clothes and the sins are coming back down on you, settling. And sometimes it happens that somebody else's sins -- if they like you... `This man looks beautiful. That man is already dead, finished; this man is good, young, has some possibilities of committing more sins' -- they may drop on you; that is the greatest difficulty. Yours will certainly come back upon you, and others'.... All those trees are full of sins, so try to save yourself somehow."
He said, "How can I save myself? You can't see sins. Neither do I see them when I take the bath nor will I be able to see them when they descend upon me again!"
Ramakrishna said, "That is up to you. That is why I don't go there, because it is absolutely useless. Those trees are not just uselessly standing there, for centuries they have been doing their job."
The man said, "You have created such a doubt in me... I will go home and think again, whether to go or not. It is an unnecessary wastage if this is going to happen. And you have made me afraid also -- others' sins, which I have not committed at all!"
The priests are giving you shortcuts because you are lazy. You really don't want to do anything for your inner search. The heaven is not somewhere far above in the clouds. It is within you, and for that you don't need to go to the Ganges or to go to Kaaba. You need to go to yourself. But that is something that no priest of any religion wants you to do, because the moment you do it you get out of all the

bondage of religions -- Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Christianity -- all that seems to be stupid and nonsense. You have found your truth.
So my work begins with negativity -- I have to destroy every program that has been given to you. By whom, it does not matter -- whether it is Catholic or Protestant does not matter; I have to deprogram you so you are clean and unburdened. Your doors and your windows are opened.
And then the second part, the essential part, is to teach you how to enter within. Because you know very well how to go out; for many lives you have been going out and out and out. You are accustomed to it. You don't think when you go to your office, "Now turn left, now turn right, now turn...." When you come home you don't think in this way. Simply, mechanically, like a robot you go on every day coming home, every day going to the office.
The outer journey is your habit.
But the inner world is a new world where you have not even looked, where you have never taken a single step. So I have to teach you how, slowly, you can step inwards.
Even when I say to people to go inwards, immediately they ask questions which show how focused on the outside things they are.
I say to them, "Sit silently."
And they will ask me, "Can I do GAYATRI MANTRA?"
Whether you do gayatri mantra or you read the newspaper does not matter, both are outside. I am telling you, "Sit silently."
They say, "That is right, but at least I can repeat omkar..."
It is pitiable. I feel sad for them, that I am telling them to be silent but they are asking me to fill their silence with

something. They don't want to be silent. If nothing else, then omkar will do -- anything will do.

I was a teacher in the university. A professor of mathematics became interested, just seeing me day after day... I would pass just by the side of his office. We were not introduced -- still, I would put one of my fingers on my lips and look at him. He would just look here and there -- "Is anybody seeing or not? Otherwise they will think this is mad, I don't know this man."

In the beginning he used to look away, to the other side. I would have to clap. Then he thought it was better to stand at the window so I would not have to clap, because others would hear. And when I insisted on putting one finger on my lips... he thought, "It looks odd that I don't do anything," so he started putting one finger on his lips. This is how we became great friends.

One day he came to my house. He said, "This is too much. Are you mad or something? Why do you torture me? And every day! I am so afraid of you, that if you come and my class is there, and if they see all this, they will start doing the same thing. And in front of other people I cannot put my finger on my lips because they will ask, `What are you doing?'"

I said, "There was no other way." And he was an Englishman. I said, "Without an introduction it is very difficult to start talking with an Englishman, so I thought this would be perfectly right. I am not talking, I am not saying anything to you. I am just putting -- it is my finger, these are my lips. I have every authority to put them wherever I want."

He said, "That is right, but -- just in front of me, always in front of me!"
I said, "You have come. Now things can begin."
He said, "What do you mean?"
I said, "I mean, are you going to destroy your life in mathematics?" He was an old man, just ready to retire. And he was waiting to retire and go back to England and settle back in his own country.
He said, "This is an important question I have asked myself many times -- am I going to destroy my whole life in mathematics? What have I gained? Just figures and figures, and unnecessarily I am torturing myself and gaining nothing."
I said, "I know a way. You can sit silently -- that is the symbol; this one finger on my lips simply means be silent. Just for half an hour.... You are alone" -- his wife was dead and his sons had gone into their own businesses -- "you have nothing else to do. You have a beautiful house and a beautiful garden. You can sit anywhere, just in silence."
He said, "The idea is good, but in silence can I go on repeating from one to a hundred? And from a hundred backwards -- ninety-nine, ninety-eight, ninety-seven, down to one, and then back? That way will be easy for me, just like a ladder -- from one to two to three to four, and then coming back down the ladder. But without engagement, just sitting silently...."
I said, "This won't do because you will still be doing the same stupid thing -- the mathematics you have been doing your whole life. But what is the trouble with sitting in silence?"

He said, "It just looks... somebody may see me. Somebody may ask, `What are you doing?' Just my whole upbringing is such that if somebody asks, `What are you doing?' you cannot say `nothing'; otherwise, people will think something is loose. Nothing? The whole world is there to do everything and you are sitting here doing nothing?"

In every language there are proverbs which say "Anything is better than nothing." Anything -- without any conditions! Strange -- anything is better than nothing? Every language has such proverbs. "Don't sit there doing nothing; do something."

I have heard, one woman was telling another woman, her neighbor, "Today there is good news. My son, who used to do nothing, has joined a meditation group. Now he is doing meditation."

I was just passing; I said, "You don't know what you are talking about because meditation simply means doing nothing. Your boy has found really the right people, his own kind. Now he is not doing nothing alone, he is doing nothing with many people."

Meditation is not something.

Once the negative part is complete -- and it depends on your intelligence, it can be complete within a second. If you can see that all that you have is borrowed, and if you have courage to decide that, "I will not carry anything borrowed; I take the decision to find out something for myself, my own truth"....

What is the point of knowing all that has been written about love and never being in love? You may collect a whole library on love -- beautiful poetries, dramas, novels -- but it is all pointless; you don't know what love is. You have

never loved. A single moment of love is more valuable than your whole library.
The same is true about everything that is valuable. A single insight into yourself is more valuable than all your scriptures. A single glimpse of your consciousness and you have entered the real temple -- which is not made of bricks and marble, but which already exists in you; it is made of consciousness itself. It is a flame, an eternal flame which has been burning since eternity. It needs no fuel. It is waiting for you to see it because by seeing it, your eyes for the first time will have something -- the joy, the light, the song, the beauty, the ecstasy.
And it is not that when you enter in, your outer will be forgotten. As you enter in, your outer starts radiating the inner -- in your gestures, the way you see, the way you talk, the authority behind your words. Even your touch, even your presence, even your silence will be a message.
The inner and the outer are parts of one reality.
First you have to cleanse the outer, which has been distorted by centuries. It is fortunate that nobody can distort your inner reality; nobody can enter there except you. You cannot even invite your lover, your friend. Except you, you cannot take anyone there. It is fortunate; otherwise everything would have been spoiled in you and recovery would have been impossible.
Only the outer side is covered with dust of all kinds; a small understanding can make you free of it. But that is an essential part -- the negative part -- to know the false as false, because the moment you know it is false, it drops, it disappears.
And after that the inner journey is very light, very simple.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN WE DROP THE ATTITUDE OF JUDGING PEOPLE NEGATIVELY, IT FOLLOWS THAT ACKNOWLEDGING THE POSITIVE IN PEOPLE HAS TO BE DROPPED TOO -- THE WHOLE PACKAGE HAS TO GO, DOES IT NOT?

Yes, the whole package of judging has to go.
Nobody has the right to judge anybody, negatively or positively. These are the ways of dominating people. When you judge someone you are trying to interfere in his life, which is not your business.
A real, authentic man simply allows people to be themselves.
It is not my business to judge anybody as good, as bad. Everybody has to be conscious of his own qualities. If I want to help people, I cannot help by judging; I can help them only by making them more conscious.
If I want to help people -- and there is great beauty in helping, great joy -- then the first thing is a total acceptance of the person, whoever he is, whatever he is. This is the way existence has brought him. There must be some need that he is fulfilling; without him existence will be a little less, he will be missed. And nobody can replace him; he is so unique that he is irreplaceable.
But the whole history of man is that we have not been told about the uniqueness of people. We have been told that people have to be in a certain way, have to behave in a certain way, have to live in a certain way -- then they are

good, then they should be rewarded by respect, by honor here on earth. And they should be rewarded in the other world also, with all kinds of pleasures. We have been told things which are bad -- and those people should be condemned here, dishonored, rejected by the society, made to suffer in every possible way. And finally, after death they will have to suffer in hell.

And the things that decide goodness and badness are shifting, changing -- what was good yesterday is no longer good today. What was bad one day becomes good another day. Just look at the long span of history and you will be surprised....

For example, Rama, Krishna, Parasurama, who are incarnations of God, are all non-vegetarians, meat eaters. They are very ancient; you can think of the present time -- Ramakrishna used to eat fish. Being a Bengali and not eating fish seems to be impossible. In fact, every Bengali house has a small pond. They grow fish; just as you grow other things, they grow fish. Naturally, their houses smell fishy. And it was because of this situation....

When the British empire took over India, Calcutta was their first capital. All the Bengalis had to be the first clerks, the first bureaucracy, and they were all smelling of fish. That's why the Britishers started calling them babu; babu means one who smells. You can say "Bengali babu" and there is no problem, but you cannot say "Punjabi babu" -- that does not suit. With "Punjabi," babu does not suit at all -- "Punjabi babu"? It is impossible -- "Punjabi" and "babu"? The Bengali is a babu, and in his shadow even the Bihari has become a babu, but there it stopped.

And it is strange; because the powerful British empire was calling Bengalis "babus" -- it was a condemnatory word; ba means with, bu means smell. Even a condemnatory word became a very respectable word because the powerful people were using it. So now when you want to show respect to somebody you call him babuji -- "Babu Rajendra Prasad." You have not left out even the president of India; you call him "babu".

As time changes.... Today we cannot accept, no sensitive person can accept that a man who was thought to be a reincarnation of God can be a meat eater. It simply looks awkward, embarrassing.

After Mahavira and Gautam Buddha, values changed so dramatically. They had to change, because these two persons lived a vegetarian life and proved that any man who has love in his heart, compassion, cannot be a meat eater. And at the heights of consciousness, you cannot imagine that a man continues to eat meat -- something is wrong.

In every age, man has to define what is good, what is bad. You never think that Rama obeying his father -- a dying man, under the influence of a young wife.... In the first place, to have four wives was wrong. Then, even at the point of death the man has not the courage to say no to his young wife. Such a henpecked husband! For no reason at all he orders Rama to go to the forest for fourteen years. And this was a value in those days, obedience. Rama is respected for centuries because he obeyed his father without even asking, "Why? What have I done? For what is this punishment being given to me?" Fourteen years he passes, on foot, in the forest.

Today, nobody who has any intelligence can say that obedience can be of such a high value. He should have disobeyed.

And this is my feeling, that if Rama had disobeyed Dasharatha, his father, this country would have been a totally different country. His obedience made this whole country a country of slaves. It is not a simple phenomenon, it is very complicated. When you respect Rama, you are respecting obedience. Then invaders came and the country obeyed, and invaders went on coming and the country went on obeying.

In five thousand years you have not seen a single revolution because revolution has never been a value for us. We have never thought that revolution is anything good. We have always condemned the rebellious spirit, while the rebellious spirit is the only spirit in the world which helps evolution. If we are lagging behind everybody in the world, it is because of our respect for obedience.

I am not saying be disrespectful, I am not saying be disobedient. I am simply saying be discriminating. And discrimination comes out of awareness -- be alert, be aware, see the whole situation. And let the decision come from yourself, not from outside -- not from your father, not from your teachers, not from your priests. Listen to what they have to say, listen carefully, respectfully. But the decision has to come from your own innermost being. Then you will have an individuality and you will have an independence. And with you, the whole society will move higher into consciousness, into freedom.

Don't judge people.

Rather, love people.

You are not told to love people but, knowingly or unknowingly, you are being taught to judge people.
Love knows no judgment; it simply loves, as you are. It is your question, it is your life. How to live it? And if my love is truly great, it may change you without any effort on my part. Without judging you, there is a possibility of changing you.
You can look at me: I have lived with thousands of people; I have never judged anybody. I have simply loved everybody who has been with me, and I have seen tremendous changes happening in them without any effort on my part. Just my love has made them different.
The other day I received a letter from an American jail. One jailer loves me. And without bothering about the government, he gives time to the criminals to meditate. His jail is a special jail where only very severe criminals -- either those who are going to live their whole lives in jail or who are going to be crucified, only those kinds of people are there.
After a few years in American jails, if their behavior is good, people are given a vacation -- for one week they can go and visit their family, their friends. But not in this jail, because in this jail you cannot expect... it has already been judged that a man who has murdered seven persons -- leaving him for seven days outside, he has nothing to lose. He can cut as many people as he wants, you cannot punish him more than you have already punished him. He can escape, there is no risk; even if you catch him again you cannot do anything. You have given him the ultimate punishment that is possible. So in this jail, holidays don't happen.

But my friend the jailer, without asking permission, started giving a few criminals holidays after years of meditation. About one criminal who had committed seven murders he was a little hesitant, but then he remembered, "Don't judge, just love." And lovingly, he gave him seven days and told him that if he needed anything he was willing to support him: "Go out and live fully, seven days." He was not expecting that the man would be back, and he was expecting that he was going to be in trouble. If the man did not come back then there was bound to be trouble for the jailer.

But the man came back after five days. The jailer asked, "Why are you back after five days?"

He said, "I was worried about you, that you must not be sleeping; you must be afraid that I may not come back. It became such a concern to me, your worry, that I thought it was worth dropping two days; better to go back. You have loved me so much; can't I do only this much for you -- coming back to jail two days earlier? It does not matter to me. My whole life I am to live here -- two days more.... But I was not able to sleep; I was concerned about you. I knew that you would be continuously worried about what would happen, whether I would come back or not. And I could not enjoy, because I was missing the meditation."

You are not to judge anybody. But you can do something more: you can love.

You can help the person to meditate, to become more aware. And perhaps your love and his meditation may bring the change, may bring the transformation. And it will not be imposed from outside -- it will be coming from inside, like a flower, and blossoming in the person. And when

anything comes from inside and blossoms, it has tremendous beauty.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #3

Chapter title: Master and disciple, a journey hand in hand
18 August 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
MY FEELING IS THAT SINCE I HAVE KNOWN YOU, YOUR SANNYASINS HAVE PASSED THROUGH AN EVOLUTION, BUT YOU HAVE TOO. SO ARE WE MAKING THIS JOURNEY HAND IN HAND?

It is true, and it is not true.
The sannyasins have been certainly evolving, going through radical changes in their lifestyle, in their thinking, in their behavior, in their very vision of existence.
I am also moving moment to moment, changing. In this sense it is true that I have gone through a revolution hand in hand with my sannyasins. But in another sense -- and a far deeper sense -- your change is the change towards yourself; my change is towards existence. You are moving inwards. I am moving beyond the inner and the outer. The reality is neither inner nor outer; it transcends both.
I love the expression `hand in hand', but it is just like when the sun rises in the morning and the birds start singing, the flowers open and release their fragrance. As the sun rises, they are also blossoming, hand in hand -- but the distance is

immense. That's why I said the question is a little complicated.

I am with you and yet far away; the distance is just like that between a rose opening and the sun rising. Without the sunrise the rose will not open. And I say it on my own authority, that if all the roses decide not to open the sun will not rise. It will look so stupid -- for whom to rise? For what?

Existence is interconnected so deeply, so intimately... but the distances are vast. On the full moon night you see the ocean -- it is affected by the full moon, hand in hand, but the moon is far away. And it is not only the ocean that is affected; even you are affected, because eighty percent in you is ocean water.

It is not strange that the people who have become enlightened -- only with one exception, Mahavira -- have all become enlightened on the full moon day. Mahavira became enlightened on the night of amawas -- no moon in the night, total darkness. It is because of this fact he is called Mahavira. That is not his name. Mahavira means the great warrior, going against the current -- and not only going against the current but achieving it.

Gautam Buddha became enlightened on the day of the full moon. Gautam Buddha's whole life is connected with the full moon: he was born on a full moon night, he became enlightened on the full moon night, he died on the full moon night. This cannot be just coincidence.

And now psychologists have been studying the effects of the full moon on the human psyche, and the results are staggering. On the full moon night more people go mad than any other night, the number is almost double. More

people commit suicide -- again, the number is almost double. More people commit murder, and again the number is almost double. The full moon night does something to the human psyche. The full moon is so far away -- but not so far away; it affects you. Since the very beginning it has been affecting the poets, the painters, the sculptors, the musicians, the dancers. They all feel that something is different under the full moon, that perhaps the rays of the full moon are hand in hand....

Yes, you have been going through many radical changes to reach yourself. I have been going through many revolutions to reach beyond, beyond myself.

You have been moving towards enlightenment, and I have been going beyond it -- and this whole process is going hand in hand. But the distance is vast.

Remember the distance, and also remember the closeness, the intimacy.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

I SEEM TO RECALL YOU ONCE SAYING THAT WE ONLY HAVE GLIMPSES INTO EXISTENCE IN PROPORTION TO OUR CAPACITY TO ABSORB AND INTEGRATE THEM.

NIETZSCHE'S INSIGHT THAT, "THAT WHICH IS DONE OUT OF LOVE ALWAYS TAKES PLACE BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL" WAS PART OF AN UNDERSTANDING THAT LITERALLY DROVE HIM INSANE.

COULD YOU PLEASE TALK ABOUT THIS?

The genius of the caliber of Frederick Nietzsche is always in danger of going mad.
Nobody has ever heard of any idiot going mad. To go mad, first you have to have a mind. A genius is walking on a sword -- just a little mistake and he can fall, fall into an eternal darkness of madness.

Nietzsche is perhaps one of the most prolific geniuses the world has produced. He had so many insights that finally he had to change his way of writing. His writing became aphoristic because the insights were crowding in his mind and if he were to write an essay, the other insights might be forgotten, might be lost. He started writing aphoristically, in maxims.
But to have too many insights is dangerous. One can afford only a limited number.
And Nietzsche was confronted with an infinite number of insights. Each insight could have become a philosophy. For example, this insight that when there is love there is no question of good and evil, love is beyond both. That's all.... He could have written a whole system on it, explained it in detail in different contexts.
There are traditional ways of writing, and they have a certain validity about them because you cannot misinterpret them, you cannot misunderstand them. For example, Bertrand Russell, in his famous book PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA devotes two hundred sixty-five pages to a simple thing. You cannot conceive how a man can manage such a big-sized book, two hundred and sixty pages, just to prove that two plus two are really four. But he has taken every possible consideration, every possible

question, every possible implication into account. He has exhausted the subject, he has not left anything for anybody. That is the traditional way of writing -- systematic, rational. But Frederick Nietzsche had no time. Life is too short and his insights were so many. So he would write simply a maxim, that "Love takes you beyond good and evil. If you love, then don't bother about good and evil."

He is right, dangerously right -- we will have to look into a few of the implications of his statement.

Ordinarily, for centuries love has been synonymous with good -- it takes you beyond bad, beyond evil. Love cannot harm, love cannot be violent, love cannot be destructive, love cannot be evil; those are the qualities of hate. For thousands of years man has thought love and goodness are synonymous.

But Frederick Nietzsche is far more right than the long tradition. Nobody has thought about it before him. That is the function of a genius: he brings new light, new glimpses into the world; he opens new windows into existence. But he has not explained it.

I agree with him totally. Good and evil are opposite to each other and they exist together. Just like darkness and light, life and death -- all these opposites exist together, you cannot separate them. If you make love synonymous with good, then the evil will follow you like a shadow; and that has been happening everywhere around the world, for centuries.

There is a treatise by a psychoanalyst entitled "The Intimate Enemy". It is about love: whomsoever you love you are bound to hate. This will be like a wheel -- day comes, night comes; love comes, hate comes.

It is not something unnatural that lovers are continuously fighting, nagging each other. It is part of the game -- you have chosen love, you have chosen hate as the other side of the coin. Once in a while things become too much and the hate part asserts itself.

If you watch the life of lovers you will be immensely surprised: before they feel loving towards each other, first they fight. When their fighting part is fulfilled, then their love part comes up -- they are simply moving on a mechanical wheel. Then they are hugging each other and kissing each other and just a few minutes before, they were throwing things at each other.

Before every lovemaking there is a pillow fight. I don't know what pillows have done -- they are such innocent people, they never do any harm to anybody -- but they unnecessarily get caught in between the lovers because it happens that they are on the bed, and handy. After a good fight -- saying things against each other, against each other's family -- when this catharsis is over suddenly they are full of love, hugging each other. You cannot believe these are the same people. Then why were they doing that drama before? And this happens every day, it is a routine process.

Certainly your love is not what Nietzsche means by love. He means by love what I mean by love -- love not addressed to anybody in particular but just your aroma, your field of energy. Just as the perfume of the rose surrounds the rose, a loving man is surrounded by love. That love is beyond good and evil; it transcends that intrinsic contradiction of the ordinary love.

But it is true that a man like Frederick Nietzsche, reaching to the very heights of understanding, himself became mad. The reason is not his insight. The reason is that his insight remained only intellectual. He had no foundation in meditation, he never heard of the word. If Frederick Nietzsche had been born in the East he would have been another Gautam Buddha, nothing less -- perhaps more. But in the West, intellect seems to be all. So he came to conclusions logically -- beautiful conclusions, and then he tried to live according to those intellectual conclusions for which there was no meditative foundation.

He fell apart. He had a nervous breakdown. He tried to reach where only meditators are allowed; and naturally he had to fall from those heights, and he suffered multiple fractures. His genius was absolutely certain, but his genius led him into madness; that too is certain.

In the East it has never happened. One should look into it.... In the West it has always happened: whenever there was a man of great genius, sooner or later there was a nervous breakdown, as if he had seen so much that he could not absorb it. He had not wings enough, but still he had taken a long flight into the sky -- tired, tattered, he fell down.

In the East it has never happened, because we never begin with insights. First we make certain that you have a foundation. We make your wings stronger. We don't care about flights, we care about your wings.

You cannot conceive a Gautam Buddha, a Bodhidharma, a Mahakashyap -- even to conceive that these people can be mad is impossible. Their sanity is so perfect. And their sanity is rooted in their meditativeness, in their silence, in their peace, in their grounding in their own being. Because

they have roots deep down into the earth, they are capable of sending their branches high to have a dialogue with the stars. Their flowers can go high in the sky to release the perfume.

You must remember one fact: a tree grows only proportionately. It can go only to a certain height if it has a certain strength, a depth to its roots.

In Japan there is an old art. I don't call it "art" but they call it art. I call it murder. But people go to see it from all over the world because there are only a few trees... five hundred years old and six inches in height. You can see that although it is just six inches high, the tree is old. Its bark is old, its leaves are old; just its tallness somehow has been prevented.

And the strategy is that in the mud pots in which those trees are put, there is no bottom. So the gardeners, from generation to generation -- because the tree is five hundred years old; many generations of the family that owns the tree have passed -- they go on cutting the roots, they don't allow the roots to grow. The pot has no bottom; otherwise the roots will find their way into the earth. The roots go on becoming older, the tree goes on becoming older. But because the roots cannot spread, cannot go deep into the earth, the tree cannot go high into the sky.

People think it is an art. It is sheer murder, it is a crime against the trees. And the same crime has been committed against man all over the world. Your roots have been cut. Intellect can have flights, but it has no roots. Once in a while a genius may suffer from his own intelligence, and finally either he will commit suicide -- because the tension

of his intelligence will become too much, his thoughts will become too many -- or he will go mad.
In the West many professors, many philosophers, mathematicians, painters, poets, novelists -- all kinds of creative people who have genius -- have gone mad or have committed suicide. A few have done both. First they went mad, and then when they were thought to be cured and were released from the madhouse, they committed suicide.

Vincent Van Gogh, one of the great painters of Holland, was for one year in the madhouse. He was released, and the next day he committed suicide. And he wrote a letter to his brother in which he mentions, "It is better not to be, than to be mad. And I don't want to be mad again and I KNOW I cannot avoid it; my mind is again moving in the same directions. All their medicines and tranquilizers can keep me normal in a madhouse, but to live in a madhouse is not life. At least I will have the satisfaction that although I could not live my life, I could manage my own death. I was not the master of my life, but I was the master of my death."
And he was so young, only thirty-three years old, but one of the greatest painters the world has produced. His insights were such that people who have been studying his paintings are simply puzzled, they cannot figure out how this man managed. Because one hundred years ago he painted stars as spirals. You don't see stars as spirals; nobody has ever seen spirals, and in his paintings all his stars are spirals. Even other painters were saying, "Watch out. You are going towards insanity. This is nonsense, nobody has ever seen it. Stars are not spirals."

Van Gogh said, "What can I do? I see them as spirals." And after one hundred years, just four weeks before one hundred years had passed, modern physicists came to the conclusion that stars are spirals. Our vision... because they are so far away, that's why we cannot see that they are spirals.

Now people are puzzled. Van Gogh had the insight, had the genius -- without any instruments. It took one hundred years for the scientists to find out, with all kinds of sophisticated instruments, that stars are spirals. Van Gogh, with his bare eyes....

But he himself started thinking he must be mad. No, nobody supported his vision; even painters, great painters laughed. And this was not only one case, about all his paintings this was the case. He was seeing things which nobody else sees.

A genius is always ahead of his time. The bigger the genius, the farther in the future is his reach in time. Nobody is going to agree with him. He will be thought mad.

And remaining mad was not worthwhile; Van Gogh committed suicide. We forced him to commit suicide. What harm was he doing? That's why I say don't judge people. He was not doing any harm to anybody. The canvas he was painting on was not in any way insulted. The canvas was not reporting to the police station that "This man is making stars into spirals on me." The colors that he was using had no objection....

But people go on continually judging. Can't you keep quiet? Perhaps he sees better than you, farther than you. And anyway, he is not doing harm to anybody.

You will be surprised: in his whole life he could not sell a single painting. Who would purchase it? Only a genius, only a man of insight, only a man of the same category as Van Gogh would purchase one; otherwise, who would purchase his paintings? You will not purchase his painting, because anybody coming to your house will look at the painting and will think you are mad: "Is this painting? How much have you paid?"

And now only two hundred paintings have somehow survived, in friends' houses. Each painting is worth a million dollars, and Van Gogh lived hungry because he could not sell them. His brother used to give him enough money for seven days. Four days he was eating, and three days he was fasting -- to purchase materials for paintings. This fast I call religion -- not the fasts of Jaina monks, those are stupid fasts. This man was pouring his blood on the canvas. He had something more valuable than his own life and he was ready to sacrifice it.

And the same was the case with Frederick Nietzsche. He was condemned by everybody, because if you say love takes you beyond good and evil, that means there is something higher than good. And if it leads you beyond good and evil then you are totally free; then your acts cannot be judged as good or bad.

He was right, but he had no meditative support. He could argue about it, but he could not prove it by his own life. He himself could not love the love he was talking about. That love comes only as a fragrance of meditation -- and then certainly there is nothing good, nothing bad.

Love is the highest value. There cannot be anything higher than that.

I feel deeply sad for Frederick Nietzsche. I don't feel for the normal human beings, because whether they are in the East or in the West makes no difference -- they will be the same people. Superficial differences of course will be there. But I feel deeply sad for Frederick Nietzsche because if he had been in the East he would have raised the consciousness of humanity with his own enlightenment and perhaps, going beyond it.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS AWARENESS? WHY IS IT LOST, AND HOW CAN IT BE REGAINED? ARE THERE ANY STEPS FOR THE SAME?

Awareness is never lost.
It simply becomes entangled with the other, with objects. So the first thing to be remembered: it is never lost, it is your nature, but you can focus it on anything you want. When you get tired of focusing it on money, on power, on prestige, and that great moment comes in your life when you want to close your eyes and focus your awareness on its own source, on where it is coming from, on the roots -- in a split second your life is transformed.
And don't ask what are the steps; there is only one step. The process is very simple. The step is only one: that is turning in.
In Judaism there is a rebellious school of mystery called Hassidism. Its founder, Baal Shem, was a rare being. In the middle of the night he was coming from the river -- that was his routine, because at the river in the night it was

absolutely calm and quiet. And he used to simply sit there, doing nothing -- just watching his own self, watching the watcher. This night when he was coming back, he passed a rich man's house and the watchman was standing by the door.

And the watchman was puzzled because every night at exactly this time, this man would come back. He came out and he said, "Forgive me for interrupting but I cannot contain my curiosity anymore. You are haunting me day and night, every day. What is your business? Why do you go to the river? Many times I have followed you, and there is nothing -- you simply sit there for hours, and in the middle of the night you come back."

Baal Shem said, "I know that you have followed me many times, because the night is so silent I can hear your footsteps. And I know every day you are hiding behind the gate. But it is not only that you are curious about me, I am also curious about you. What is your business?"

He said, "My business? I am a simple watchman."

Baal Shem said, "My God, you have given me the key word. This is my business too!"

The watchman said, "But I don't understand. If you are a watchman you should be watching some house, some palace. What are you watching there, sitting in the sand?"

Baal Shem said, "There is a little difference: you are watching for somebody outside who may enter the palace; I simply watch this watcher. Who is this watcher? This is my whole life's effort; I watch myself."

The watchman said, "But this is a strange business. Who is going to pay you?"

He said, "It is such bliss, such a joy, such immense benediction, it pays itself profoundly. Just a single moment, and all the treasures are nothing in comparison to it."
The watchman said, "This is strange... I have been watching my whole life. I never came across such a beautiful experience. Tomorrow night I am coming with you. Just teach me. Because I know how to watch -- it seems only a different direction is needed; you are watching in some different direction."
There is only one step, and that step is of direction, of dimension. Either we can be focused outside or we can close our eyes to the outside and let our whole consciousness be centered in. And you will know, because you are a knower, you are awareness. You have never lost it. You simply got your awareness entangled in a thousand and one things. Withdraw your awareness from everywhere and just let it rest within yourself, and you have arrived home.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO, YES!

Sarjano, there was no need to say yes because I have seen it in your eyes. I have heard it when you were sitting near me, although you have not uttered it.
Since you have come to me there has never been a no in you. And it is strange, because your type is no-type! You have said no to everything, and perhaps that is the reason that your no is finished. You don't have any no anymore, and you have come to the person with whom you can connect only through yes.

To be with a master is to be in a yes attitude.
That's what I mean by receptivity, openness, vulnerability. But I know that one wants to say it, thinking perhaps I may not be aware. I am absolutely aware of those people whose heartbeat is saying yes.
There are people who are still in two minds -- sometimes yes, sometimes no. There are also people who are too much attached to their no -- but I don't count them, they are not my people. Only those whose yes is unconditional, absolute, categorical, are my people.
And Sarjano, you are fortunate. You belong to my people.
Yes, Sarjano.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #4

Chapter title: Misery is the prison, nothingness is the door
19 August 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY DON'T WE DROP OUR MISERIES, OUR IGNORANCE AND UNHAPPINESS? HOW CAN A MAN BE HAPPY AND BLISSFUL?

It is one of the most fundamental questions that a man can ask.
It is also strange, because it should be easy to drop suffering, anguish, misery. It should not be difficult: you don't want to be miserable, so there must be some deep complication behind it. The complication is that from your

very childhood you have not been allowed to be happy, to be blissful, to be joyous.
You have been forced to be serious, and seriousness implies sadness. You were forced to do things that you never wanted to do. You were helpless, weak, dependent on people; naturally you had to do what they were saying. You did those things unwillingly, miserably, in deep resistance. Against yourself, you have been forced to do so much that by and by one thing became clear to you: that anything that is against you is right, and anything that is not against you is bound to be wrong. And constantly, this whole upbringing filled you with sadness, which is not natural.
To be joyous is natural, just as to be healthy is natural. When you are healthy you don't go to the doctor to inquire, "Why am I healthy?" There is no need for any question about your health. But when you are sick, you immediately ask, "Why am I sick? What is the reason, the cause of my disease?"
It is perfectly right to ask why you are miserable. It is not right to ask why you are blissful. You have been brought up in an insane society where to be blissful without reason is thought to be madness. If you are simply smiling for no reason at all, people will think something is loose in your head -- why are you smiling? why are you looking so happy? And if you say "I don't know, I am just being happy," your answer will only strengthen their idea that something has gone wrong with you.
But if you are miserable nobody will ask why you are miserable. To be miserable is natural; everybody is. It is nothing special to you. You are not doing something unique.

Unconsciously this idea goes on settling in you, that misery is natural and blissfulness is unnatural. Blissfulness has to be proved. Misery needs no proof. Slowly it sinks deeper into you -- into your blood, into your bones, into your marrow -- although naturally it is against you. So you have been forced to be a schizophrenic; something that is against your nature has been forced on you. You have been distracted from yourself into something which you are not. This creates the whole misery of humanity, that everybody is where he should not be, what he should not be. And because he cannot be where he needs to be -- where it is his birthright to be -- he is miserable. And you have been in this state of going away from yourself farther and farther; you have forgotten the way back home. So wherever you are, you think this is your home -- misery has become your home, anguish has become your nature. Suffering has been accepted as health, not as sickness.

And when somebody says, "Drop this miserable life, drop this suffering that you are carrying unnecessarily," a very significant question arises: "This is all that we have got! If we drop it we will be no one, we will lose our identity. At least right now I am somebody -- somebody miserable, somebody sad, somebody in suffering. If I drop all this then the question will be, what is my identity? Who am I? I don't know the way back home, and you have taken away the hypocrisy, the false home that was created by the society." Nobody wants to stand naked in the street.

It is better to be miserable -- at least you have something to wear, although it is misery... but there is no harm, everybody else is wearing the same kind of clothes. For those who can afford it, their miseries are costly. Those

who cannot afford it are doubly miserable -- they have to live in a poor kind of misery, nothing much to brag about. So there are rich miserable people and poor miserable people. And the poor miserable people are trying their hardest to reach somehow to the status of rich miserable people. These are the only two types available.

The third type has been completely forgotten. The third is your reality, and it has no misery in it.

You are asking me why man cannot drop his misery; it is for the simple reason that that's all he has got. You want to make him even more poor? He is already poor. There are rich miserable people; he has a small, tiny misery. He cannot brag about it. And you are telling him to drop even this. Then he will be nobody; then he will be empty, a nothingness.

And all the cultures, all the societies, all the religions have committed a crime against humanity: they have created a fear of nothingnness, of emptiness.

The truth is that nothingness is the door to richness. Nothingness is the door to blissfulness -- and the door has to be nothing. The wall is there; you cannot enter a wall, you will simply hit your head, may have some broken ribs. Why can you not enter the wall? -- because the wall has no emptiness, it is solid, it objects. That's why we call things `objects': they are objective, they don't allow you to pass through them, they prevent you.

A door has to be non-objective, it has to be emptiness. A door means there is nothing to prevent you. You can go in. And because we have been conditioned that emptiness is something bad, nothingness is something bad, we are being prevented by the conditioning from dropping the misery,

dropping the anguish, dropping all the suffering and just being nothing.

The moment you are nothing, you become a door -- a door to the divine, a door to yourself, a door that leads to your home, a door that connects you back to your intrinsic nature. And man's intrinsic nature is blissful.

Blissfulness is not something to be achieved.

It is already there; we are born with it.

We have not lost it, we have simply gone farther away, keeping our backs to ourselves.

It is just behind us; a small turn and a great revolution.

But there are fake religions all over the world which are telling you that you are miserable because in the past life you committed evil acts. All nonsense. Because why should existence wait for one life to punish you? There seems to be no need. In nature things happen immediately. You put your hand in the fire in this life and in the next life you will be burned? Strange! You will be burned immediately, herenow. Cause and effect are connected, there cannot be any distance.

But these fake religions go on consoling people: "Don't be worried. Just do good acts, worship more. Go to the temple or the church, and in the next life you will not be miserable." Nothing seems to be cash; everything is in the next life. And nobody comes back from the next life and says, "These people are telling absolute lies."

Religion is cash, it is not even a check.

Different religions have found different strategies, but the reason is the same. Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, religions born outside India say to people, "You are suffering because Adam and Eve committed a sin." The

first couple, thousands of years back... and not a great sin -- you are committing it every day. They simply ate apples, and God has forbidden them to eat apples.

The question is not apples, the question is that they disobeyed. Thousands of years back somebody disobeyed God. And he was punished, he was thrown out of the Garden of Eden, thrown out of God's paradise. Why are we suffering? -- because they were our forefathers. But strange, nobody asked these idiots -- these Christians, Mohammedans, Jews, their great rabbis, popes and imams, "If that is the reason for our miseries, then why are our miseries different? Because the sin was one and single and the same, our miseries should be the same. But every man is suffering differently. His anxiety is different, his anguish is different, his problems are different -- how come this variety of miseries?"

Nobody has raised the question, and they don't have any answer if somebody asks it. If the whole of humanity were suffering the same misery, there would be some logical grounds to believe that there must be a singular cause, but it is not so.

The religions that were born in India have all taken another excuse: that you are suffering because of your past lives. I used to meet Jaina monks, Buddhist monks, and ask them, "I can understand that I am suffering because of my past life. But what about the first life? There must have been a first life, in the very beginning. Why did people suffer then? They had no past life. And if they did not suffer then the first generation of humanity lived in blissfulness; it is impossible that their children should suffer. Their children

should have learned the blissfulness of their parents -- children imitate. Then how did misery enter in?"
And they always said, "You -- whenever you come you bring some embarrassing question. We don't know...first life? Nobody knows what happened, when it happened."
But I said, "Hypothetically there must have been a first life, or you have to accept another hypothesis -- that this vicious circle has been going on eternally. Always there was a past life, always there was a past life -- then you cannot get out of this vicious circle, because in the next life you will suffer from this life's acts. And then for seventy years you cannot remain a saint; even for twenty-four hours one cannot remain a saint. One needs holidays. Even your saints have holidays. And in the next life you will again commit a few evil acts...."
And what are evil acts? They are so simple it is impossible not to commit them. You see a beautiful woman; the scriptures say, "Close your eyes. Don't see her." But they forget completely that you close your eyes only because you have seen her! The evil act has been committed; otherwise, why are you closing your eyes?
You don't close your eyes seeing an ugly woman; no scripture says, "When you see an ugly woman close your eyes." Strange. You yourself close them, without any scriptures, without any teachers, without any religions. But when you see a beautiful woman you don't want to close your eyes, you really forget to blink -- and it is natural.
Not only that, the latest scientific experiments about this phenomenon have revealed strange things. I can give you a deck of cards in which there are beautiful women, ugly women, naked women, beautiful flowers -- different things

on different cards. And I need not see the cards. You can go on looking at the cards, and when you come to a beautiful naked woman I can just watch your eyes and I can say, "Now you have come to a beautiful woman" -- because your eyes are windows. You want to absorb that beauty more, so your eyes become wider. That is a natural mechanism.

When you go outside in the sun your eyes become smaller, the window shrinks, because the sun is too much and there is no need to take that much light in. When you come home, slowly the eyes again open to their normal size. But when you see something beautiful, they become wider, wide open. It is not in your hands, it is not that you are doing it. Even a saint will have to do it because it is not a voluntary thing. It is non-voluntary, it happens on its own accord. It is biologically set up.

You have this word in English, `respect'. People have destroyed its meaning. It does not mean `honor' -- or it means honor in a very different way than you understand. `Respect' means the desire to see again, re-spect -- spect means seeing. If it is honor, it is honor for beauty -- because you want to see it again. The woman has passed.... You find some excuse to see her again, as if somebody has called you or you have forgotten something, and you turn back.

These are sins.

But if to appreciate beauty is sin then all art is sin. Then all paintings are sin, all great music is sin, all great literature is sin, and all great poetry is sin. Why confine it to women? When you look at a sunset and you are filled with the beauty of it, you are committing a sin. Or when you see a

roseflower and it overpowers you with its beauty, its delicateness, you are committing a sin.
These religious people have managed such simple things so that it is impossible to get out of the wheel of life. You will be committing sins, and you will be coming back to suffer the punishment.
To eat tastefully is a sin. In Jainism -- and Mahatma Gandhi has borrowed from Jainas because Gujarat, although it is Hindu its mind is ninety percent Jaina; Mahatma Gandhi has borrowed all five principles of the Jainas.
The first is aswad, to eat without taste. You are asking human beings to do inhuman things -- it is better not to eat, and commit suicide. Even taste is not allowed! And who will tell the child, "Don't drink the mother's milk with taste; otherwise, finished -- you have already arranged for your next life." He enjoys the mother's breast... in fact, he enjoys so much that his whole life he remembers it again and again.
The interest of men in women's breasts is not without any psychology. Why are all the painters, all the poets, all the sculptors making beautiful breasts? -- so beautiful that really that kind of breast doesn't exist.
I was very close to Khajuraho. I used to go there because it has the most beautiful sculpture in the whole world. And as far as breasts are concerned, Khajuraho is just at the very top; nobody anywhere in the world has been able to create such beautiful breasts. But seeing those breasts I said, "These breasts are not possible. If these breasts were there humanity would die."
The minister of education who was showing me around said, "Why?"

I said, "Just see the roundness of the breast -- the little child on this round breast... his nose will get closed, he will not be able to drink milk. Either he can drink milk or he can breathe, two alternatives are before him."

And nature has not created those breasts for the sculptors, but for that small child. It creates breasts in such a way that the child can breathe and drink milk too. Just a completely round breast, a full moon, will kill anybody -- not just the child but the child's father also! If you cannot breathe.... It is good in a sculpture.

But why is man so obsessed? In every magazine, in every poem... somehow the breasts seem to be the central theme of all art. The reason is that the child has enjoyed the taste, the warmth, the feeling that flows from the mother's breast -- which is invisible to us, which is now being explored by scientists.

They have tried on monkeys: one monkey is given every necessary ingredient that he needs for his physical growth; no ordinary monkey gets such balanced food. The other monkey gets just ordinary food, as monkeys can get. But the other monkey has the mother's breast, and the first monkey has just a mechanical breast. Whenever he wants to drink milk the breast is available but it is cold, the breast is just mechanical. There is no warmth, there is no human aura around it.

And the scientists have found repeatedly that the child who gets perfect nourishment dies -- just because he is not getting the mother's warmth, her body. And the child that is not getting perfect nourishment lives healthily, because he is getting the mother's warmth.

Somehow in the psychology of man, that childhood continues. All this art is just a remembrance of a past golden time when there were no worries, no responsibilities, and life was just love.
These Jaina principles make it impossible to live. No taste, no possessions.... I can understand, and I teach no possessiveness, but I cannot understand `no possessions'. And there is a great difference between the two. You can live in a palace remembering that you are simply living in a caravanserai, it is not yours; tomorrow you will be gone, somebody else will become the possessor. One day you were not here, somebody else was the possessor.
My sannyasins have been looking for a beautiful house for me. Sixteen years ago they were also looking for a beautiful house, and I had chosen a house. Everything was settled, but there were some legal difficulties. The man had not all the necessary papers in his possession, so we had to wait. But the man died. His son was not interested in selling the house.
I moved to Poona.
Then I went to America.
And now when my friends started looking for a house, I remembered that house. The man with whom I had talked about the house, who was the owner, has died. His son, who was against selling it, has died -- now his son is in possession. But he has made many other houses around it, and destroyed the whole beauty of the place. He wants to sell all the other houses that he has made -- it had a big campus, a beautiful lawn and garden. And my whole interest was in the big campus, so thousands of people could sit there under the trees on the lawn. The main house

is still there -- it was a beautiful house, but now it is surrounded by so many other houses it has lost its whole beauty. Its whole beauty was in those trees, the rocks, the lawn, the vast campus.

I inquired, "Who is the possessor of the house?" And when I came to know that it is now the third generation, I said, "Still people go on thinking that they possess things! They go on dying, new people go on becoming the owners."

You should live in the world, but not let the world live in you -- that's perfectly right. But to make it a point that you should not have any possessions creates insanity. Mahavira lived naked because he could not have clothes, it would be a possession. You are asking inhuman things. There is cold, there is old age, there is sickness.

He would not sleep on a mattress, just on the bare floor. He would not cut his hairs with scissors or shave his beard with razors because those are mechanical things, and he cannot possess anything. So he used to pull out his hairs: every year there was a festival time for the insane followers who would come to see the naked Mahavira pulling his hairs out. And it was thought to be a great religious ascetic discipline. But do you want the whole of humanity to do it?

The Jaina scriptures don't mention what he was doing with his nails. I have been looking very minutely into the Jaina scriptures to find out about the nails -- I am also a crazy man! Because what did he do with his nails? You cannot pull out your nails the way you pull out your hair. And if you don't cut your nails for eighty years, you will become almost like an animal. People cannot even come close to you, your nails will reach at least six feet. They will keep

everybody away, particularly women -- a good device... nuclear weapons!

No, you cannot expect to get out of this vicious circle of life and death. If cause and effect are put at a distance -- in one life is the cause, in another life is the effect -- then it is absolutely impossible. But it is a good consolation for people, for their misery, that they had committed evil acts. What evil acts? I don't see people committing evil acts in such a proportion that the whole humanity should be miserable.

The reality is something totally different. It is not a question of evil acts, it is a question of your having been taken away from yourself, from your natural blissfulness. And no religion wants you to be so easily blissful; otherwise what will happen to their disciplines? What will happen to their great practices, ascetic practices, people torturing themselves in a thousand and one ways. People beat themselves until they fall unconscious, and that is thought to be a religious discipline.

If dropping the misery is as easy as I say it is, then all these fake religions lose their business. It is a question of their business. Blissfulness has to be made so difficult -- almost impossible -- that people can only hope for it in some future life, after long arduous journeys.

But I say to you on my authority: it has happened to me so easily. I have also lived many past lives and certainly I must have committed more evil acts than any of you -- because I don't consider them to be evil acts. Appreciation of beauty, appreciation of taste, appreciation of everything that makes life more liveable, more loveable, are not evil things to me.

I want you to become sensitive, aesthetically sensitive to all these things. They will make you more human, they will create more softness in you, more gratitude towards existence.
And it is not a theoretical question with me. I have just accepted nothingness as a door -- which I call meditation, which is nothing but another name for nothingness. And the moment nothingness happens suddenly you are standing face to face with yourself, all misery disappears.
The first thing you do is simply to laugh at yourself, at what an idiot you have been. That misery was never there; you were creating it with one hand and you were trying to destroy it with another hand -- and naturally you were in a split, in a schizophrenic condition.
It is absolutely easy, simple.
The most simple thing in existence is to be oneself.
It needs no effort; you are already it.
Just a remembrance... just getting out of all stupid ideas that the society has imposed on you. And that is as simple as a snake slipping out of its old skin and never even looking back. It is just an old skin.
If you understand it, it can happen this very moment. Because this very moment you can see there is no misery, no anguish.
You are silent, standing on the door of nothing; just a step more inwards and you have found the greatest treasure that has been waiting for you for thousands of lives.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,

IN THE MIND, IN THE PROCESS OF THINKING, THERE IS SO MUCH ENERGY. HOW CAN WE USE THAT ENERGY IN A CREATIVE AND CONSTRUCTIVE WAY?

The question is very complex. It sounds simple, but it is not simple.
You are asking: The mind is full of energy, how to use this energy in a creative and constructive way?
Who is going to use this energy?
If mind itself is going to use this energy, it can never be creative and can never be constructive.
That is what is happening all over the world. That is what is happening in science. The whole misery of science is that mind is using its energy. But mind is a negative force; it cannot use anything creatively, it needs a master. Mind is a servant. Do you have a master?
So to me the question is... meditation brings the master in. It makes you fully aware and conscious that the mind is your instrument. Now, whatever you want to do with it you can do. And if you don't want to do anything with it, you can put it aside and you can remain in absolute silence. Right now you are not the master -- even for five minutes. You cannot say to the mind, "Please, for five minutes, just for five minutes be silent." Those will be the five minutes when mind will be faster, rushing more than ever -- because it will have to show you who is the master.
There is a famous story in Tibet. A man wanted to learn the art of miracles, so he served a saint who was thought to be a knower of all the secrets. He served the saint day in, day out; he closed his business. The old saint told him again

and again, "I don't know anything. You are unnecessarily wasting your business, and you are becoming a burden to me because whenever I look at you.... Twenty-four hours a day you are sitting here, on my head, and I don't know any miracles. What to do?"

The man said, "You cannot avoid me so easily. I have heard that you have been hiding those secrets. But if you are stubborn, I am also stubborn. I will die sitting here, but I will learn the secret."

Finally the saint said, "Listen. This is the mantra" -- it was not much, it was a simple mantra -- "Just repeat om, om, omkar and all the secrets of all the miracles will be available to you as you become more and more attuned with the mantra."

The man rushed towards his home. While he was going down the steps of the temple the saint said, "Wait! I have forgotten one thing. After taking the bath, when you are sitting to chant the mantra, remember not to let any monkey enter into your mind."

That man said, "You must be getting senile! In my whole life no monkey has ever entered into my mind. Don't be worried."

He said, "I am not worried. It is just to make you aware, so you don't come later on and tell me that a monkey disturbed everything."

The man said, "There is no fear about the monkeys. Everything has entered into this mind, but a monkey? I don't remember this at all, not even in a dream."

But as he started moving towards his house he was amazed; monkeys started appearing on the screen of his mind -- big monkeys, giggling. He said, "My God!" He tried to push

them away, "Get out! Get lost! I don't have anything to do with monkeys, and particularly today!" But he was surprised that it was not one monkey, it was a vast line; they were coming from all sides.

He said, "My God, I had never thought that in my mind so many monkeys are hidden. But first let me take a bath." But it was so difficult to take a bath because continually he was shouting "Get out! Get lost!"

Finally his wife knocked on the door -- "What is the matter? Who is inside the bathroom? Are you alone?"

He said, "I am alone."

"But then why are you shouting so loudly, get out, get lost?"

He said, "About these monkeys...."

The woman said, "You have gone mad. What monkeys? There are no monkeys here; keep quiet."

He said, "Strange. This woman has never been so hard on me, but in a way she is right because there is nobody in the bathroom. But to say that they are in my head looks even worse."

He sat in his worshipping place, but the monkeys were inside. He closed his eyes, they were sitting all around him.

He said, "I have never thought that monkeys are so interested in me. Why are you bothering me? A few are inside the mind, and if I close my mind, a few are sitting all around me. They push me from this side and from that side, and giggling! I am a silent man, and this is not gentlemanly behavior."

And again the wife looked into his worshipping place and she said, "With whom are you talking?"

He said, "My God, now I have to explain something which I do not understand myself. Just don't you disturb me tonight. Tomorrow morning I will go and I will see that old man."

The whole night he took showers many times, rubbed the soap as much as he could to clean himself, but there was no way. In fact, the bathroom was so full of monkeys that to make his way into the bathroom was difficult, to come out of the bathroom was difficult. And when he came back to his worshipping place they were sitting all over -- even in his place a big monkey was sitting chanting om, om, om.

That man said, "I cannot wait for morning." It was midnight. He rushed to the temple, woke up the old man and told him, "What kind of mantra have you given to me?"

He said, "I have told you, that was the condition. That's why for so many years I have not told it to anybody -- because that condition is unfulfillable. You simply drop this idea of miracles, and the monkeys will disappear."

The man said, "Just... I have come for that. I don't want any miracles, I don't want any secrets. Just please help me to get rid of these monkeys because they are sitting all over the place, and if I open my shop tomorrow they will be sitting all over the shop. I am a poor businessman. I got into the wrong business; this is not my business. You do your business but please, if you can help me...."

The saint said, "There is no problem. If you drop the idea of miracles those monkeys will disappear. They are the guardians of the miracles."

If you try even for five minutes to stop thinking, more thoughts will rush in than ever -- simply to show you that you are not the master. So first one has to get the mastery,

and the way to become the master is not to say to the thoughts, "Stop." The way to become the master is to watch the whole thought process.

If the man had simply watched the monkeys, had allowed them to giggle, had allowed them to do whatsoever they were doing; if he had been simply a witness, those monkeys would have gone -- seeing that this man seemed to be absolutely indifferent, not interested at all.

Your thoughts have to understand one thing: that you are not interested in them. The moment you have made this point you have attained a tremendous victory. Just watch. Don't say anything to the thoughts. Don't judge. Don't condemn. Don't tell them to move. Let them do whatsoever they are doing, any gymnastics let them do; you simply watch, enjoy. It is just a beautiful film. And you will be surprised: just watching, a moment comes when thoughts are not there, there is nothing to watch.

This is the door I have been calling nothingness, emptiness. From this door enters your real being, the master.

And that master is absolutely positive; in its hands everything turns into gold.

If Albert Einstein had been a meditator, the same mind would have produced atomic energy not to destroy Hiroshima and Nagasaki but to help the whole of humanity to raise its standard of living. Without meditation the mind is negative, it is bound to be in the service of death. With meditation the master is there, and the master is absolute positiveness. In its hands the same mind, the same energy, becomes creative, constructive, life affirmative.

So you cannot do anything directly with the mind. You will have to take a little roundabout way; first you have to bring

the master in. The master is missing, and for centuries the servant has been thinking he is the master. Just let the master come in, and the servant immediately understands. Just the presence of the master and the servant falls at the feet of the master and waits for any order, for anything the master wants to be done -- he is ready.

The mind is a tremendously powerful instrument. No computer is as powerful as man's mind -- cannot be, because it is made by man's mind. Nothing can be, because they are all made by man's mind. A single man's mind has such immense capacity: in a small skull, such a small brain can contain all the information contained in all the libraries of the earth, and that information is not a small amount. Just one library, the British library, has so many books that if we put those books in a line side by side they will go three times around the earth. And a bigger library exists in Moscow, a similar library exists in Harvard; and there are similar libraries in all the big universities of the world. But a single human mind can contain all the information contained in all these libraries. Scientists are agreed that we may not be able to make a computer comparable to the human mind which can be put in such a small space.

But the result of this immense gift to man has not been beneficial -- because the master is absent and the servant is running the show. The result is wars, violence, murders, rape. Man is living in a nightmare, and the only way out is to bring the master in. It is there, you just have to get hold of it. And watchfulness is the key: just watch the mind. The moment there are no thoughts, immediately you will be able to see yourself -- not as mind, but as something beyond, something transcendental to mind.

And once you are attuned with the transcendental then the mind is in your hands. It can be immensely creative. It can make this very earth paradise. There is no need for any paradise to be searched for above in the clouds, just as there is no need to search for any hell -- because hell we have created already. We are living in it.

I have heard that a great politician died. Naturally, he was afraid that he would be taken to hell. He knew his whole life: it was absolutely criminal and nothing else. It is impossible without crimes to succeed in getting political power. In going higher on the ladder of power, you have to crush, kill, destroy -- you have to do everything. But if you succeed then you are forgiven, nobody remembers that you have done anything wrong. And he was a successful politician. But as he was dying he was afraid; he remembered his whole past, and he was certain that "I am going to hell. Now nothing can help. Those political tricks will not be helpful here."

But when he opened his eyes he was in front of heaven. He could not believe it. He asked the angels who had brought him there, "There seems to be some mistake, some bureaucratic mistake. This is heaven and you have brought me here?"

"This is, certainly. And there is no mistake, you have earned it."

The man said, "What are you talking about? I have done everything wrong that can be done."

They said, "We know, but your whole life you lived in hell, and now to send you to hell again will not be justified. Moreover, our hell will look very old-fashioned. You have been living in a very ultra-modern hell, and we don't want

to feel ashamed. Our hell is very ancient, our methods of torture are very ancient, and you have refined everything so well that in fact you will laugh -- `Is this hell?' So the only way... even God was puzzled. You are three days late. You must have died three days ago, but it took three days for God to make the decision about where to take you. Finally we decided, `It is better to take him to heaven, because hell he has lived enough.'"

People still go on thinking that hell is somewhere down underneath the earth -- and you are living in it, this is the beauty -- and heaven is somewhere above.

You can change this hell into heaven if your mind can be under the guidance of the master, of your self nature. And it is a simple process....

But don't try directly with the mind, otherwise you will be getting into trouble. One can even get into insanity. If you try to put your mind energy into creative directions -- you are not capable even of stopping it for one moment and you are trying to put it into a creative dimension -- you will go crazy. You will have a nervous breakdown.

Don't touch the mind. First just find out where the master is. It is a complicated mechanism. Let the master be there, and the mind functions as a servant so perfectly.

In the East we have done this. Gautam Buddha could have become Albert Einstein without any difficulty, he has a far greater genius. But his whole life was concerned with transforming people, with awareness, with compassion, with love, with blissfulness.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Madness: the ultimate evolution of mind
20 August 1986 pm in

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE NO IDEA ABOUT WHAT `RIGHT AWARENESS' IS. HOW TO JUDGE THAT I AM GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION?

There is no right awareness because there is no possibility of wrong awareness. Awareness is right. So first, drop the wrong question. Once you are asking a wrong question to yourself you cannot get the right answer.
Don't ask what is right awareness. Simply ask what is awareness. Your question gives the fallacious impression that you know what awareness is, that the only thing that you don't know is, what is right awareness and what is not right awareness. Erase that fallacy completely from your mind.
Awareness is simple, very innocent. Everyone has it, so it is not a question of achievement. One wrong question leads to another wrong question: first you ask what right awareness is, then you ask how to achieve it.
You already have it.
When you see the sunset, are you not aware? When you see a roseflower, are you not aware? You are aware of the beautiful sunset, you are aware of the beautiful rose; all that is needed is that you become aware of your awareness, too. That is the only thing that has to be added, the only refinement.

You are aware of objects.
You have to be aware of your subjectivity.
When you are looking at a sunset, you are so absorbed in the beauty of the sunset that you completely forget that there is a greater beauty which is making it possible for you to know the beauty of the sunset -- it is your awareness. But your awareness is focused on an object -- the sunset, the sunrise, the moon. Drop the object and just remain engulfed in pure awareness, in silence, in peace. Just be alert.
I am reminded of one of the most beautiful stories that I have come across in my life. A king in Japan sends his son to a mystic, to a master, to learn awareness. The king was old. And he said to the son, "Put your total energy into it because unless you are aware, you are not going to succeed me. I will not give this kingdom to a man who is asleep and unconscious. It is not a question of father and son. My father has given it to me only when I attained awareness. I was not the right person, because I was not his eldest son, I was his youngest son. But my other two brothers, who were older than me, could not attain.
"The same is going to happen to you. And the problem is even more complicated because I have only one son: if you do not attain to awareness, the kingdom is going into somebody else's hands. You will be a beggar on the streets. So it is a question of life and death for you. Go to this man; he has been my master. Now he is very old, but I know that if anybody can teach you, he is the man. Tell him, `My father is sick, old, can die any day. Time is short, and I have to become fully aware before he dies; otherwise I lose the kingdom.'"

A very symbolic story too: If you are not aware, you lose the kingdom.
The king's son went to the old master in the mountains. He said to the master, "I have been sent by your disciple, the king."
The master was very old, older than his father. He said, "I remember that man. He was really an authentic seeker. I hope you will prove to be of the same quality, of the same genius, of the same totality, of the same intensity."
The young prince said, "I will do everything."
The master said, "Then start cleaning in the commune. And remember one thing -- that I will be hitting you at any time. You may be cleaning the floor and I may come from the back and hit you with my stick, so be alert."
He said, "But I have come to learn about awareness...."
The master said, "This is how you will learn."
One year passed. In the beginning he was getting so many hits every day, but slowly slowly he started becoming aware. Even the footsteps of the old man... he might be doing anything -- howsoever absorbed in the work, he would become immediately aware that the master was around. The prince would be ready. After one year the master hit him from the back while he was deeply involved in talking with another inmate of the ashram. But the prince continued to talk, and still he caught hold of the stick before the stick could reach his body.
The master said, "That's right. Now this is the end of the first lesson. The second lesson begins tonight."
The prince said, "I used to think that this was all. This is only the first lesson? How many lessons are there?"

The old man said, "It depends on you. The second lesson is that now I will be hitting you while you are asleep, and you have to be alert in your sleep."
He said, "My God. How can one be alert in sleep?"
The old man said, "Don't be worried. Thousands of my disciples have passed through the test. Your father has passed through the test. It is not impossible. It is difficult, but it is a challenge."
And from that night he was getting hit six times, eight times, twelve times in the night. Sleep was difficult. But within six months he started feeling inside himself a certain awareness. And one day when the master was just going to hit him, with closed eyes he said -- "Don't bother. You are too old. It hurts me; you are taking so much trouble. I am young, I can survive these hits."
The master said, "You are blessed. You have passed the second lesson. But up to now I have been hitting with my wooden staff. The third lesson is that now I will start hitting, from tomorrow morning, with a real sword. Be alert! Just a moment of unconsciousness and you are finished."
Early in the morning the master used to sit in the garden, just listening to the birds singing... the flowers opening, the sun rising. The prince thought, "Now it is becoming dangerous! A wooden stick was hard, difficult, but it was not going to kill me. A real sword...." He was a swordsman but he was not given any chance to protect himself; only awareness was going to be his protection.
An idea came to his mind: "This old man is really dangerous. Before he starts his third lesson, I would like to check whether he himself can pass the third test or not. If

he is putting my life at risk, I cannot allow him to do it without checking whether he is worthy of it or not." And these were only thoughts that he was thinking lying down in his bed; it was a cold morning.

And the master said, "Come out of your blanket, you idiot! Do you want to hit your own master with a sword? Feel ashamed! I can hear the footsteps of your thoughts... drop the idea." He had heard. Nothing was said to him, nothing was done to him.

Thoughts are also things. Thoughts also, while moving, make sounds, and those who are fully alert can read your thoughts. Even before you have become aware of them, they can become aware of them.

The prince was really ashamed. He fell at the feet of the master and he said, "Just forgive me. I am really stupid." But because it was a question of a sword, a real sword, he became aware of everything around him, even his own breathing, his heartbeat. Just a small breeze passing through the leaves, a dead leaf moving in the wind, and he was aware. And the master tried a few times but found him always ready. He could not hit him with the sword because he could not find him unconscious, unalert. He was just alertness. It was a question of death -- you cannot afford to be anything but alert.

In three days' time the master could not find a single moment, a single loophole. And after the third day he called him and told him, "Now you can go and tell your father -- and this is the letter from me -- that the kingdom is yours."

Awareness is a process of being more and more awake.

Whatever you are doing, you can do it like a robot, mechanically. Just watch: the way you are walking, is it alert or just a mechanical habit?

A man was brought to me and he was really in a great mess because he was a professor and he walked like a woman -- which is a miracle. It is not easy to walk like a woman, because to walk like a woman you need a womb. Only the womb helps you to move in a certain way, otherwise you cannot.

But by some freak of nature he was walking this way from his very childhood. And because everybody was laughing and telling him that this was bad, he was trying hard not to move like that. But the more he made the effort, the more it became impossible. It became a deep-rooted habit.

He was a talented person, a good teacher. And in the university he was a laughingstock wherever he would go. Whoever would see him walking was bound to laugh -- "Look at this man!" He was given psychoanalytic treatment, he was taken to other therapists; nothing worked. Somebody suggested me. His parents brought him to me and I said, "Do one thing. In front of me, consciously, try to walk like a woman."

He said, "What are you saying? That is my PROBLEM!"

I said, "You forget the problem. You simply walk in front of me, with full consciousness, with as much grace as possible, like a woman."

He looked at his parents. He said, "Where have you brought me? I want to get rid of it, and this man seems to be a trainer!"

But the parents said, "There is no harm, just try. Who knows? He has some secret idea behind it -- you try."

Forced, he tried -- and he could not walk like a woman because now he was trying to walk consciously. He was surprised, he could not believe it. He said, "My whole life I was trying not to walk like a woman but it was an unconscious effort... because people were laughing."

I told him, "If you want to get rid of it, wherever you go remember: you have to walk consciously like a woman. In the university, in the city, in any club -- wherever you go, walk consciously like a woman."

After three years he met me and he said, "In these three years it has not happened. I have been trying my best."

I said, "Go on trying, because in that very effort is your alertness."

People come to me -- they want to drop smoking and they have tried thousands of times. And again, after a few hours the urge is so much: their whole body, their whole nervous system is asking for the nicotine. Then they forget all the religious teachings that "You will fall into hell." They are ready, because who knows whether hell exists or not? But right now they can't live in this hell; they can't think of anything else but cigarettes.

I have told these people, "Don't stop smoking. Smoke consciously, lovingly, gracefully; enjoy it as much as you can. While you are destroying your lungs, why not destroy them as beautifully and gracefully as possible? And these are your lungs, it is nobody else's business. And I promise you there is no hell -- because you have not harmed anybody, you have just harmed yourself; and you have paid for it. You are not stealing cigarettes, you are paying for them. Why should you go to hell? You are suffering already."

Somebody is suffering from tuberculosis. The doctors are telling somebody, "You stop; otherwise cancer is absolutely certain to happen to you, you are preparing the ground." What more hell?

But when you have decided to do it and when you cannot restrain yourself from doing it then do it aesthetically, consciously, religiously. They will listen to me and will think, "This man must be mad. What is he saying -- RELIGIOUSLY?"

And I will teach them how to take the packet from the pocket consciously, slowly. Open the packet, take the cigarette consciously -- watch, look around. It is such a beautiful thing! You love it so much, you should give it a little time, a little attention.

Then light it; watch the smoke, be alert as the smoke goes inside you. You are doing a great job: pure air is available free; to pollute it you are wasting money, hard earned -- enjoy it to the full.

The warmth of the smoke, the smoke going in, the coughing -- be alert! Make beautiful rings, they all go towards heaven. You cannot go to hell; even your smoke is going to heaven, how can you go to hell? Just enjoy it. And I forced them: "Do it in front of me so I can be satisfied."

They will say, "It looks so awkward. It looks so stupid, what you are saying."

I said, "This is the only way, if you want one day to be free from this urge."

And they will do it, and they will say to me, "This is strange, that for the first time I was only a watcher. I was not smoking -- perhaps the mind, perhaps the body, but I was simply watching it."

I said, "You have got the key. Now be watchful, and smoke as much as you can because the more you smoke the more watchful you will be. Smoke in the day, smoke in the night, in the middle of the night when you wake up. Don't miss the chance, smoke. Don't bother about your doctors, your wife; don't bother about anybody. Just take care of one thing: remain alert. Make it an art."

And hundreds of people have found that the urge disappeared. The cigarette is gone, the cigar is gone. Even the desire... looking back, they cannot believe that they were in such bondage. And the only key to get out of the imprisonment was awareness.

You have the awareness, it is just that you have not applied it. So apply it so it becomes more and more sharp. Without application it has gathered dust.

In any act -- walking, eating, drinking -- whatever you are doing, make it a point that side by side a current of awareness will always remain running. And your whole life will start having a religious fragrance.

And all awareness is right, and all unawareness is wrong.

Question 4

BELOVED OSHO,

THE MIND WARNS ME THAT IT WILL CEASE HELPING ME TO FEEL THAT I FIT WITH SOCIETY, AND WILL EXPOSE THE FEELINGS OF GUILT WITHIN ME IF I CHOOSE TO GO THE WAY OF AWARENESS.

IT ALSO GIVES CONVINCING ARGUMENTS ABOUT GOING FOR TRUTH AND TAKING RISKS, BUT I

DON'T REALLY HAVE THE GUTS TO FACE UNPLEASANTNESS.
OSHO, CAN YOU COMMENT?

Your question has many implications.
The first is: everybody has guts. You are not allowed to use them from the very beginning. The whole society wants to make you a coward. Cowards are very much needed because the society is interested in making you slaves.
The parents are interested that you should be obedient -- your guts may not allow you to be obedient. Your teachers want you to accept everything that is said by them without any questioning -- your guts may raise questions. Your priests want you to believe, to have faith -- your guts may create doubts. All the vested interests are against the courageousness which is naturally part of your being.
Nobody is born a coward. Cowards are manufactured. Every child is brave. I have not come across a single child who is not brave. What happens? Where does this quality disappear? The same child, when he comes out of the university, is a coward. Your whole teaching, your whole religion, your whole society, all your relationships -- the husband does not want the wife to have guts; neither does the wife want the husband to have guts. Everyone wants to dominate everybody else. Naturally, the other person should be reduced to a coward.
It is a very strange phenomenon that a woman will destroy the courageousness of her husband. And then she cannot love the man, because a woman loves courage.
We have made life so complicated. We are living in such an unconscious way. No woman wants her husband to be a

coward, but every woman is going to reduce him to a coward. Then she is caught in a dilemma: she wants her husband to be a hero, but a hero outside the house, not inside the house. But this is not possible. Inside the house he has to function like a mouse, and outside the house he has to function like a lion. And people are managing, and everybody knows everybody's story -- because it is the same story.

Parents are very happy with an obedient child.

I have never been an obedient child -- and my family was a joint family, a big family; uncles, aunts, so many people under one roof. And whenever there would be guests or important people, they would try to send me out. They would tell me, "Go, anywhere!" They would introduce other children who were obedient -- my brothers, my sisters -- and I would come exactly at the right time to introduce myself to the guest: "These people are forgetting; I am the eldest... and there is a code language between these people and me."

And my father would look here and there, "Now what?"

And the person was bound to ask, "What code language?"

I said, "The code language is that whenever I might have to introduce myself these people send me out. That means certainly somebody is coming, somebody important enough -- and naturally, I have to come in the middle, at the right time to introduce myself. These people don't have guts to introduce me."

What was their problem? Their problem was that everybody was obedient. They would say, "It is night" and the children would say, "It is night." And I would see that it was not night, it was day. Now there were only two ways:

either to listen to my own intelligence, or to be respected, honored as an obedient child.

There was a small piece of land between my house and a temple. Legally, my father had all the papers of the land. Technically, in the courts, he was going to win the case. But in reality the land belonged to the temple; it was just because of the stupidity of the priest that he gave all his papers to my father. I knew the whole story, and when the case started I told my father, "I am coming to the court to tell the reality: technically you have the papers in your hand, but in reality the land belongs to the temple. I will not allow you to win the case." I was not more than thirteen. So I said, "Perhaps the court may not accept me because I am not yet adult, so I have persuaded my grandfather -- I am bringing him with me."

My father said, "You should not interfere in these things. You should concentrate on your studies, go to school."

I said, "Those things I am doing, but whatever else is happening.... If I see that something wrong is going to happen, I am the last person not to interfere. You withdraw the case."

I brought my grandfather and I told my father, "You can ask your father too. Your son is against you, your father is against you, because we both know what the truth is."

And then my grandfather said, "However disobedient he may be, however rebellious he may be, what he is saying is true and I am going with him. You withdraw the case; otherwise you will lose the case and lose face too, because your son will be testifying in the court against you, your father will be testifying against you in the court."

He had to withdraw the case and give the land to the temple.

He was angry for many days. I said, "There is no need to be angry. You should be happy that you have a son who has guts, even against you. If it is a question of truth, he will choose the truth; he will not go with you. You can depend on me. And rather than rejoicing, you are being angry."

But this is how things are.

In my school, to wear a cap was compulsory. I don't have anything against the cap, I love it -- but because it was compulsory... I went the first day without a cap. The teacher said, "It is the first day; perhaps you don't know, the cap is compulsory. Without a cap you cannot come to the school."

I said, "I am going to come to the school. When I was admitted there was no condition that I have to come with a cap. I can come even naked and you cannot prevent me. I have been admitted, not my clothes."

The teacher said, "You seem to be crazy. Naked?"

I said, "Yes, tomorrow."

He took me immediately to the principal. He said, "You tackle him, he seems to be very strange. I have just asked him to bring a cap because the cap is necessary...."

The principal said, "What is the trouble? Why are you not complying with a certain rule, a discipline?"

I said, "I am ready to follow any discipline which is based on reason, not compulsion. You will have to prove that the cap has something to do with intelligence. As far as I know... in India the Bengalis don't use a cap and they have the best intelligence in the country. And the Punjabis have the worst intelligence, if they have it at all.

"You have to prove it to me. I have come to the school to be more intelligent, to be more rational, to be more mature. In what way is your cap is going to help me? And what precedent is there? Gautam Buddha had no cap, Mahavira had no cap, Krishna had no cap. Why should I be forced into something which has no meaning?

"You tell me the meaning and I will follow it. But I cannot follow anything compulsory. Who are you to make a rule without understanding the psychology of the rule? Why are you using the cap? Has it helped you in any way?"

The principal said that, "We never had anybody raise such questions. Can you please give me some time to think it over?"

I said, "I can give you as much time as you want. I will be seven years in this school, without a cap. And I don't know -- it can become a movement. Others" -- there were two thousand students -- "they may start dropping their caps, I don't know. If they have any intelligence they should."

And by the time I left the school the cap had disappeared, because he never could find the answer.

And the day I left the school.... I went to the university, and came back after one year to visit my village. The cap was back, compulsory. I went to the principal; I said, "This is absolute ugliness. You could not answer me. For seven years two thousand students did not use the cap; you could not prevent it. And now that I have left the school, the cap is back -- because these people don't ask questions; they are simply obedient because it is a rule. But you should have at least this much responsibility, that if you cannot prove anything in support of a certain rule, the rule should be

removed. But you have been cunning" -- as if he was waiting somehow till I got out of the school.
Those seven years must have been long -- because it was not only one thing; there were a thousand other things in those seven years.
But I have never been mischievous. If I disobeyed anything I had reasons to disobey, and I was ready to obey it if I was convinced intelligently.
But the whole society kills your guts. So this is the first thing about your question: drop this idea that you don't have guts. You have been told again and again that you don't have guts, and you have believed it. It is only a question of dropping a certain conditioning, and you will find a tremendous upsurge of energy which is repressed in you -- and that energy will be needed for the transformation.
Second thing: you say, "My mind says that if you go in search of truth, if you meditate, if you become a seeker, you will not fit with the society." The mind is not saying anything wrong. The mind is simply saying something factual; you will not fit in the society. But to fit in the society is not a value. Only idiots fit. The more you have intelligence the more you are unfit.
All great artists, scientists, philosophers, mystics, poets, painters -- they are all misfits. And to find a man who is a misfit is to find a man of beauty, of courage, of intelligence, a man who is ready to stand alone against the whole world. The very situation brings out the best in him. He functions at the highest level of being, he functions at the optimum -- he has to function because the whole world is against him. He is alone facing the whole world; he

cannot afford to be lousy, to be sleepy. He cannot afford to be middle class. He has to sharpen his intelligence, sharpen his being. This fight between him and the world is going to give him tremendous qualities.

In the whole history of man you can count on your fingers the names of those who have fought against the world. And the very fight has made them a light unto themselves.

If you want to fit with the world you have to compromise, and all compromise is wrong. It is ugly, it is unspiritual, it is against your own self. All compromise, without exception, degrades your humanity, humiliates you.

The man of no compromise has an integrity. You can kill him but you cannot kill his spirit. You can destroy him but you cannot destroy his vision, his truth.

Socrates was ordered to be killed by poisoning, and the chief justice who gave the order was feeling guilty -- because Socrates was an innocent man. His only crime was that he was himself and he would not compromise. And in a good world, in a better world, in a more human world, this should be one of the best qualities of man: not to compromise. Those who are ready to compromise will not be counted as human beings, but as cattle.

The chief justice was feeling a little guilty. So he said to Socrates, "Because of the majority of the judges" -- and it was not much of a majority, only one man's majority -- "we have to give you poison."

Socrates said, "You need not feel guilty, because you are not killing me, you are killing yourself. Let me remind you that your name will be remembered only because you ordered Socrates to be poisoned; you have not done anything else in your life. My name will continue to be

remembered as long as man has the urge, the desire to know the truth, to know himself, to know the mysteries of existence. You cannot kill me. You are simply killing yourself, and you are condemning yourself before the whole of mankind that is going to come." And his prophecy has proved right.

Your mind says you will become a misfit. And on the other hand, your mind insists and convinces you that unless you go on the search for truth, your life is a wastage. So you are in a difficulty, because you don't understand the nature of the mind.

The nature of the mind is dialectical, it is opposed to itself. On each and every point, mind is never unanimous -- it cannot be, by its very nature. It is always divided, a house divided against itself. So on the one hand it will say one thing, on the other hand it will say just its opposite.

And this is how mind creates tension, this is how mind creates anxiety, this is how mind creates anguish. You cannot do anything. If you do one thing the other part says, "What are you doing? You will become a misfit." If you listen to this part, thinking that "I don't want to be unfit, I am not ready to be crucified or to be poisoned or to be stoned to death," then the other part says, "You are not man enough. You are a coward." You can neither go this way nor you can go that way. You are always on the crossroads, and the mind says all kinds of things; it is simple that you have presented only two sides.

Mind can say many things contradicting each other, and supporting each with reasoning. That's how people go mad. Mind is the ground of madness, where madness grows. It is where one becomes schizophrenic. For example, your

question can create schizophrenia in you -- whatever you do will be wrong because the other part will go on teasing you, "Listen. You are going wrong. You will become unfit. Then don't tell me that I did not warn you, I told you everything beforehand. Don't be stupid. Come back!" If you go back, the other part starts saying, "So after all you are a coward, no guts, afraid of being a misfit. Then what is the point of your living? If you cannot even search the truth of your own being, what is the point of your living?"
This is the situation of the mind about every question.
I was a student, and the man who had founded the university, Harisingh Gaur, was still the vice-chancellor. We became friends, because I used to go for a morning walk on a lonely street early in the morning before sunrise and he also used to go on the same street, alone. We were the only persons, so naturally... it started with saying "good morning" to each other. By and by we started walking together. He started asking about me, what subject I was studying, what I was doing, and slowly, slowly the distance of age disappeared. He started inviting me for tea after the walk. And he became interested in my ideology, because whenever I saw that he was saying something which I could not accept I simply rejected it and produced every possible argument against it. He loved it.
He said, "You should not have joined philosophy." He himself was a legal man, he was a world-famous law expert. He said, "You should have gone into law because you, without knowing law, argue with me and I can see that if we were in a court you would win."
But I said to him, "It is just a mind game. I can argue for, I can argue against; mind is ready for both."

He said, "Strange... that reminds me of one of the incidents in my own life." He was fighting a very big case in the privy council for the Maharaja of Jaipur. But he was a drunkard, and the night before he must have drunk too much at a party. So the hangover was there, and he forgot which party he was a counselor for. In the privy council he started arguing against the Maharaja of Jaipur.

The maharaja could not believe it. Doctor Gaur's assistant was pulling at his coat, but he would not listen, he would take his coat back.... He was finishing the maharaja completely, and he was supposed to fight for him! And the other party, the Maharaja of Udaipur, was also puzzled; he was not leaving anything for them. Their counsel was also worried about what he was going to say: "This man is mad, he's drunk, but he is giving beautiful arguments."

But as lunchtime came he became a little more sober. He came out; his assistant said -- and the maharaja of Jaipur had tears in his eyes -- he said, "What have you done?"

Doctor Gaur said, "What is the matter? Everybody looks as if something strange has happened."

The maharaja said, "What can be more strange? We have hired you and you are arguing against us. You have finished our case."

He said, "Don't be worried, there is still time. After the lunch hour I will see."

After the lunch hour he started by saying, "Whatever I have said before the lunch hour was just preparing the ground: these are the arguments my opponents may produce. Now I am going to argue against each argument that I made before the lunch hour." And by the evening he had destroyed all the arguments that he had produced before the lunch hour.

When the privy council chief asked the Udaipur maharaja's counsel, "Do you want to say anything?" he said, "There is nothing left, because all that I could say he said it better, and he has already destroyed it. The case is over." Doctor Harisingh Gaur was victorious in the case.

And he said to me, "I can understand that mind is a prostitute. It has no devotion to anything -- whoever pays more, it is ready to go with the person."

Your question cannot be solved within the mind. Whatever you do, the mind keeps a balance. If you increase arguments on one side, the mind will increase the arguments on the other side, and there will always remain a balance. Inside the mind there is no solution.

But if you can get out of the mind and just be a witness, that is the solution. The mind disappears with all its dialectics, with all its dualisms. Watching the mind, being aware of the mind -- without choosing any side, choicelessly being aware -- that is the secret. And slowly slowly mind subsides, and there is immense emptiness. In that emptiness you will find the way.

I cannot give you the way, nobody can give you the way. Only your emptiness, only your nothingness becomes the way.

Nothingness instead of mind is the way.

If you remain in the mind you can only go mad -- that is the ultimate possibility, the ultimate evolution of the mind. If you don't want to go mad, then you will remain simply middle class. And by middle class I mean compromising here, compromising there, a little bit listening to this part, a little bit listening to that part -- shattered in fragments, never having an individuality, never having a soul.

So don't try to find an answer within the mind. That's where the whole philosophy of the world is engaged, without any conclusion; thousands of years of discussions, arguments, and no conclusion at all. And the people who have simply moved out of the mind have immediately arrived to the conclusion.
Mind is not the way.
No-mind is the way.
Mind leads to madness.
No-mind leads to ultimate buddhahood, ultimate awakening.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #6

Chapter title: Mind thinks, meditation knows
21 August 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY CAN A MAN NOT BECOME MEDITATIVE?
HOW CAN A MOVEMENT FOR MEDITATION BE CREATED?

Meditation is a danger, it is a risk.
It is a danger to all the vested interests, and it is a risk to the mind.
Mind and meditation cannot co-exist. There is no question of having both of them. Either you can have mind or you can have meditation, because mind is thinking and meditation is silence. Mind is groping in the dark for the

door. Meditation is seeing. There is no question of groping, it knows the door.
Mind thinks. Meditation knows.
This is a very fundamental reason why man cannot become meditative -- or why very few men have dared to become meditative. Our training is of the mind. Our education is for the mind. Our ambitions, our desires, can only be fulfilled by the mind. You can become president of a country, prime minister, not by being meditative but by cultivating a very cunning mind. The whole education is geared by your parents, by your society, so that you can fulfill your desires, your ambitions. You want to become somebody.
Meditation can only make you a nobody.
Who wants to become a nobody?
Everybody wants to go on higher on the ladder of ambitions. People sacrifice their whole life to become somebody.
Alexander was coming to India. A madness had entered in his mind: he wanted to conquer the whole world.
Everybody has a little bit of that kind of madness, but he had the whole chunk. And while he was coming towards India, passing the boundaries of Greece, somebody said to him, "You have been asking many times about a mystic, a very strange man, Diogenes. He lives nearby. If you want to see him, it is a few minutes' walk, just by the side of the river."
Diogenes was certainly a very strange kind of man. In fact, if you are a man you are going to be a strange kind of man, because you are going to be something unique. He lived naked... he was one of the most beautiful men possible. But he always used to have a lighted lamp in his hand -- day or

night, it made no difference. Even in the day, in the full light of the sun, he was holding his lamp while walking on the streets. People used to laugh at him, and used to ask him, "Why are you carrying this lamp, unnecessarily wasting the oil and becoming a laughingstock?"

And Diogenes used to say, "I have to keep it, because I am looking for the authentic, real man. I have not come across him yet. I come across people but they are all wearing masks, they are all hypocrites."

He had a great sense of humor. To me, that is one of the most important qualities of a genuine religious man. While he was dying, he still kept his lamp by his side. Somebody asked Diogenes, "You are dying. Let us know about the man you were searching for. Your life is ending; have you been successful in finding the authentic man?"

He was almost on the verge of death, but he opened his eyes and said, "No, I could not find the authentic man. But I am happy that nobody has stolen my lamp yet -- because all around there are thieves, criminals, all kinds of robbers, and I am a naked, unprotected man. This gives me great hope: my whole life I carried the lamp and nobody has stolen it yet. This gives me great hope that some day the man will be born whom I have been looking for; perhaps I have come too soon." And he died.

So many stories about him Alexander had heard and had loved. He said, "I would like to go." It was early morning, the sun was rising. Diogenes was lying on the sand on the bank of the river taking a sunbath. Alexander felt a little awkward, because Diogenes was naked. He also felt embarrassed because this was the first time that somebody

had continued to lie down in front of him -- "Perhaps the man does not know who I am."
So he said, "Perhaps you are unaware of the person who has come to meet you." Diogenes laughed.
He also used to have a dog. That was his only companion. Asked why he had made a dog a friend, he said, "Because I could not find a man worth making a friend." He looked at the dog who was sitting by his side and said, "Listen to what this stupid man is saying. He is saying I do not know who he is. The fact is, he himself does not know who he is. Now what to do with such idiots? You tell me."
Shocked... but it was a fact. Still, Alexander tried to make some conversation. He bypassed the insult. He said, "I am Alexander the Great."
Diogenes said, "My God." And he looked at the dog and said, "Did you listen?" -- that was his constant habit, to refer to the dog -- "Did you listen? This man thinks himself the greatest man in the world. And that is a sure sign of an inferiority complex. Only people who suffer from inferiority pretend to be great; the greater the inferiority the more they start projecting themselves higher, bigger, vaster."
But he said to Alexander, "What is the point of your coming to me? A poor man, a nobody, whose only possession is a lamp, whose only companion in this whole world is a dog, who lives naked.... For what have you come here?"
Alexander said, "I have heard many stories about you, and now I can see that all those stories are bound to be real -- you are a man... certainly strange, but in a way immensely beautiful. I am just going to conquer the world, and I heard

you are just residing here. I could not resist the temptation to come and see."
Diogenes said, "You have seen me. Now don't waste time, because life is short and the world is big -- you may die before you conquer it. And have you ever considered... if you succeed in conquering this world, what are you going to do next? -- because there is no other world than this. You will look simply foolish. And can I ask you, why are you taking so much trouble conquering the world? You call me strange, who is just having a beautiful sunbath. And you don't think yourself strange, stupidly strange, that you are on your way to conquer the world? For what? What will you do when you have conquered the world?"
Alexander said, "I have never thought about it, to be frank with you. Perhaps I will relax and rest when I have conquered the world."
Diogenes turned to the dog and said, "Do you listen? This man is mad. He is seeing me already resting, relaxing -- without conquering a thing! And he will relax when he has conquered the whole world."
Alexander felt ashamed. There was truth, so clear, so crystal clear -- if you want to rest and relax, you can rest and relax now. Why postpone it for tomorrow? And you are postponing it for an indefinite time. And meanwhile you will have to conquer the whole world, as if conquering the whole world is a necessary step in being relaxed and finding a restful life.
Alexander said, "I can understand... I am looking foolish before you. Can I do anything for you? I have really fallen in love with you. I have seen great kings, great generals, but I have never seen such a courageous man as you, who

has not even moved, who has not even said `Good morning.' Who has not bothered about me -- on the contrary, who goes on talking to his dog! I can do anything, because the whole world is in my hands. You just say, and I will do it for you."

Diogenes said, "Really? Then just do one thing: stand a little away from me, because you are blocking the sun. I am taking a sunbath, and you don't understand even simple manners."

Alexander remembered him continually. All through his journey up to India and back, that man haunted him -- that he did not ask for anything. He could have given him the whole world just for the asking, but he asked only that Alexander move a little away because he was preventing the sun from reaching his body.

And as he was leaving, Diogenes had said, "Just remember two things, as a gift from Diogenes: one, that nobody has ever conquered the world. Something always remains unconquered -- because the world is multi-dimensional; you cannot conquer it in all its dimensions in such a small life. Hence everybody who has gone to conquer the world has died frustrated.

"Secondly, you will never come back home. Because this is how ambition goes on leading you further and further: it goes on telling you, `Just a few miles more. A few miles more and you will be attaining the very ambition of your heart.' And people go on chasing hallucinations, and life goes on slipping through their hands. Just remember these two things as gifts from a poor man, a nobody."

Alexander thanked him -- although in the cool morning he was perspiring. That man was such... each thing he said

would make you perspire even in the cold breeze on a cold morning, because he would hit exactly the wounds that you are hiding.

Alexander never could reach to being the conqueror of the whole world. He could not reach to the very end of India; he could not reach to Japan, to China, to Australia, and of course America was not known. He turned back from Punjab. He was only thirty-three, but the ambition and the continuous struggle to fulfill it had made him so tired and spent, like a used cartridge. He was only thirty-three, at the prime of his youth, but in his inner world he had become old and was ready to die. Somehow, perhaps in death, there would be rest.

And Diogenes' shadow was always following him: "You will not be able to conquer the world." He turned back, and before reaching Athens, his capital -- just twenty-four hours more....

Sometimes small incidents become so symbolic and so meaningful. Just twenty-four hours more and he would have at least been back in his capital, in his home -- not in the real home that Diogenes was pointing at, but at least in the house which we all try to make a home.

The home is inside. Outside there are only houses. But he could not even reach the outside house. He died twenty-four hours before reaching Athens.

A strange coincidence: the day Alexander died, Diogenes also died. In Greek mythology, like many other mythologies... In Indian mythology the same is the case: before entering the other world you have to pass through a river, the Vaitarani. In Greek mythology also you have to

cross a river; that river is the boundary line of this world and that world.

Up to now, whatever I said is historical fact. But after the death of Diogenes and Alexander, this story became prevalent all over Greece. It is very significant. It cannot be historical, but it is very close to truth. It is not factual. That's how I make the difference between facts and truth: a thing may be factual, but still untrue; a thing may be non-factual, but still true. A story may be just a myth -- not history, but of immense significance because it indicates towards truth.

It is said that Diogenes died a few minutes after the death of Alexander. They met while crossing the river -- Alexander was ahead, Diogenes was coming behind. Hearing the sound Alexander looked back. It was an even more embarrassing encounter than the first one, because at least at that time Alexander was not naked; this time he was also naked.

But people try to rationalize, try to hide their embarrassment. So just to hide his embarrassment he said, "Hello, Diogenes. Perhaps this may be the first time in the whole history of existence that a great emperor and a naked beggar are crossing the river together."

Diogenes said, "It is, but you are not clear about who is the emperor and who is the beggar. The emperor is behind the beggar. You wasted your life; still you are stubborn! Where is your empire? I have not lost anything because I had nothing, only that lamp. That too I had found by the side of the road -- I don't know to whom it belongs -- and by the side of the road I have left it. I had gone into the world naked, I am coming from the world naked."

That's what Kabir says in one of his songs -- Jyon ki tyon dhari dinhin chadariya. Kabira jatan se odhi chadariya -- "I have used the clothes of life with such care and such awareness that I have returned to God his gift exactly as it was given to me."

The whole society -- your parents, your teachers, your leaders, your priests -- they all want you to become somebody special, Alexanders. But if you want to be meditative they will all be against you, because meditation means you are turning away from all ambitions.

I was a student in the university. The head of my department was so worried about my examinations, he said, "I have taught in almost a dozen countries all over the world, hundreds of students, but I have never been concerned about their examinations. It is very puzzling to my mind -- why am I so much concerned about your examination? You have to promise me that you will reach the examination hall in time."

I told him, "This is not part of your work. Your part is to teach me. It is my business to be worried about the examination or not. If I can manage, I will reach the hall."

He was suspicious. The old man used to stand every day with his car outside the hostel, in front of my room, to pick me up and to see me enter the examination hall. And then he would leave.

I said, "This is too much unnecessary trouble you are taking. Your house is four miles away. You have to wake up, and you are not an early riser."

He was a drunkard. But life is a mystery. Here, the people who are non-vegetarians, drunkards, gamblers, you may find them so loving and so human that it is surprising. And

on the other hand, the people who are strictly vegetarian.... Adolf Hitler was strictly vegetarian. He never smoked, he never drank any alcoholic beverage, he went to bed early, he got up early in the morning -- he was a saint! If you just look at his life-pattern and style, he was a monk. And he killed six million people. It would have been better if he had been a drunkard, non-vegetarian -- a chain smoker, but a nice human being.

This old man, my professor, did not drink for those few days. He had to wake up early in the morning to pick me up and force me into the examination hall. The whole university knew; they all thought, "This is strange!" I said, "It is not strange. He loves me. He loves me just like his son, and he wants me to be somebody in life. That is the trouble: that love is creating the trouble. He is afraid that I am too careless about being somebody in the world."

He used to instruct the chief examiner, "Keep an eye that he does not leave when I have left -- because I cannot wait outside for three hours unnecessarily. Keep an eye on him and don't let him go. And watch to see that he is writing and is not doing something else."

Sometimes I would finish the answers in two hours but the chief examiner would not allow me to go out. He would say, "Your professor will torture me. You simply sit here, do whatsoever you want to do. Or just go through the answers you have written; maybe you can add something more."

I said, "This is strange. I am finished with the answers, I should be allowed to go. Everybody else is allowed."

He said, "Everybody else is allowed, but nobody else is being brought here like a prisoner every day!"

And after the examination the professor would ask me -- every day with the question-paper in his hand -- "What have you written about it?" Just to console him I would say things which I had not written at all -- and he knew it. I knew that he knew it because he was the dean of the faculty, so he was looking at my papers. Before asking me, he had already looked at what I had written. And now I was answering him according to the textbooks, although what I had written was according to myself.

But he could not say to me, "I have looked" -- because that is illegal. So he would say, "You know; I know...."

I said, "What to do? You should not do anything illegal, and if you are caught doing anything illegal I will be the first to report it to the vice-chancellor."

He said, "But these are not the answers that you have written. Do you want to remain a nobody for your whole life? It hurts me. You have the talent, you have the genius, you can become anything you want."

I said, "I don't want to use my talent and my genius to become anybody. I simply want to relax into myself and be myself, anonymous, because my decision is in favor of meditation, not in favor of mind. Whatever you are saying is mind -- and I have to use the mind, but the more you use the mind the farther away it takes you from yourself."

This is the reason why man is not meditative:

The whole society forces him to be in a state of mind, not in a state of meditation.

Just imagine a world where people are meditative. It will be a simple world, but it will be tremendously beautiful. It will be silent. It will not have crimes, it will not have courts, it will not have any kind of politics. It will be a loving

brotherhood, a vast commune of people who are absolutely satisfied with themselves, utterly contented with themselves. Even Alexander the Great cannot give them a gift.

If you are running to get something outside yourself, you have to be subservient to the mind. If you drop all ambitions and you are concerned more about your inner flowering; if you are more concerned about your inner juice so that it can flow and reach to others, more concerned about love, compassion, peace... then man will be meditative.

And you have asked how we can make meditation a great movement. Don't be worried about making it a great movement because this is how the mind is very tricky. You will forget all about your meditation and you will be concerned about the movement -- how to make it big, how to make it worldwide, how to make many more people meditate. If they are not willing then force them to meditate. It has been done; the whole of history is the proof.

Mohammed founded a religion called Islam. `Islam' means peace. And he wanted the whole world to be a peaceful place. But people are not willing to be peaceful -- then cut their heads, a dead man at least is peaceful. A living man is a nuisance, you cannot rely on a living man -- he may be peaceful this moment, and the next moment he may do something troublesome. On Mohammed's sword the words were written: Peace is my message. Now the message has to be written on the sword, and the message is peace, and people have to be forced to become peaceful at the point of

a sword, that is, to become Mohammedans. A Mohammedan is a man of peace.

Don't be concerned about a movement, because your mind is so tricky, so slippery....

I have heard, one man and one woman were in love for years. And as expected, the woman was asking every day, sitting on Chowpati Beach.... Who else goes to sit there? She was constantly harassing the man: "When are you going to marry me? We are getting old."

And the man said, "Just look at the full moon." It was just rising above the ocean.

And the woman said, "Shut up! Don't change the subject. Whenever I bring up the real subject you always try to change the subject. The moon will remain there, we will discuss it later on. First, answer my question. When are we going to get married?"

The mind is constantly trying to change the subject. Whenever you will be thinking of meditation, the mind will change the subject in such a way that you will not even be aware that the subject has been changed. The mind will start making a great movement of meditation, transforming the whole world and forgetting meditation itself. Because where is the time? -- you are in a great revolution, changing the whole world.

In fact, the mind is so cunning that it condemns those people who meditate. It says, "They are selfish, just concerned about themselves. And the whole world is dying! People need peace, and people are in tension; people are living in hell and you are sitting silently in meditation. This is sheer selfishness."

Mind is very cunning. You have to be very aware of it. Tell the mind, "Don't change the subject. First I have to meditate, because I cannot share that which I don't have. I cannot share meditation with people, I cannot share love with people, I cannot share my joy with people, because I don't have it. I am a beggar; I can only pretend to be an emperor."

But that pretension cannot last for a long time. Soon people start seeing that "This man is just a hypocrite. He himself is tense, he himself is worried; he himself lives in pain and suffering and misery, and he is talking about creating the world as a paradise."

So for the second part of your question, I would like to say to you: forget about it. It is your mind which is trying to change the subject. First the marriage, marriage with YOURSELF... first the meditation, and then out of it the fragrance will come, out of it the light will come. Out of it, words which are not dead but alive, words which have authority in them will come. And they may help others, but that is not going to be your goal; it will be a byproduct. The changing of other people through meditation is a byproduct, it is not a goal. You become a light unto yourself, and that will create the urge to become a light to many people who are thirsty. You become the example, and that example will bring the movement on its own accord.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

ON OUR WAY TO REALIZATION, THERE IS NO `WE', THERE IS ONLY `I'. IS THERE ANYTHING TO SOFTEN THIS PAIN?

The problem about such questions is they are intellectual, they are not experiential.

You have just thought about it, that "On our way I will be alone, I cannot be with people so the question of there being any possibility of `we' is non-existent; only `I' will be there alone. It makes one feel afraid, it makes one wonder whether to go on such a path or not."

But this is all intellectual. It is not that you have gone on the path and you have found this question. On the path you will not find this question, because I and we are together. The I cannot exist without we; it is just a part of the collectivity.

The moment you are on the path, first the others leave and the last that leaves you is yourself, the I. And when the I leaves, only then are you alone; otherwise the I is there. There are two -- you, and the I. When the I has also gone, you are alone. And the beauty of aloneness... it has nothing to do with `I', it has nothing to do with `we'.

They were all together. They exist together. Many I's together become `we'. It is simply a collective name of I's. Have you ever come across a we? Even the people who use it -- for example a president of a country or a prime minister of a country is supposed to use `we' instead of `I' so that his `we' becomes representative of the whole land he is the prime minister or the president of. But even the prime minister who uses `we' is simply an I, there is no we. That `we' is only a convenience, a linguistic convenience.

And when you move on the path it is not that the we leaves you and only `I' is left behind; the I also goes with the we.
I am reminded of a beautiful Sufi story. When Al-Hillaj Mansoor went to his master Junnaid, his family, his friends, even his neighbors had all come out of the town to say goodbye. He was going in search of truth. When he reached Junnaid, he entered; Junnaid was alone sitting in the mosque. He asked, "May I come in, sir?"
Junnaid looked at him, and looked here, and looked there, and said, "First leave the crowd out! And you have some nerve to ask, `May I come in, sir?' Then why is this crowd all around you?"
Al-Hillaj could not believe... he looked all around, there was nobody.
Junnaid said, "Don't look all around, close your eyes! and then look all around. Your friends, your family, your neighbors -- they are still there."
He closed his eyes and he was surprised. The people he had left behind... he was still remembering them: their tears, their last greetings, the elder ones giving him their last blessings. They were all there, the whole crowd was there.
Junnaid said, "Get out, with this whole crowd! When you are alone then ask, `May I come in, sir?'"
It took seven months. Al-Hillaj used to live outside the mosque; the master used to live inside. Hundreds of disciples would come and go, and thinking that he must be a shoemaker or a shoe-shiner, they would put their shoes in front of him. And sitting there doing nothing... he thought, "This is not bad," so he started polishing their shoes.
After seven months, one night when there was nobody around, Junnaid came out and said, "Al-Hillaj, come in."

But Al-Hillaj said, "Forgive me, sir. Now I cannot ask, `May I come in, sir?' because that `I' is also gone. I am absolutely alone."
Junnaid said, "That's why I had to come. You stupid! Come in. I knew that now it will be difficult for you to ask the question, because who will ask the question? The crowd is gone, and with the crowd that fellow who used to be `I' -- that too is gone. And the poor fellow is shining shoes..."
And Al-Hillaj belonged to a very rich, royal family.
Junnaid said, "That's why I have come in the middle of the night, to bring you in. When you are not then you are called in; when you are not then the whole existence is ready to receive you."
Your question is intellectual. Avoid intellectual questions. If they arise, try first to experience them and you will find the answer yourself.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
PLAYFULNESS, HAPPINESS AND CREATIVITY COME TOGETHER INSIDE MYSELF WHEN I AM IN THIS STATE -- I CALL IT `CRAZINESS'.
CAN YOU PLEASE TALK ABOUT THIS?

First, what you call craziness is authentic sanity. When you are not in that state which you call craziness, you are crazy. Creativity, you call craziness. Playfulness, you call craziness. Joyfulness, you call craziness. Then what is sanity?
So first, drop that word `craziness'.

Only the creators are sane. What they create does not matter. In India, there have been a few great mystics whose creativity cannot even be recognized as creativity.

Kabir remained for his whole life spinning, weaving. He was a weaver. He had thousands of disciples, and they would tell him, "You have become old, and you are unnecessarily tiring yourself. We can take care of you; you stop this weaving, and then making clothes, and going to the market and selling them."

But Kabir always said, "You do not understand. You think I am just a weaver. I am not just like other weavers -- it is not my business, it is my love affair. I make these clothes for nobody other than God himself. And naturally, when I am making things for him they have to be perfect."

And he treated his customers as gods. He used to say to his customers, "You take this piece of cloth, but be very careful, Ram" -- for every customer he had only one name, Ram; Ram means God -- "I have taken so much trouble in making it. Be careful, be respectful. It is not my business; it is my prayer, it is my worship."

Another great mystic, Gora, was a potter, and he continued to make beautiful pots for his whole life. And he had disciples -- rich disciples, even kings -- and they would say, "It is embarrassing for us that our master is just making pots and selling pots on his donkey in the market. Please stop doing this."

But Gora would say, "It is difficult... it is part of my creativity. Nobody else can make these pots, only Gora can -- because all others are making them for money, and I am pouring my whole love, my whole heart. It is a meditation to me."

A third great mystic was Raidas, who continued to make shoes. In India particularly, to make shoes is thought to be one of the worst professions. It is only for the sudras, the untouchables. He was an untouchable, but high caste brahmins started coming to him. He was uneducated, but what he was saying was pure scripture. And everybody was trying to convince him, "You stop making shoes. It doesn't fit. It doesn't look right that a mystic of your caliber should make shoes" -- but Raidas refused.

He said, "That is the only art I know. I am a poor shoemaker. This is the only creative talent through which I can serve existence."

Don't call creativity, playfulness, joyousness, cheerfulness, `craziness'. These are the sanest dimensions of your being. Let your whole life become sane, full of songs, full of flowers, full of love. The world may call you crazy, but please, you should not call it crazy. Let the world call it crazy -- it doesn't matter -- but I cannot allow you to call it crazy.

It is going to happen to every meditator. What is happening to you, I would love it to happen to everybody. Create something. And whatever you are doing, do it playfully, not seriously. And wherever you are, be in a celebration. Forget words like `business'. Let your life be simply a festival.

To me, only those few people who attain to this state are capable of calling themselves religious -- not the Hindus, not the Mohammedans, not the Christians, but the creative people -- enriching existence, beautifying existence.

Don't leave this world without making it a little more beautiful than you found it when you came into it.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN THE DOORBELL RINGS AND I OPEN THE DOOR TO RECEIVE THE GUEST, BEFORE I DISAPPEAR WILL I GET A GLIMPSE OF HER?

Milarepa, you are impossible!
When he was going to play his guitar in England, although there is no God, I prayed, "God save the queen" -- because he is such a ladykiller.
Look at his question: he is saying, "When the doorbell rings and I open the door, before I disappear will I be able to get a little glimpse of her!"
Just old habits... but no harm. In fact, the doorbell never rings.
I will tell you a story. Junnaid, the master of Al-Hillaj Mansoor, in his young days when he was still a seeker, used to sit in front of the mosque praying to God, "How long is it going to take? Open the doors!"
And one mystic woman, Rabiya al Adabiya, happened to pass by. She hit Junnaid's head hard with her staff. She was an old woman... Junnaid said, "Rabiya, to disturb somebody in prayer is not right; and you are a well-known religious saint and you disturbed my prayer!"
She said, "I had to disturb it. And if next time I hear you praying in this way again -- `God open the doors' -- then only God can save you. I am going to hit your head so hard!"
He said, "But what is the problem? I am not creating any trouble for anybody."

She said, "That is not the point -- because the doors are open, they are never closed. Just get up and go in!"
Milarepa, the doorbell never rings. And the doorbell is such an ultra-modern thing that there is no mention of it in any scriptures, cannot be.
The doors are always open. And the ultimate comes, but you cannot have a glimpse of the ultimate -- whether you want to call him `him' or `her' does not matter. As the ultimate comes, you disappear. The happening is simultaneous, there is no gap. It is not that the ultimate comes and you say, "Thank you, sir. Sit down; what will you take -- Coca Cola, Fanta, Seven-Up? What will you take?" There is no time, not even to say "thank you." The moment the ultimate descends, you are already gone. He comes only in the space where you used to be, in your nothingness.
Nobody has seen the ultimate, for the simple reason that to see the ultimate you have to disappear, you cannot be a witness. You can become it but you cannot see it. We call those people who have become it the mystics; they are not the ones who have seen God, they have become God. It is not an object for them to see. It is their very subjectivity, it is their very being.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #7

Chapter title: Silence is a song without words
22 August 1986 pm in

Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,

LAST NIGHT I WAS READING "THE BOOK OF MIRDAD". IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO STRONG THAT I COULDN'T STOP READING FOR HOURS. THEN SUDDENLY I FELT THAT MY BREATH HAD CHANGED, AND I FOUND MYSELF ON THE EDGE OF CRYING, AND I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER IT WAS SADNESS, DESPERATION, BLISS, OR ALL THREE AT THE SAME TIME.

I TRIED TO FIND OUT BY READING THE WORDS AGAIN, BUT I REALIZED THAT MY MIND DIDN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND THEM WHEN I LOOKED AT THEM. HOW IS IT POSSIBLE THAT WORDS WHICH THE MIND DOESN'T UNDERSTAND CAN TOUCH ONE SO DEEPLY?

There are millions of books in the world, but THE BOOK OF MIRDAD stands out far above any other book in existence.

It is unfortunate that very few people are acquainted with THE BOOK OF MIRDAD for the simple reason that it is not a religious scripture. It is a parable, a fiction, but containing oceanic truth.

It is a small book, but the man who gave birth to this book... and mind my words, I am not saying "the man who wrote this book." Nobody wrote this book. I am saying the man who gave birth to this book -- he was an unknown, a nobody. And because he was not a novelist, he never wrote again; just that single book contains his whole experience. The name of the man was Mikhail Naimy.

It is an extraordinary book in the sense that you can read it and miss it completely, because the meaning of the book is not in the words of the book. The meaning of the book is running side by side in silence between the words, between the lines, in the gaps.

If you are in a state of meditativeness -- if you are not only reading a fiction but you are encountering the whole religious experience of a great human being, absorbing it; not intellectually understanding but existentially drinking it -- the words are there but they become secondary. Something else becomes primary: the silence that those words create, the music that those words create. The words affect your mind, and the music goes directly to your heart. And it is a book to be read by the heart, not by the mind. It is a book not to be understood, but experienced. It is something phenomenal.

Millions of people have tried to write books so that they can express the inexpressible, but they have utterly failed. I know only one book, THE BOOK OF MIRDAD, which has not failed; and if you cannot get to the very essence of it, it will be your failure, not his.

He has created a perfect device of words, parables, situations. If you allow it, the book becomes alive and something starts happening to your being. And naturally, because you have never come to such a state, you are puzzled about what it is -- sadness? blissfulness? There are tears, but those tears can be either of sadness or they can be of immense joy.

You have come to a point where you have never been before, so naturally you cannot categorize it. You cannot put a label on it according to your old experiences. But the

name does not mean anything. What matters is that you have taken a step beyond yourself. You have never been in this space; you have entered into the unknown, and it is so unknown that you don't have the vocabulary even to give it a name.

Just see the point: It may look like sadness... because for the first time in your life you will become aware that up to now you have not been alive. Life has happened today. And it brings a great sadness... you were alive -- but knowing this new experience, your whole life becomes so mundane, so meaningless, that it is better to say that it was more death than life. And a sadness arises that, "Why could I not reach this space before?" It is so close -- just a step beyond the boundaries of your old mind and the whole sky with all its stars becomes available. You were confined in such a small prison -- and nobody was imprisoning you. You were the prisoner and you were the imprisoned. You were the jailer and you were the jailed. Naturally... a sadness, looking to the past.

But looking to the present... a great blissfulness, a peace that passeth understanding, a silence that is not just the opposite of sound... a silence which is absence of sound, not the opposite of sound. A music without any instruments, a song without any words....

For the first time you start feeling that, "Up to now I have been living in the head; and only this moment the doors of my heart are open."

There is an old Chinese story. Because of the story a proverb has come into existence -- that when the musician becomes perfect, he burns his instruments; they become not only useless, they become a nuisance because they only

create noise. Only between the noise are there a few moments of music -- why not have it all?

And when the archer becomes a perfect master, he drops his bow and his arrows and forgets all about it. A strange proverb -- because ordinarily we think that when we become perfect our instruments will also attain a perfection with us; their working will also become perfect.

The proverb comes from a story: A man had become a great archer, and he was confident that he had attained perfection. He never missed any target. He was able to kill flying birds without fail. He appeared before the emperor and told him, "It is time that you should declare me the greatest, the master archer of the empire. Otherwise I am ready for any challenge. If somebody doubts it, I am ready for a competition."

The king knew the man, and knew that what he was saying was not bragging, it was a simple fact. But the old servant of the king said, "Wait a minute before you say anything, because I have something to say before you decide." He was so old that he had served the grandfather of the king, the father of the king, the king himself, and there was a possibility that he would serve the fourth generation also. The king had tremendous respect for the man. He said, "If you have something to say, you say it."

The old servant said, "This man knows nothing of archery yet. He can kill animals, he can kill birds, flying birds; he never misses any target. That's all okay, but that is not perfection and mastery. I know a man who is a perfect archer. He lives in the mountains, and because he became a perfect archer thirty years ago, he has completely forgotten

about archery. After perfection, what is the point of remembering?"
The archer was puzzled: "What kind of archery is this, that the man has even forgotten archery? For thirty years he has not practiced -- if I don't practice a single day, the next day I can see mistakes happening. Within two days, critics will see that mistakes are happening, and within three days anybody will be able to see that there are mistakes. Thirty years!"
And the old man said, "Unless you go to the forest and meet the great archer.... If he approves there is no question of any competition -- I will ask the emperor to declare you the champion master of the whole kingdom."
The archer had to go and search in the mountains. On a very high peak, in a small cave, he found the old man. The archer was carrying his bow, his arrows. The old man looked at the bow, looked at the arrows, and he said, "These things I have seen once, I remember. What do you call these things?"
The man said, "You are a great archer? You don't even know the name of the bow and the arrows!"
The old man said, "This is a bow and arrows... and what is the function of it? What do you do with it?"
The archer said, "Come out and I will show you." And he killed with one arrow a faraway flying bird -- just one arrow and the bird was on the earth.
The old man said, "This you call archery? I remember, when I was young I used to call this archery too. Now, come with me."
The old man must have been nearabout one hundred and twenty years old, not less than that -- very frail. He took the

young archer to a cliff which was hanging over a valley thousands of feet deep.
The archer stopped. He said, "I cannot go on that cliff! Just a small mistake and you are finished forever."
But the old man went to the very edge -- his feet were half hanging off the edge of the cliff. He was standing with just half his feet on the edge and he said, "Come on -- you are a great archer; you should know balance, because the secret of archery is balance. And if you are trembling so much inside, your arrow cannot be perfect, because your arrow will be going through your hands. And you are trembling. Come on! You are young, and as you see I am old, one hundred and twenty years old."
The man tried, one or two feet... and fell down on the rock. He said, "I have never been afraid of death. But I cannot do that."
That old man came back and he said, "If you cannot do this, forget all about archery. The day you can do this you will throw away the bow, you will throw away the arrows. Now look...." There were seven birds flying far away. And the old man simply looked at those seven birds one by one, and they all fell down on the earth.
He said, "When you have no trembling inside, just your eyes are enough; no arrows are needed. So go back, you are an amateur. I will come when the time has come, I will keep watch on you. I have my people in the city, in the capital; it was one of my people who sent you here. He was one of my disciples and I have a few more disciples who will keep watch. And if I am not alive, then I will tell them to inform the king when you are a perfect archer."

The young man was simply in great despair. He proved to be an amateur; he was thinking himself to be a champion master.
After five years.... The old man had said, "Learn inner balancing." I call it meditation; these are different names, in different countries. `Inner balancing' means you are so balanced at your innermost center that there is no trembling at all. You are in such a silent, unmoving space, as if you are not.
After five years a man visited the archer. As they were entering the archer's house, he saw a big bow hanging on the wall. The guest asked, "What is that?"
And the archer said, "I used to remember, but fortunately I met an old man... now I have completely forgotten what it is."
But the guest said, "I have heard that you are an archer."
The man said, "Forget all about it. When a man is young he has all kinds of stupid ideas. I also had my stupidities, but due to the compassion of the old man in the mountains I survived, I moved on."
That very day the king called him and declared him to be the champion master archer of the kingdom.
"But," he said, "I know nothing of archery. What are you doing?"
The king said, "I am not doing anything. These are instructions from your master. Of course you could not be the champion master. The old man has left his body, with the message, `While I am alive he cannot be a champion. And the poor fellow wanted to be a champion so desperately, but if I am alive in the kingdom it is impossible. I will never come to the capital to contest; the

whole idea is childish. But there are my disciples who will not allow it to happen any other way. Only my death... and it is worth it, to make him happy.'
The old man is dead. The message has come that you should be declared the champion."
The king said, "Just out of curiosity I would like to see how far your eyes can function as arrows." The man looked into the sky. Nine birds -- a whole flock -- came down to the earth.
And the king said, "That old man was never wrong."
This is archery.
A musician when he is perfect forgets his instruments; now silence is his music.
THE BOOK OF MIRDAD is one of the greatest devices that have been created down the ages. Don't read it like any other book. Don't read it like SHRI BHAGAVADGITA or THE HOLY BIBLE. Read it as beautiful poetry, as music spread on the pages. Read it as a message from a master of meditation.
The words are code words.
Don't look for their meaning in the dictionary.
Their meaning is when they strike something in your heart. That's why you felt, reading MIRDAD, that your breathing changed. It has to be understood very carefully: your breathing changes with each of your emotions. When you are angry, watch: you will have a different kind of breathing, unrhythmic, chaotic. When you are in love, just holding the hand of your beloved, your breathing will be different -- peaceful, silent, musical, harmonious. And these are small things; I am just giving you examples to understand.

When you are sitting with the master, the breathing becomes so harmonious that sometimes you may think it has stopped. There will be moments when suddenly you become aware -- "Has my breathing stopped?" Because it will be so silent that even you cannot feel its movement. There was one very significant man in south India, Brahma Yogi, but he got distracted. He was able to bring his breathing to such a harmonious state that doctors declared him to be dead. Because if there is no breathing... and not just for a second or two; he was capable for ten minutes. Medical science has its own limits. For ten minutes, no sign of breathing....

In Oxford, in Cambridge, in Calcutta University, in Rangoon University; he went all over the world. He forgot completely the mission of his life, that he had been meditating to attain to his innermost self. That's how people get distracted -- he became an entertainer, a showman. He earned much, he became world famous. And the doctors everywhere were shocked. In every medical college of importance in the world he was examined with all their refined instruments. They had to declare that the man was dead, and after ten minutes he would start breathing again. It was not that he was not breathing for ten minutes; he was breathing, but the breathing had gone so slow that it was beyond the instruments' capacity to capture its movement. This happened to you reading MIRDAD, that you felt your breathing was changing. It was beautiful. And because your breathing changed, that's why you came to a point where you were indecisive. Whether you were sad or silent, blissful, ecstatic, you could not decide, because the thing was so new and you had no category to put it in.

But I will tell you: You were sad, sad because you have wasted your whole life -- and this space was so close; you were just to reach and it was going to be available to you. You were sad, just like a beggar will be sad who comes to know that he is the emperor and there has been some mistake; the beggar is sitting on the throne and the emperor is begging in the streets. All those years of begging... a shadow, a sadness.

You also felt silence, because THE BOOK OF MIRDAD has been created by a man who knows the inner workings of human consciousness. He was not a writer; hence, nobody ever bothered to give him a Nobel prize. He was alive in this century, he was our contemporary. His book has not been translated into many languages for the simple reason that the book is unique -- it is not a book, it is a device. And it is not meant to be read, it is meant to create a certain atmosphere around you. If you are ready, available, receptive, the atmosphere will be created and there will be great silence. And silence is always blissful.

So you got very much confused: There was sadness because of the past; there was silence because of the present -- and silence is always bringing flowers of blissfulness.

You thought there must be something in the words, so you read those words again. But you could not find it; in those words there was nothing, they were ordinary words. From where was this experience happening?

It was happening because you are on the path.

You are part of a mystery school.

You are a seeker.

It would not have happened to you if you were not on the path. It happened to you because you were getting ready for this happening, and THE BOOK OF MIRDAD simply triggered what was already going to happen. It would have happened even without THE BOOK OF MIRDAD, perhaps a little later.

The man on the path may find in his life.... Listening to music sometimes it happens. The musician may be an ordinary man; he may not know anything about silence and blissfulness, but his music can trigger something in you. It may be triggered by seeing a sunset; now the sunset is not aware of you at all. It may be triggered by the perfume of a rose.

But remember one thing: Just because THE BOOK OF MIRDAD helped you in reaching a new space in yourself, don't tell others to read it -- because they will find it just ordinary fiction, beautiful. They may even destroy your connection that has been created unknowingly; you were not ready for this experience. So one thing: Don't tell others, "Read THE BOOK OF MIRDAD, it brings such beautiful experiences." It may not bring them anything. Secondly, because it has brought you a beautiful experience this time, don't read it again and again in order to get it. Because this time you were not expecting anything; next time you will be full of expectations. You will be waiting and watching for when it happens -- it will not happen. Once in a while it is possible, but the basic condition to be fulfilled is, no expectations.

And I say to you, because it happened with THE BOOK OF MIRDAD it can happen through many other avenues. You are ready, you just need a little push. Be available to

all those situations where that push is possible, but without any expectation. Just to enjoy... a beautiful dance, beautiful music, a beautiful painting; just sitting by the side of the sea and the music of the waves, the continuous music, or looking at the moon -- anything may help, but don't expect. THE BOOK OF MIRDAD can be of immense help if you don't expect, and it is a book worth reading thousands of times. You cannot understand its oceanic meaning in one reading, because in each page, each turn, each chapter, each line, there is a possibility -- because the man who wrote it....

I understand that man. He was one of the greatest men of this century. He lived unknown to the world, but just this one book makes him the greatest writer not only of this century but of all the centuries.

I myself might have never come across his book... because it was published in the beginning of this century and then it was never published again, it never became a best seller. It was not available in the libraries because at the most only three thousand copies were in existence all over the world. I became aware of the book in a strange way.

I was a student in the university, but on Sundays I used to go to a market in the city where stolen things were sold. I was not interested in anything else, just stolen books. I got THE BOOK OF MIRDAD as a stolen book. Somebody's whole library... three hundred books in all, and all the books were beautiful. And for those three hundred books a man was asking only a hundred rupees, so I immediately gave him a hundred rupees.

The man said, "But remember one thing: these are stolen books, and if the police come here I am going to tell them

your name, because on each book is the name of the man to whom these books belong and he is a well-known man." He was a retired professor of literature.
I said, "Don't be worried."
And the police finally came and they said, "This is not good. You were told by the man that these are stolen books, still you purchased them."
I said, "I don't repent, and I don't want to talk to you. I would like to meet the owner."
They said, "For what?"
I said, "I can settle things with him very easily. He is a retired professor, old. Just take me to him" -- so they took me to the old professor.
I closed the doors and said to the professor, "You are already so old, what are you going to do with those books? You will be dead soon, and you have found the right man for your books."
He said, "You are strange! You have purchased my stolen books and you have come to convince me that you have done the right thing?"
I said, "Yes, I say I have done the right thing. You have used them. You cannot read any more; your eyes are no longer in a situation to read. If you just want to keep three hundred books on your shelf, I can bring five hundred books, six hundred books. But don't ask for those three hundred books, particularly for THE BOOK OF MIRDAD. That I cannot return to you, stolen or not stolen."
The old man looked at me and he said, "Did you like THE BOOK OF MIRDAD?"
I said, "I not only liked it -- I have read thousands of books; none is comparable to it."

He gave me fifty rupees back. He said, "You have wasted fifty rupees -- you are a student; you don't have much money, I know about you. You keep the books. And I agree with you that the books have reached to the right man, and the person who has stolen them needs to be rewarded. I am going to die any day, you are right, and then I don't know where those books will go.

"And I have loved those books, cherished those books. My whole life I have collected the best books. And the moment you said THE BOOK OF MIRDAD you closed the deal. You just take these fifty rupees, and whenever you need more -- because I don't have anybody; no wife, no children, and enough pension and I don't have any expenses -- you are always welcome to come to me. If you don't have money to purchase books I am here.

"Your love for MIRDAD has made you a man of my family. I have loved MIRDAD my whole life, and I have tried hundreds of my friends, but nobody could get him. And you are ready to fight for a stolen book, you are ready to go to the court for a stolen book. There is no need. I was in search of you.

"It is strange," he said, "that THE BOOK OF MIRDAD has found you itself."

That's how I found the first copy of THE BOOK OF MIRDAD. It needs to be in every house, it is so precious. And it has touched your heart.

Just don't start having expectations, and it will help you on the way immensely.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

UNENLIGHTENED ENLIGHTENMENT SEEMS TO BECOME MORE AND MORE POPULAR THESE DAYS, PARTICULARLY AMONG THERAPISTS. HAVING RECOVERED FROM THAT DISEASE, I SAY THAT CLAIMING ENLIGHTENMENT WITHOUT HAVING ATTAINED IS THE GREATEST BETRAYAL; AND INFLUENCING OTHERS THROUGH AUTHORITY BASED ON THIS FALSENESS IS THE GREATEST CRIME POSSIBLE.
PLEASE COMMENT.

Gunakar, you are a hundred percent right.
Before I answer your question, I would like to introduce you to the people here. They may not know you, and without knowing you it will be difficult for them to understand the proper context of the question.
Gunakar is one of my most beloved sannyasins. He is immensely talented... a keen intelligence, and an authentic search. He had come to me many years ago, and he has remained with me in many ups and many downs.
The biggest problem with him was that he is a German, and a German finds it easier to be a master than to be a disciple, naturally.
So while he was here with me in India he was intelligent enough to understand that he is not a master, and he worked as a disciple. But whenever he would go back to Germany, the trouble would arise: in Germany he would become enlightened.
There are no outer criteria for enlightenment, so he would get a few Germans to support him also as the enlightened master. And once he got into the trip then it was not only

that he would sit silently -- that is very difficult for a German -- he had to do something. Now that he was enlightened, he started enlightening the whole world: writing letters to prime ministers, presidents, all the ambassadors of all the countries, to the UNO, convincing them that except for enlightenment there is no way out. And when he would be going full-fledged, I would send him a message, "Come back to India because you have done enough. A little rest will be good." And coming back to India, his enlightenment would disappear. Sitting in front of me, he had to become a disciple again. He started feeling very strange because it happened once, twice, thrice....
Then he said, "This is a strange thing. We think Osho helps people to become enlightened. I become enlightened when I am in Germany, and whenever I go back to Osho he finishes my enlightenment -- I am back to zero!" So for almost six years, he had not come.
Who wants to lose enlightenment? You come to me to be enlightened, and poor Gunakar had to come here to lose enlightenment.
But a false thing is a false thing, an imagination is an imagination.
You can brag, you can deceive, you can become a con man, but deep down you will know what you are doing.
And finally he realized, in Germany, that once a man becomes enlightened he cannot become unenlightened; that is impossible, that has never happened in the whole of history -- except to Gunakar. There is no other precedent. And he is intelligent enough and courageous enough; he dropped it himself.

The last time, I was watching what was happening. I was inquiring about how things were going, how far his enlightenment had reached. The last time I inquired of a German sannyasin in America; he said, "A strange phenomenon has happened. I met Gunakar. I had never thought of it..." Because he had a beautiful castle on the Rhine River in a very scenic place, really worthy of an enlightened man, and disciples would come to the castle....
The German sannyasin told me, "I met him in a restaurant in a sannyasin commune. When he was enlightened he was not moving like ordinary people in ordinary places. And he was not only in the restaurant, he was washing plates, serving; he was working there!"
And the German sannyasin asked him, "Gunakar, what happened to the enlightenment?"
And he said, "I am not enlightened, I am just a dishwasher."
When this was told to me, I really felt tremendously happy for him because to be a dishwasher in reality is better than to be a Gautam Buddha in dream.
And this time he has come not as an enlightened man. This time has a beauty: he has come just as himself -- open, available, ready. All those past days when he used to come, he was tight. It was bound to be, because he was afraid -- he would come to me and I was going to tell him, "Gunakar, just get down. You are not supposed to be enlightened yet. Wait!" He was tight, he was tense, afraid. And he could not live there either, because the inner thirst was there, still unfulfilled. That bogus enlightenment was not going to help. So he had to come, but with a tenseness.

This time he has come relaxed, with nothing to lose. He is an ordinary man.
And to be ordinary is to be something immensely beautiful. It means relaxed, it means non-tense, it means ready to grow.
This is the background.
He is saying, "I am out of this disease of getting false enlightenment, pretending to be really enlightened, teaching people." Now he can understand what harm such people must be doing -- because I am not there.
And the whole sannyas movement has the greatest numbers in Europe, particularly in Germany. That's why the German government is the most afraid of me.
I have not applied for any visa. Still, their parliament has decided that IN CASE I apply, I am not to be allowed in Germany. Their fear is that I have the biggest number of sannyasins in Germany, and these are not just the masses but the intelligentsia. Gunakar is a law expert, somebody is a scientist, somebody is a painter, an artist, somebody is a mathematician -- Germany has tremendous qualities -- and strangely enough, they have all become attracted to sannyas.
And the fear of the German government is that if I come to Germany the people who are not yet sannyasins -- the young generation, young intellectuals -- are bound to become sannyasins.
And every government is afraid of any movement that creates individuals, that creates values of freedom, love, silence, peace, rejoicing.
So it is a good chance for a few people -- there are two, three persons I have been told about who have become

enlightened -- knowing that I cannot come into Germany. The Indian government is being pressured by the American government that no sannyasins should be allowed to reach to me. So it is a good opportunity for these people: they have become enlightened, they are gathering followers. And Gunakar is right, that it is one of the greatest crimes to claim enlightenment when you are not -- because this is the greatest deception that you can give to humanity. It is the ugliest phenomenon. You can be a con man, cheat people out of their money, their belongings, their houses, their wives, their husbands, anything; that is immaterial, that does not matter much. But a con man as far as enlightenment is concerned is cheating you about your consciousness, about your very being. He is doing some kind of violence, which is invisible but which is the worst that can be done by any criminal.

All those three therapists will come back, because soon they will realize that they are doing something which is not only harming others but is harming their own growth. If you are not enlightened and you claim that you are, then you stop progressing towards enlightenment. You are already enlightened; what is the need?

All kinds of cheats, thieves can be forgiven, but the people who are playing with your consciousness, with your being, cannot be forgiven.

Somebody takes away your money: perhaps he is not doing harm to you, perhaps he is unburdening you. Perhaps from today he will be continuously feeling guilty. And what is he going to do with the money?

I have heard... one poor tailor had the habit of purchasing one lottery ticket every month. He had been doing that for

thirty years; it had become almost a routine. In the beginning he used to hope that some day he would win the lottery. By and by he had completely forgotten that there was any connection between winning the lottery and purchasing the ticket.

But old habits die hard. So he went on purchasing the ticket, and one day suddenly a black Rolls Royce limousine came and stopped in front of the poor tailor's shop. People came out, carrying big bags full of notes. He said, "What is the matter? What is happening?"

They said, "You have won! Your number has come up."

He could not believe it. But he was immensely happy, that at last.... he has won ten lakh, a million rupees; now there is no need to be a poor tailor.

He closed the shop and threw the key in a well -- because what is the need now? He is not going to open the shop again. Ten lakhs for a poor tailor -- it is enough for ten lives!

But it was not enough even for two years, because what will you do? -- he started drinking, he started gambling, he started going to the prostitutes. He was a healthy man; within two years all money was gone, all health was gone, and he was asking people, somebody, to help him to find the key to his shop.

They said, "You are an idiot. Why did you throw away the key in the first place?"

He said, "I was thinking that ten lakhs would be enough. I am alone, there is nobody else. I was so poor that I could never get married. But my God, these ten lakhs have given me such hell -- from one prostitute to another prostitute, finding myself every morning lying in the gutter

completely drunk, the hangover, the headache.... I never had any headache in my life; these two years I have suffered hell. If I meet these people who came in that black Rolls Royce I will kill them."
"But," the people said, "that was not their fault! you have been purchasing the tickets."
Some young man jumped into the well, tried to find the key and the key to the shop was found. People collected some money for the tailor's medicine and for his doctor; the poor man really had suffered badly.
But again he started purchasing that ticket! Old habits die really hard. And he was continually condemning the lottery: "I don't want to win."
"But why do you go on purchasing the ticket?"
He said, "If I don't purchase, it seems something is missing -- I cannot sleep well, I cannot work well. It has become such a routine. You can imagine, thirty years.... But you can be certain that it cannot happen again. In thirty years it happened only once. In another thirty years I will be dead and it cannot happen again."
But by chance it happened again. The next year, the same black Rolls Royce stood before his house. He said, "My God, why are you against me? Have I to suffer that hell again?"
The whole neighborhood gathered. They said, "If you don't want to suffer, you can reject the money, you can donate it."
He said, "Never! It is my earning."
He locked the door to his shop and he said, "Now, I really drop the key. There will be no need for it because I cannot survive these two years any more. I don't have enough

health... and again those scenes, those nightmares." And he went on the same routine again.
After two years he was a completely shattered man. Back to the shop! He asked the neighbors, "Somehow find my key, and I promise you that I will never accept any money from these idiots who have been killing me."
They said, "Never accept? That means you will purchase, you will go on purchasing the ticket?"
He said, "As far as the ticket is concerned, that I cannot stop."
People get into a certain routine.
Gunakar, it is good that you got out of it without me. It was good that you stayed in Germany and didn't come to me for these six, seven years. It has been a great realization to you -- that imagination is not going to help, and that any claim about inner realization which is false is the greatest crime in the world.
Those people who are doing it will also realize it; help them to realize. Go to them and tell them that you have passed this disease: "Now stop purchasing this ticket. You know perfectly well that you are not enlightened." And tell them, "If you are enlightened, go to Osho. If you have guts, go to him. And if your enlightenment still remains in front of him, then you can be certain that it is there. But if it disappears and comes back only in Germany, it is not of any worth."
Enlightenment made in Germany is simply useless!

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,

AN OLD HERMIT LIVING IN THE MOUNTAINS SAID, WHEN ASKED WHY HE WAS UP THERE AND HOW LONG HE HAD BEEN THERE, "A LONG TIME AGO THERE WERE TWO BULLS FIGHTING BY THE SEASHORE. THEY FOUGHT AND FOUGHT, AND FINALLY DISAPPEARED INTO THE OCEAN. AND FROM THAT DAY TO THIS, I CANNOT REMEMBER A SINGLE THING."
I REALLY LOVE THE WAY THE OLD HERMIT EVOKED SUCH A VIVID IMAGE OF THE DUALITY OF THE MIND, AND THEN ITS DISAPPEARANCE INTO ENLIGHTENMENT.
WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT ON THIS?

There is nothing to comment on; the story is so simple, so beautiful, so clear.
Your mind is a duality. Because of its constant fight, you cannot know your oneness. The moment that fight disappears you have come home. Then who bothers to remember how many days, how many years, how many lives -- all that concern was of the mind.
Your inner being has no calendars.
Its existence is eternal; it is eternity itself.
When you find such beautiful stories, and when you can understand them yourself, don't make a question out of them. You should bring questions which you cannot find answers for. You should bring questions which are torturing you and there is no way out.
Whatever I can say on this story will be simply elaboration, but it will not give you any more insight. The story is complete in itself.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE HOLY FIRE?

Milarepa, I am!

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #8
Chapter title: The conspiracy of the mystics
23 August 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
FOR THE LAST WEEK I HAVE KNOWN THAT I HAVE CANCER. FROM THAT TIME, EXCEPT FOR A FEW MOMENTS OF PANIC AND FEAR, I HAVE FELT A DEEP CALMNESS AND RELAXATION COMING INTO MY BEING.
HAVE I ALREADY GIVEN UP MY LIFE, OR IS THIS THE QUIETNESS OF ACCEPTANCE?

We have given up our lives at the very moment when we were born, because the birth is nothing but a beginning of death. Each moment you will be dying more and more. It is not that on a certain day, at seventy years old, death comes; it is not an event, it is a process that begins with the birth. It takes seventy years; it is mighty lazy, but it is a process, not an event. And I am emphasizing this fact so that I can make it clear to you that life and death are not

two things. They become two if death is an event which ends life. Then they become two; then they become antagonistic, enemies.

When I say that death is a process beginning with birth, I am saying that life is also a process beginning with the same birth -- and these are not two processes. It is one process: it begins with birth, it ends with death.

But life and death are like two wings of a bird, or two hands, or two legs.

Even your brain has two hemispheres, separate, the right hemisphere and the left hemisphere. You cannot exist without this dialectics.

Life is a dialectics -- and if you understand this, a tremendous acceptance of death naturally comes to you. It is not against you, it is part of you; without it you cannot be alive.

It is just like the background of a blackboard on which you write with white chalk: the blackboard is not against the white chalk; it simply gives it emphasis, prominence. Without the blackboard your white writing will disappear. It is like day and night -- you see it everywhere, but you go on behaving like blind people. Without the night there is no day.

The deeper you enter into the dialectics... it is a miraculous experience. Without inaction there is no action; if you cannot relax, you cannot act. The more you can relax, the more perfection will be in your action. They appear to be opposites; they are not. The better you dissolve into sleep in the night, the sharper, the younger you will wake up in the morning. And everywhere in life you will find the same dialectical process.

The mystics of Zen have a koan: they ask the disciples to meditate on the sound of one hand clapping. It is absurd, there cannot be any sound of one hand clapping. Clapping with what? For clapping two hands are needed, apparently opposed to each other but deep down creating a single clap; united in their efforts, coherent, neither opposed to each other nor contradictory to each other, but complementary.
The meditation is given for the simple reason so that you can become aware that in life you cannot find a single instance supporting the sound of one hand clapping. The whole existence is two hands clapping: man and woman, day and night, life and death, love and hate. The deeper the disciple meditates... slowly slowly he becomes aware that in existence it is impossible to find anything.
And the master asks everything -- "Have you found it? Have you heard the sound of one hand clapping?"
Many ideas come to their minds: the sound of running water, and they think perhaps this is it. And they run to the master to tell him, "I have got it: the sound of running water."
And they will get a hit from the master's staff: "You idiot! This is not the sound of one hand clapping. There is duality; just go and see. All those rocks in the water, they are creating a sound; it is not the sound of one, it is always the sound of two." In fact, there cannot be a sound of one.
Frustrated thousands of times, each answer that the disciple finds is rejected. He comes to the realization that sound is always of the two.
Silence is of the one; only silence can be the answer.

It is not a clapping. But going through all this process to reach to the silence... and then he comes to the master and the master asks, "Have you heard it?"
And the disciple bows down to his feet, tears of joy flowing from his eyes. He cannot even say, "Yes, I have found it." That will not be accurate. He has not found silence; on the contrary, he has disappeared in silence. It is not a finding, it is a disappearing.
He is no more. Only silence is.
Who is there to say now, "I have found the answer?" -- hence the tears of joy and a grateful head touching the feet of the master.
And the master says, "I do understand, don't be worried. Don't be worried that you cannot say it. Nobody can say it.
"That's why sometimes when you had come before, rushing with an answer, even before you told me the answer I hit you with my staff and told you, `You idiot! Go back!' And you were puzzled, that you have not even said the answer and it has been rejected.
"Now you can understand: it is not a question of this answer or that answer. All answers are wrong. Only silence -- which is an existential presence, not an intellectual answer -- is right."
You are fortunate to know that within seven days you are going to die, that you have cancer.
Everybody has cancer, just a few people are lazy!
You are speedy! American!
Most people are Indians; even in dying, they will take time. They are always late, always missing the train.
I say you are blessed to know -- because everybody is going to die, but because it is unknown when, where,

people go on living under the illusion that they are going to live forever. They always see others dying. That supports logically their standpoint that "It is always the other who dies. I never die."

You must have seen many people dying, giving you a strong support, a rational background that it is always the other who dies. And when you die, you will not know, you will be unconscious -- you will miss the opportunity of knowing death.

Those who have known death are unanimous in their opinion that it is the greatest orgasmic experience of life. But people die unconsciously. It is good that there are diseases which are predictable.

Cancer means that you have known seven days before -- or seven months, whatever the time may be -- that death is coming closer each moment. These seven days are not allowed to everybody. Cancer seems to be something you must have earned in your past life -- because J. Krishnamurti died of cancer, Raman Maharshi died of cancer, Ramakrishna died of cancer. Strange... three enlightened people who are not mythological, who have lived just now died of cancer. It seems to be something spiritual!

It certainly has a spiritual dimension....

I am not saying that all those who die of cancer are enlightened beings, but they can become enlightened beings more easily than anybody else because others go on living under the illusion that they are going to live; there is no hurry. Meditation can be postponed -- tomorrow, the day after tomorrow. What is the hurry? -- and there are more urgent things which have to be done today.

Meditation is never urgent because death is never urgent. For the man who comes to know that cancer is going to strike within seven days, everything in life becomes meaningless. All urgencies disappear. He was thinking of making a beautiful palace; the very idea disappears. He was thinking to fight the next election; the whole idea disappears. He was worried about the third world war; he is no longer worried. It doesn't matter to him. What happens after him does not matter -- he has only seven days to live. If he is a little alert in those seven days he can live seventy years or seven hundred years or the whole eternity -- because now meditation becomes a priority, love becomes a priority... dance, rejoicing, experiencing beauty, which were never priorities before.

This week, the full moon night will be a priority because he will never see the full moon again. This is his last full moon.

He has lived for years. Moons have come and gone, and he has never bothered about it; but now he has to take it seriously. This is the last moon, this is the last chance to love, this is the last chance to be, this is the last chance to experience all that is beautiful in life.

And he has no energy anymore for anger, for fighting. He can postpone; he can say, "After a week I will see you in the court, but this week let me be on a holiday."

Yes, in the beginning you will feel sadness, despair, that life is slipping out of your hands. But it is always slipping out of your hands, whether you know it or not. It is slipping out of everybody else's hands whether he knows it or not. You are fortunate that you know it.

I am reminded of a great mystic, Eknath. A man used to go to Eknath for years. One day he went early in the morning when nobody was there and he asked Eknath, "Please forgive me. I have come early so that there is nobody else, because I am going to ask a question which I have always wanted to ask but I felt so embarrassed that I suppressed it."

Eknath said, "There was no reason to be embarrassed. You could have asked any question, any time. Sit down here."

So in the temple they sat down. And the man said, "It is difficult for me; how to present it? My question is that for years I have been coming to you and I have never seen you sad, frustrated. I have never seen you in anxiety, in any kind of worry. You are always happy, always fulfilled, contented.

"I cannot believe this. My doubting mind says, 'This man is pretending.' I have been fighting with my mind, telling it that for years you cannot pretend: `If he's pretending, you try.' And I have tried -- for five minutes, seven minutes at the most, and I forget all about it. Worries come, anger comes, sadness comes, and if nobody comes then the wife comes! -- and all pretensions are gone.

"How do you manage day after day, month after month, year after year? I have always seen the same joy, the same grace. Please forgive me, but the doubt persists that somehow you are pretending. Perhaps you don't have a wife; that seems to be the only difference between me and you."

Eknath said, "Just show me your hand."

He took his hand in his own hands, washed it, looked... very seriously.

The man said, "Is something wrong? What happened?" He forgot all about his doubt and his pretension and Eknath.
Eknath said, "Before I start answering your question, just by the way, I see that your lifeline is finished... just seven days more. So I wanted to tell it to you first because I may forget. Once I start explaining and answering your question, I may forget."
The man said, "I am no longer interested in the question, and I am no longer interested in the answer. Just help me to stand up." He was a young man.
Eknath said, "You cannot stand up?"
He said, "I feel all energy gone. Just seven days, and I had so many plans... everything shattered. Help me! My house is not far away, just take me to my house."
Eknath said, "You can go. You can walk -- you have come walking perfectly well just a few seconds ago."
But the man somehow tried to stand up; he looked as if all his energy had been sucked out. And when he was going down the steps you could see that suddenly he had become old, he was taking the support of the railing. As he was walking on the road you could see -- he could fall at any moment, he was walking like a drunkard. Somehow he reached home.
Everybody was getting up; it was early morning. And he went to sleep; they all asked, "What is the matter? Are you sick, not feeling well?"
He said, "Now even sickness does not matter. Feeling well or not well is irrelevant. My lifeline is finished -- only seven days. Today is Sunday; the next Sunday, as the sun is setting I will be gone. I am already gone!"

The whole house was sad. Relatives started gathering, friends -- because Eknath had never spoken a lie, he was a man of truth. If he has said it, death is certain.

On the seventh day just before the sun was setting -- and the wife was crying, and the children were crying, and the brothers were crying, and the old father and the old mother had become unconscious.

Eknath reached the house, and they all said, "You have come right in time. Just bless him; he is going for an unknown journey."

And in seven days that man had changed so much; even Eknath had to make an effort to recognize him. He was simply a skeleton.

Eknath shook him; he somehow tried to open his eyes.

Eknath said, "I have come to say to you that you are not going to die. Your lifeline is still long enough. I said that you are going to die in seven days as an answer to your question. That was my answer."

And the man jumped up. He said, "That was your answer? My God! You had already killed me. I was just looking outside the window for the sun to set and I would have died."

And there was rejoicing.... But the man asked, "What kind of answer is this? This kind of answer can kill people. You seem to be murderous! We believe in you, and you take advantage of our faith."

Eknath said, "Except that answer, nothing would have helped. I have come to ask you: in seven days have you been fighting with anybody, have you been angry with anybody? Have you been going to the court? -- which is your practice; every day you are found in the court."

And he was a man of that type, that was his business. Even for murders he was ready to be an eye witness; just pay him enough. In one murder he was an eye witness in the court, and the court knew that this man could not be an eye witness to everything -- he was a professional witness.
The judge asked, "How far away were you standing when this murder happened?"
He said, "Seventeen feet, six inches."
The judge said, "Great! So it means you measured the distance between yourself and the man who was murdered?"
He said, "Yes, because I knew some idiot or somebody else was going to ask the question, so it is better to be prepared. I measured inch by inch; it was exactly seventeen feet, six inches."
That was his business.
Eknath asked, "What happened to your business? In seven days how many times have you eye witnessed, how much have you earned?"
He said, "What are you talking about? I have not moved from my bed. I have not eaten; there is no appetite, no thirst. I am simply dead. I don't feel any energy, any life in me."
Eknath said, "Now you get up, it is time. Take a good bath, eat well. Tomorrow you have a case in the court. Continue the business. And I have answered your question. Because since I have become aware that everybody has to die....
"And death can come tomorrow -- you had seven days. I don't have even seven days; tomorrow I may not see the sunrise again. I don't have time for stupid things, for stupid

ambitions, for greed, for anger, for hate; I simply don't have time -- because tomorrow I may not be here.

"In this small span of life, if I can rejoice in the beauties of existence, the beauties of human beings; if I can share my love, if I can share my songs, perhaps death will not be hard on me."

I have heard from the ancients that those who know how to live automatically come to know how to die. Their death is a thing of beauty, because they only die outwardly; inwardly the life journey continues.

Your coming to know that you have cancer certainly will be shocking, will bring sadness and despair. But you are my sannyasin; you have to make this opportunity into a great transformation of being.

These few days that you will be here should be the days of meditation, love, compassion, friendliness, playfulness, laughter; and if you can do that, you will be rewarded by a conscious death. That is the reward of a conscious life. An unconscious life comes to die unconsciously.

A conscious life is rewarded by existence with a conscious death. And to die consciously is to know the ultimate orgasmic experience of life, and to know simultaneously that nothing dies, only forms change. You are moving into a new house -- and of course a better house, on a higher level of consciousness. You use the opportunity to grow. And life is absolutely just, fair. Whatever you earn you never lose it, you are rewarded for it.

Accept that death is just part of your life, and accept the fact that it is good that you have come to know beforehand. Otherwise, death comes and you cannot hear the footsteps,

the sounds of death approaching you. That's why I said you are fortunate: death has knocked seven days before.
Use these days in deep acceptance.
Make these seven days as joyful as possible; make these seven days days of laughter.
Die with a joke on your face -- the smile, the thankfulness, the gratitude for all that life has given to you.
And this I say to you: death is fiction. There is no death because nothing dies, only things change. And if you are aware, you can make them change for the better.
That's how evolution happens.

That's how an unconscious man becomes a Gautam Buddha.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS COMING FROM MY OFFICE FOR YOUR DISCOURSE, I WAS FEELING VERY MUCH DEPRESSED, TIRED AND TENSE; BUT AFTER THE DISCOURSE I FELT MYSELF SO RELAXED, ENERGETIC AND FRESH.
THE NEXT MORNING I AM AGAIN DEPRESSED AND TENSE. IS IT BECAUSE OF MY MIND OR THE SURROUNDING ATMOSPHERE?

Laheru, it is because of your mind.
The surrounding atmosphere is always supportive. If your mind is silent, the same atmosphere will support silence; if your mind is tense, the same atmosphere will support your

tensions. The surrounding atmosphere does not count; what counts is your mind.

If it was otherwise, then it would be impossible for anybody to become enlightened, because everybody is surrounded by the same kind of atmosphere.

I am reminded of a small story, an ancient story of a wise king who used to go on a round of the capital in the middle of the night in disguise to see whether things were going as they should or not. He was always puzzled, because one naked young man used to stand under a tree, even in the middle of the night. He went at different times in the night but the man was always standing there, alert. The king was puzzled: what is he doing? One day he went to him and asked, "What is your trouble? Why do you go on standing here naked in the cold night?"

The man said, "I have a certain treasure that needs constant watchfulness. I cannot be unconscious even for a single moment, it is too risky."

The king asked, "Where is your treasure?"

The man laughed. He said, "You will not understand. My treasure is within me. And the more I am aware -- whether it is day or night -- the deeper I am reaching into myself."

It was for the first time the king saw the man so closely -- a beautiful man with magnetic eyes, with an invisible aura.

The king was touched. He said, "I have always been thinking of finding a master but I never found one. I cannot leave you. I invite you to come with me to the palace. You will have all that you need. But why stand? -- that does not suit the master of the king. From this moment you are the master of the king."

The man said, "Of course!" And he jumped on the king's horse and asked the king to walk by his side: "Let us go to the palace."
The king said, "This man seems to be something!" -- naked, he was sitting on the horse, and the king had to walk for the first time in his life.... "And what will the guards of the palace say when they see us?"
But the man said, "You don't be worried about the guards or your wife or your children; nobody can interfere. I will declare myself: I am your master."
The king started having doubts: "This man, whom I thought has renounced the world, is standing naked for many days... and he has said yes so willingly. Not only has he said yes, he immediately jumped on my horse!"
In the palace he was given the best room, all the best facilities -- better than the king. He made it a point, that "I am the master of the king, and it will be insulting to the king that the master has something less than the king." The king gave everything that was needed and he lived in immense luxury.
The king thought, "I have been deceived. This man is not a real saint, he is a con man. He was standing there naked just to befool me, and he befooled me. But how to get rid of this man?"
Six months passed. But the king was a cultured man; he could not say, "You have cheated me." But one day while walking on the lawn of the palace with the master, the king said, "It is strange, but a doubt sometimes arises in me. You were standing naked under the tree.... You have renounced everything of the world and now you are living in royal

luxury. The question that arises in me is this: Now what is the difference between me and you?"
The young man said, "The difference? You will have to come with me. At the right moment, at the right place, I will give you the answer."
The king and the master both went on horses. When they reached the border of the kingdom the king said, "This is the border. Now we are entering into another's kingdom, and that is not right for me. What is your answer?"
He said, "My answer is this: this is your horse, these are your clothes. Take them home, I am going -- this is the difference. You have a kingdom, I don't have a kingdom. Wherever I live, there is my kingdom."
The king was shocked, but he thought that he had misjudged the man. He fell at his feet and he said, "Forgive me, I misjudged you."
The man said, "You simply get up on your horse and return to the palace, because I am such a simple man.... I can again put on the dress, and the horse is waiting and I can come back -- and the doubt will again come into your mind. I don't want to create any doubt. You simply take both horses and these clothes. Naked I was, naked I am -- and there are so many trees, I can stand anywhere."
The king tried hard to convince him but the man said, "I can come, there is no trouble; but I know your mind, and it is not.... You are being a liar. It is not that the doubt has just arisen now; it had arisen at the very moment I jumped on your horse that night six months ago.
"To me it makes no difference: I was as silent and peaceful, as centered, as balanced in myself under the tree as in your

palace. The atmosphere, the environment around me makes no difference at all. Wherever I am, there is my kingdom."
Laheru, it is not the atmosphere. This is how we go on throwing our responsibility on others; and that is not right -- not right for a seeker. A seeker should be clear about it, that "every responsibility is mine".
You will be surprised to know: the moment you take all the responsibilities on your own shoulders, you are the most free man in the whole world, because now wherever you are it makes no difference -- your freedom is intact, your peace is intact, your integrity is intact.
One of my sannyasins from Germany has sent me a present. His name is Nivedano. I will give it to Laheru because the present is something really significant. Its name is MIND AND MEDITATION. Just give me the present.

(NEELAM GIVES OSHO A PICTURE IN A WOODEN FRAME, AND HE HOLDS UP THE PICTURE FOR EVERYONE TO SEE.)

This is a small present, but with significant meaning. This is meditation -- this vast silence, this peaceful blue, this beautiful beach... sitting silently, doing nothing, the spring comes and the grass grows by itself.
But turn it....

(HE TURNS IT UPSIDE DOWN. THE SKY BECOMES A THUNDERSTORM OF SWIRLING CLOUDS.)

This is the mind. Everything is disturbed. It is sheer disturbance. That's how it goes on happening in you. Meditation and mind are made of the same stuff. When the mind is silent, it is meditation....

(OSHO IS HOLDING THE PICTURE STILL)

It is getting silent. The beach is settling, the waves are settling.
But turn it,

(HE TURNS IT.)
-- and you have Laherubhai!
Laherubhai... this is for you.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
I READ THE FOLLOWING STORY IN THE BOOK, "DIARY OF A ZEN NUN". IT GOES LIKE THIS:
A MASTER AND HIS DISCIPLE WERE ATTENDING A FUNERAL. THE DISCIPLE POINTED TO THE CORPSE, AND ASKED, "IS THAT DEAD OR ALIVE?"
THE MASTER ANSWERED, "I CANNOT SAY."
THE DISCIPLE THREATENED TO STRIKE THE MASTER, WHO SAID, "YOU CAN HIT ME ALL YOU LIKE, BUT I CANNOT SAY WHETHER THAT IS DEAD OR ALIVE."
SO THE DISCIPLE STRUCK HIM.
THAT EVENING THE MASTER TOLD THE OTHERS WHAT HAD HAPPENED, AND ANNOUNCED THAT THE DISCIPLE WOULD HAVE TO LEAVE BECAUSE

HE HAD STRUCK THE MASTER. SO THE DISCIPLE WENT OFF TO ANOTHER MASTER AND TOLD HIS TALE, HOPING TO HEAR THAT THE FIRST MASTER WAS A CRUEL MONSTER AND OFF HIS NUT. INSTEAD OF WHICH, THE SECOND MASTER EXCLAIMED, "WHAT A COMPASSIONATE MASTER YOU HAD THERE!" -- WHEREUPON THE DISCIPLE BEGAN TO SEE WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT.
OSHO, WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT ON THIS STORY?

The story is from Gayan.
I know the story, but she has missed a few significant things in it -- and without them, the story becomes very ordinary.
I do not know Japanese; the story is Japanese.
But I know Zen.
And I know Germans; Gayan is a German. Germans have very special qualities: one of them is always missing the most important thing. She must have read it in a German translation; most probably the translator missed it.
Whatever is left, she must have done.
It is said that if you tell a joke to an Englishman he laughs twice -- once just to give company to everybody. Everybody is laughing, and if he does not laugh they will think he seems to be nuts. And the second time he laughs in the middle of the night when he gets it.
You tell a joke to a German. He laughs only once, because everybody else is laughing. But he never comes to understand the joke.

Haridas was one of my oldest German sannyasins, and I must have told jokes more than anyone in the whole history of man. And he was sitting in front of me, and every day, for years, after the meeting he would ask people, "Why were you laughing? What is the matter with you guys? Everybody starts laughing, I don't get the point at all."

If you tell the same joke to a Jew, he will not laugh. On the contrary, he will say, "Listen. This is an old joke, rotten. Secondly, you are telling it all wrong; first learn how to tell a joke."

This story....

The master had an enemy master living next to his monastery. They were contradicting each other, criticizing each other as harshly and as hard as possible. He had gone to the funeral with one of his disciples. The dead body was there, the funeral was being prepared.

The disciple asks, "Is it dead or alive?"

The master says, "I cannot say." Remember the emphasis on the word cannot: not that I do not know, not that I do not want, not that I will not; his emphasis is "I cannot say -- your question is raising something which is unanswerable. It cannot be brought into words."

The master had the habit that whenever a disciple would not answer his question, he would hit him. Following the same routine, the disciple said, "Then I will hit you."

He said, "You can hit me as much as you want, but I cannot say."

He hit the old master.

And seeing that this man -- who cannot answer a simple thing, which anybody else could have answered -- is simply useless, he decided, "I should go to the opponent."

He was not thrown out of the monastery; that's where the story goes wrong.

He himself went to the opposing master who resided just opposite the monastery. His monastery was there, he had his own following. And the disciple was thinking that the other master would be very happy to receive him, particularly when he described that his master was absolutely ignorant and cruel -- because not to answer the question of the disciple is cruelty.

He told the second master, "My master is simply ignorant. He knows nothing. Everybody there was preparing the funeral; of course the body was a corpse, it was dead; and this -- my master, this dodo -- said, `I cannot say.'

"And he hits every disciple if we do not answer his questions. So following the same routine, I hit him. He said, `You can hit me as much as you want, that is your right; but still I cannot say.' This man is ignorant, cruel, insensitive, stubborn; he does not deserve to be called a master."

And he was thinking that he would be praised highly, because the opponent master -- who was always criticizing his master -- would rejoice and would welcome him with folded hands: "Come into my monastery. Why were you wasting your time with that idiot?"

But instead of this he said, "You are ignorant. You do not understand compassion. Your master was very compassionate. Just go back to your own monastery."

Standing outside the monastery, between both monasteries, he was in a dilemma. He had thought that these people were against each other. For the first time he saw: They are

not against each other; perhaps this is their device to help people, the disciples.

And the way the man said, "He is so compassionate and you are an idiot. You could not understand him. Just go back!" Then it dawned on him, the whole phenomenon: that when any ordinary layman could have said that the body was dead, his master refused to say whether it was dead or alive. Because this is the basic foundation of Zen and of all great realized people in the world -- that existence cannot be divided into either-or. You cannot say it is dead, you cannot say it is alive.

You cannot divide existence.

Just because this man was no longer breathing did not mean he was dead. He is still part of existence, which is eternally alive. You cannot say he is dead, because in this existence nothing is dead. Nothing can be dead.

Everything is alive; only life is.

And of course you cannot say that he is alive; otherwise, what was the point of the funeral?

So for all practical purposes the funeral was okay, but for philosophical purposes -- for deeper and more fundamental purposes -- he's as alive as ever. It is just that before he used to breathe, now he has decided not to breathe. The difference is not much. And whether he is breathing or not breathing, in either case, he remains part of existence. You cannot fall out of it, because it is everywhere. You cannot go out of existence, so you cannot go out of life.

The other master was saying, "You don't understand the compassion of your master. He was compassionate not to answer you, because any answer would have been wrong. And you would have been satisfied very easily; he could

have said, `This is dead' -- but that would not have been fundamentally right.

"His compassion is great, so great that he even allowed you to hit him -- because he hits the disciples who cannot answer his questions. Just see his justice. Because he was not answering your question -- he did not care whether you are a disciple or a master -- he allowed you; you could hit him as much as you want.

"But he said, `I cannot answer; I cannot say.' Just go back to your old master. If he cannot improve you, I cannot do anything. In fact, when I fail with people I send them to your monastery -- this is our agreement. We quarrel, we contradict each other -- this is our joy. All these contradictions and arguments and philosophical controversies, we enjoy; and those who understand it, they also enjoy."

It is just like an old story: two sweet-makers started fighting and throwing sweets at each other, and the whole road was filled with the crowd and people were enjoying the sweets. And they were encouraging both: "You did well! Hit him well!" -- both sides. But people were enjoying sweets.

"We have been throwing sweets," the old man said. "Those who understand, enjoy; those who don't understand, they think we are enemies. We were disciples of one master. It is that master who was responsible for creating this strange device of opening monasteries against each other. He said, `Some fools will join you, some fools will join the other; but don't leave anyone out -- divide. Those who are against one will go to the other; those who are against the other will come to you.' This is our great master's device that we

are following. But I will not take you in, you belong to him. And he has been so compassionate that it will be ugly of me to accept you."
Mystics have their own way.
The ordinary masses cannot understand.
Mystics even speak against each other for the benefit of the poor and the mediocre who cannot understand it in any other way. They can only understand something controversial. And for centuries mystics have done that.
It is only in this century that humanity is so intellectually poor that you don't have mystics who are in a deep, loving conspiracy against you -- to bring you to life, to love, to laughter.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #9

Chapter title: The way of the Upanishads
24 August 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT ARE THE ROOTS AND WHAT ARE THE WINGS OF A MEDITATOR?

Meditation is a way of settling in oneself, at the innermost core of your being. Once you have found the center of your existence, you will have found both the roots and the wings.

The roots are in existence, making you a more integrated human being, an individual. And the wings are in the fragrance that is released by being in contact with existence. The fragrance consists of freedom, love, compassion, authenticity, sincerity, a sense of humor, and a tremendous feeling of blissfulness.

The roots make you an individual, and the wings give you the freedom to love, to be creative, to share unconditionally the joy that you have found.

The roots and wings come together.

They are two sides of one experience, and that experience is finding the center of your being.

We are continuously moving on the circumference, always somewhere else far away from our own being, always directed towards others. When all this is dropped, when all objects are dropped, when you close your eyes to all that is not you -- even your mind, your heartbeats are left far behind -- only a silence remains.

In this silence you will settle slowly into the center of your being, and then the roots will grow on their own accord, and the wings too. You need not worry about them. You cannot do anything about them. They come on their own. You simply fulfill one condition: that is, to be at home -- and the whole existence becomes a bliss to you, a benediction.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE ANCIENT UPANISHAD AND THE ONE WHICH IS HAPPENING HERE AND NOW?

There is no difference. There cannot be, because it is not a question of time.

It may have happened thousands of years before, it may happen thousands of years in the future. The time is irrelevant; the question is of the happening.

Can you ask the same question, "What is the difference between the ancient lovers and the modern lovers?" Love knows no time. Whether the love was in ancient times or today or in the future, time is simply not relevant. Love is the same.

An upanishad is a love affair -- a love affair between a master and a disciple, a love affair where the master is ready to share. He is just like a raincloud, ready to shower. And the disciple is ready to receive -- open, with no windows closed, holding nothing back -- totally available. Whenever a disciple is totally available and the master is overflowing with his ecstasy, the upanishad happens.

There is no difference in the ancient upanishad, in this upanishad, or in the future upanishads. An upanishad is a phenomenon which is beyond time, beyond space. Don't call upanishads `ancient' because that word `ancient' makes them related to time. Don't call this upanishad `modern' because time has no place as far as the phenomenon of upanishad is concerned. There is no ancient love, there is no modern love.

And neither is it confined to space: it can happen anywhere, any time; the only necessity is that somebody is overflowing with blissfulness and somebody else has the guts to be available to this overflowing bliss, is not afraid.

People are always afraid of unknown things, and this is the most unknown.
People are always afraid of the strange, and this is the strangest experience possible.
People are always afraid of the mysterious, and this is the last word in the world of mysteries.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
ARE THE UPANISHADS AND ZEN THE SAME?

They are not.
The upanishad is a happening between the master and the disciple, Zen is the happening in the disciple himself. The master may help him, may create devices, show the path -- but Zen is basically an individual experience. It is not like love. It happens in your aloneness. It is not a relationship. Upanishad is the greatest relationship. It cannot happen if the master is alone. He may be full, overflowing; but it cannot happen because the receiving end is absent. It cannot happen if the disciple is alone, however open, however available -- but available to what? Open to what? Upanishad is a more human phenomenon than Zen. It is closer to human reality because it is closer to love. It can be understood more easily, because it is very difficult to find a person who has not tasted something of love in some moments. There is some experience which can be used to explain to him what happens when a master and a disciple dissolve into each other.
So the first thing: the upanishad is a totally different phenomenon than Zen.

And the second thing: the experience is the same. The paths are different, but finally -- whether you have followed Zen and reached alone to the peak, or you have allowed a master to hold your hand in deep trust and reached the peak -- it does not matter how you reach the peak. Your vehicles can be different, your means can be different; the peak is the same. The experience of finding oneself and simultaneously finding the whole secret of existence is the same.

So on the one hand I say they are totally different.

On the other hand, I say they are exactly the same.

And there is no contradiction in these two statements. The paths are different but the ultimate finding is the same.

Zen is an arduous path, a hard and long way. But it is up to you -- there are people who love to go the hard way. The simple way does not appeal to them; the hard way is exciting.

Upanishad is not a hard way. It is a very simple and relaxed experience. It is the shortest way possible to the ultimate reality.

But there are different kinds of people in the world; they all need different paths to reach to their fulfillment. These are the two extremes. In this sense, Zen and upanishad are as far away from each other as two points can be; and yet, the final conclusion is always the same. One is a hard way, a long way, but a few people need it.

One mystic in Sri Lanka was dying. He declared that the next morning he would be dying. He had thousands of followers; they all gathered. He was old, almost ninety years, and he had been teaching these people for sixty years. And the Buddhist teaching is a very hard way. But

the mystic, at the point of death said, "I have been teaching you the way I have followed, the way that has helped me to attain to the ultimate. But I now know that there is a shortcut in reaching to the ultimate too -- so short that if somebody wants to go with me, stand up! I am leaving."
People looked at each other, at those about whom they thought, "These are very religious people, perhaps they may stand up. As far as I am concerned there are so many problems."
Nobody stood up. Only one man raised his hand.
The old man said, "Even that is a great consolation to me. But why are you not standing up?"
He said, "Because I don't want to go right now, but I want to know here the shortcut is in case at some time I want to go. Why bother with the hard and long way? That's why I just raised my hand. I cannot stand up. As far as the hard way is concerned, we know -- because for sixty years you have been teaching it. And at the last moment.... You are a strange fellow. At least tell us where the short way is!"
The mystic said, "The short way has a condition: it is only for those who are ready to go right now. I give another chance -- stand up!"
Even that man's hand went down, and there was utter silence. And everybody was looking at each other....
The old man died.
People want the way to be hard and to be long because this is a good excuse for avoiding -- because the way is so long and so hard... life is so short and so many problems, so many responsibilities; so much has to be done. The children are growing up, they have to be married, the business is not

good -- or the business is so good that this is not the moment to meditate.

Upanishad is the shortest possible way. Neither has the disciple to do anything nor has the master to do anything. Doing is not part of it.

I have quoted the great Zen poet Basho many times to you: "Sitting silently, doing nothing, the spring comes and the grass grows by itself." As far as upanishadic methodology is concerned, even doing nothing is not needed. And what are you going to do even if the grass grows by itself? Whether you sit silently or not, it will grow. Whether you sit silently or not, the spring will come. You are unnecessarily taking the credit for the grass growing by itself -- because you have been sitting silently, doing nothing! Even when you were not, the grass used to grow; when you will not be here the grass will continue to grow. It has nothing to do with you.

The upanishad does not even ask you to sit silently doing nothing.

Even doing nothing is a doing.

The whole approach of the upanishad is so totally different... the disciple is available, the master is overflowing, and something transpires. Nobody is doing it. Nobody can take the credit for it; hence, I say the way of the upanishad is the most mysterious way in the whole human consciousness and its evolution.

Zen is mysterious, but yet it can be understood.

Upanishad is simply mysterious, there is no way of understanding it. You can have it, you can dissolve into it, but there is no question of explanation -- only experience.

All over the world there have been mystery schools. In Greece, Pythagoras founded mystery schools. In the religion of the Jews, Baal Shem founded a mystery school called Hassidism. In China there is the mystery school of tao, and when Buddhism reached China a new mystery school, a chain of new mystery schools opened, ch'an. The same mystery school, ch'an, reached Japan with the name `zen.' But the word `zen' or `ch'an', or the Buddhist word `jhan' are all different forms of the Sanskrit word `dhyan'. In India dhyan has been known for centuries -- before Gautam Buddha ever meditated, that mystery school was there.

There was the mystery school of tantra. There were the mystery schools of different types of yoga.

I have gone through all these schools not as a scholar -- that is not my approach -- but as an experiencer. I can say to you: nothing rises higher than the mystery school of upanishads -- because it is the shortest. Nobody is expected to do anything, and yet the miracle happens.

Question 4

BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RELIGIOUS SCRIPTURES LIKE THE GITA, THE KORAN, THE BIBLE, ETC. AND THE UPANISHADS?

First, THE UPANISHADS are not religious scriptures. They are poetic expressions of those who have known. They are not Hindu, they are not Buddhist, they are not Jaina; they don't belong to any religion. They are the experiences of individuals sitting at the feet of their master

-- and when the experience overwhelmed them they danced, they sang, they uttered strange statements. And these were not made by their minds; it was almost as if they were just hollow bamboos. Existence has made them flutes; it was existence itself singing a song.

That's why no upanishad carries the name of its writer. The KORAN belongs to Mohammed, the NEW TESTAMENT belongs to Jesus Christ, the GITA belongs to Krishna, the DHAMMAPADA belongs to Gautam Buddha; ISAVASYA UPANISHAD belongs to no one. Tremendously courageous people... they have not even signed their names. In fact, it would have been ugly to sign because they were not the writers, they were not the composers, they were not the poets. The poetry was coming from above, from beyond. They were simply vehicles.

Because of this... you will be surprised also to know that the whole KORAN consists of Hazrat Mohammed's statements, the GITA consists totally of Krishna's statements, but each upanishad consists of many peoples' expressions -- anybody who had reached to that beyond and allowed the beyond to descend through him.

THE UPANISHADS have not bothered to collect the words of one person. Each upanishad contains the words of many enlightened people, and without any signatures. Words have never been so golden. Words have never taken such high flights, and yet the people who allowed them to happen have remained anonymous. This is so beautiful, immensely beautiful, because they knew that, "We have nothing to do. We have just been passages. Something has come through us."

One upanishadic rishi, one upanishadic seer -- the name, of course, is unknown -- is reported to have said, "If there is any mistake in my statement, that is mine. And if there is any truth, I cannot claim that it is mine. The truth belongs to the universe; the mistake belongs to me, I was not such a good vehicle." These were rare people, unique human beings, the very salt of the earth.

I would like my sannyasins to become this very salt of the earth again.

It is because these are not religious scriptures, that's why there is no religion following THE UPANISHADS. These are the very few books which contain the greatest quantity of truth and have remained unorganized. There is no organization around them; there cannot be. Because of the very methodology there cannot be a church, there cannot be a pope or a shankaracharya.

I love someone, but I cannot make an organization of it. And when I leave this body I will leave in heritage my wealth, my house, my land, everything -- but I cannot leave my love in heritage.

These UPANISHADS are pure love, so there have been no successors, no priests, no followers. These books are the most pure in the whole world, absolutely without any pollution. They have remained just the way they were expressed.

Nobody has fought because of THE UPANISHADS. Mohammedans have fought because of the KORAN. Hindus have fought because of the GITA. Christians have fought because of the NEW TESTAMENT. Everybody has been fighting for their religious scripture.

Who cares about the poor UPANISHADS? But it has been fortunate that nobody has bothered about them; they have remained as pure as when they were given birth to, as innocent as ever.

The statements in THE UPANISHADS -- there are one hundred and twelve upanishads; the statements in THE UPANISHADS cannot be made into dogmas for the simple reason that the statements are not rational, logical. They are contradictory.

One upanishad says, "I do not know who created the world." You cannot make a religion on such a statement: I do not know who created the world. Then what do you know? -- because that is going to be the basis of any religion: the belief in God, the belief in creation. But like an innocent child, the upanishadic seer says, "I do not know who created the world." And this is closer to truth: nobody knows who created the world. Nobody knows whether anybody ever created it -- it may have been always there. And it seems most scientific that it has always been there and it will remain always there.

The whole idea of creation is stupid. But if you drop the idea of creation you have to drop the idea of a creator god. Then you have to drop the idea of the priest and the pope and the prophets and the messiah and the saviors and the reincarnations of God. There is no God. Then from where are reincarnations happening?

I have heard.... A crazy man had applied to be given a job on a ship. He was interviewed. The captain and the high officials of the ship asked him, "If the ocean is in a turmoil and there is danger to the ship, what are you going to do?" He said, "Simple...".

Whenever a situation like that happens, they drop heavy loads by the side of the ship, to keep the ship anchored. Those heavy loads are called anchors.
So the man said, "No problem. I will just drop a big anchor."
The captain said, "But if another great turmoil comes -- because these things happen in a chain, a great wave -- what you are going to do?"
He said, "The same -- another anchor. And if the third one comes, another anchor, and the fourth one comes, another anchor."
The captain said, "Stop! First tell me, from where are you getting these anchors?"
The man said, "You are just as crazy as I am. From where are you getting all these turmoils? From the same place, I go on getting the anchors."
One fallacy, one false statement, one fictitious idea gives birth to another fictitious idea.
First you ask who created the world; immediately God comes in -- one anchor. But somebody is bound to ask, "Who created God?" -- another anchor; a bigger god created this smaller god. But the questions cannot stop. You have started a fictitious thing; now there is no way to stop. You will have to go on creating bigger gods, and the person will have to go on getting bigger anchors.
THE UPANISHADS are not religious scriptures. They don't give you any belief system. They don't tell you to believe in anything. They don't have any god, they don't have any creation. All that they have is a deep harmony between the master and the disciple. And that harmony brings such peace, such serenity, such tranquility, that all

questions disappear -- not that you found an answer, no. Just all questions disappear. The question of finding an answer does not arise; you don't have any question, how can you have an answer?

So THE UPANISHADS don't have any answer for anybody.

That's why people have not taken much note of them, because they don't have any answer for you. You have questions, you want answers.

THE UPANISHADS don't have any answers. They are ready to take you into a different dimension of existence, to transmute you. It is a change of consciousness. And suddenly all doubts, all questions, everything disappears and what is left behind is just a beautiful peace.

Hence, every upanishad ends with om shanti, shanti, shanti. That word shanti means absolute silence. Beyond that silence there is nothing, and there is no need. It brings total contentment, absolute blissfulness, ultimate ecstasy.

THE UPANISHADS are the only free, absolutely free books as far as religious books are concerned. All religious books are imprisoned -- Hindus have their prisons, Mohammedans have theirs, Christians have theirs. Nobody has dared to imprison THE UPANISHADS for the simple reason that those UPANISHADS are of no use as far as the priesthood is concerned, creating organization is concerned, exploiting people is concerned, giving false beliefs is concerned. Those UPANISHADS are dangerous; it is better to keep them aside.

The moment a book becomes a holy scripture it becomes poisoned. Then it is nothing but a strategy to make more and more slaves.

THE UPANISHADS cannot be condemned for doing any ugly thing to humanity. They have given their fragrance, they have blossomed, they have shared their joy -- and with such beauty, such clarity -- and without any loopholes, so that it is impossible to make them religious scriptures. They are truly religious. They are not scriptures, they are truly spiritual.
In the whole of history there are only a very few books which have remained uncontaminated by the cunningness of human mind. THE UPANISHADS are those few books.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS?

My business is to keep many people in business!
All the religions have been teaching people to renounce the world. My business is to help people not to renounce the world. Be in business!
All the religions, without exception, are against life. My business is to destroy the conditionings that have been forced upon you against life; to give you a joy in life, to make you love life, sing, dance -- because life is a celebration.
My business is to create this whole existence into a celebration.

The Osho Upanishad
Chapter #10
Chapter title: Mind is friction, understanding is transcendence

25 August 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
BROADLY SPEAKING, AS I UNDERSTAND IT, THERE ARE TWO SETS OF RULES: ONE FOR THE OUTER WORLD -- WHICH IS THE MAN-MADE WORLD CONCERNED WITH EARNING MONEY, REARING CHILDREN, DRIVING ON A CERTAIN SIDE OF THE ROAD -- AND A DIFFERENT SET OF RULES FOR THE INNER WORLD; FOR EXAMPLE, HYPNOSIS, TELEPATHY, MIND-READING AND SO ON, AND FOR ATTAINING INNER GROWTH OF CONSCIOUSNESS, LEADING FINALLY TO SAMADHI, ENLIGHTENMENT, NIRVANA.
TO LIVE HERE, BOTH RULES HAVE TO BE FOLLOWED, AND SO IT APPEARS TO ME THAT FRICTION IS CREATED.
TO MY SURPRISE, A FUKOUKU OF JAPAN IS DOING WHAT HE CALLS "NO-FARMING," OR DOING-NOTHING FARMING -- NO PLOUGHING, NO WEEDING, NO FERTILIZATION, NO PESTICIDES; AND HAS HAD THE HIGHEST YIELD IN THE LAST 25 YEARS.
IS SUCH A THING ALSO POSSIBLE IN OTHER AREAS OF ACTIVITY SUCH AS BUSINESS, MEDICAL PRACTICE, LEGAL PRACTICE, SERVICE, ETC? IS SYNCHRONIZATION TO SOME EXTENT POSSIBLE?
OSHO, CAN YOU PLEASE "ENLIGHTEN" ME?

There are many questions in your one question. I will have to take all those questions one by one; only then a satisfactory answer is possible.

First you say "it is my understanding" -- it is not. It is only your thinking, and that's the reason why the friction is felt. The friction is symbolic: You are misunderstanding thinking for understanding.

Thinking is of the mind.

Understanding is of the beyond.

So the first thing to be noted is that to attain to understanding one has not to become a very keen thinker. On the contrary, one has to become a no-thinker. In the state of non-thinking blossoms the flower of understanding. Then there is no friction.

Right now you are dividing life into two kinds of rules, the outer rules and the inner rules. But this is not your vision, this is not your seeing; this is your thinking. And thinking is dualistic; the outer and the inner are categories of thinking.

For understanding, there is nothing outer and nothing is inner.

Existence simply is.

Or, you can say the inner and the outer are nothing but two sides of the same coin, inseparable. The question of friction does not arise, even separation is impossible. But mind lives on friction; its whole existence is that of continuous struggle, struggle against itself.

The man of understanding knows no outer, no inner. He knows only a transcendental awareness in which all outer, all inner is dissolved -- and resolved.

A Japanese king went to see Lin Chi, a famous master of his time. Just as he entered the forest in which Lin Chi lived with his disciples, he saw a woodcutter. Naturally he asked him, "Where can I find the master?"

For a moment the woodcutter stopped and told him, "It is here," and again he started cutting.

The man thought, "He looks crazy... I don't see anybody here, and this man cannot be Lin Chi. A world-famous master is not going to cut wood in the hot sun."

Thinking that it was useless to ask him more, the king started moving farther on his way. The woodcutter laughed and he said, "It seems you can only meet him on the inner, not on the outer."

The king was a little afraid. That man had an axe in his hand... and was talking such nonsense. He said, "I will find my way. Please don't get excited about it; you just do your work."

When he reached Lin Chi's house he was surprised. In the master's robe, the man who was sitting there was exactly like the woodcutter. He said, "I am puzzled; do you have a twin brother?"

He said, "Yes, the outer is my twin brother. I am the inner. He cuts wood, I show the way towards the ultimate truth -- but in fact we are both one."

There is no friction in Lin Chi. But in the king's mind there is trouble, because he divides according to the categories we have been conditioned for. How can a great master be cutting wood? Or how can a woodcutter be a great master? But can you see that there is any problem? Why can a great master not cut wood -- is there any intrinsic, logical difficulty? Why can a woodcutter not be a master? And if a

woodcutter cannot be a master then who can be a master? There is no existential difficulty, but only a mind-created duality. There is a transcendental consciousness. Lin Chi has it.

I have both these hands. I can use both these hands because I am beyond both these hands, because I am not identified with the left hand or identified with the right hand. They are both my hands, and my existence is superior to both. The outer rules and the inner rules are going to create friction if you don't have the master inside you. Then naturally your left hand and right hand cannot function together in harmony -- because you are dead, the master is absent.

One very famous Jaina saint died a few years ago. Now, death does not care about anybody, whether you are a saint or whether you are a sinner. The saint died in a posture which is not thought to be right according to Jainism. The Jaina saint, if he is really a master, must die in a lotus posture.

It is significant; it means the man who is really aware will be aware of death coming. And this will be an indication that he has been ready, prepared for death to come: death will find him in the exact posture described by the Jaina scriptures. But out of a hundred, ninety-nine percent of the time it is a problem.

These so-called saints die in all kinds of postures. Then their followers have a difficulty, because if somebody comes to see then they will feel embarrassed that their saint has died in this posture -- so they force the dead body into a lotus posture. And this man must have died in the night while asleep, so by the morning the body was so stiff that

they had to almost break his bones, and hit him hard to put him in the right shape.

One of my friends was there who took all these pictures -- and escaped with the camera, because the followers saw him taking pictures. They would have killed him because he could destroy their whole following, and a great saint. He showed me the pictures. I could not believe... that followers will not leave you even when you are dead! And they were beating him, putting him into the right shape. Ordinarily, even for a person who has never been practicing the lotus posture, it is difficult. When you are dead, then to practice Yoga is really a miracle!

But they managed; for the photographs to be published in the newspaper, they managed -- although you could see that the man was sitting very reluctantly. He had been beaten so hard... it is true, he was dead! But the posture was not a harmony, it was forced; the posture was as dead as the man was dead.

The problem is that by following the outer rules, following the inner rules without knowing who it is, who is being forced to follow the outer rules, the inner rules, you are going to create a thousand and one frictions. On each step there is going to be difficulty. The outer rule says one thing and the inner rule may say exactly the opposite, and you will be torn apart.

The outer rule says: Love your wife, love your children, love your family, love your neighborhood, love the people around you, because that is the only way to live with these people, that is the only way to be related to them. And the inner rule says, "Wife? -- she is the sure door to hell!" Now there is friction... how to love hell?

But people are great artists; they manage both. Deep down they know this woman is hell, and on the surface they say, "Darling, I love you. I will die without you." And they are hoping inside that somehow, if this woman dies....
But the women are so strong that every husband pops off, and the woman remains to sit and pop! Unless he pops off, she is not going to leave the world. Women have a five year longer life span.
I have heard, a woman was dying and the husband was trying to bring tears to his eyes. It is a difficult job when your whole being wants to dance, when you want to burst into a film song. So he was putting some spicy thing into his eyes to bring tears. But you cannot deceive a woman -- particularly no husband can deceive a wife; it has never happened.
She said, "Stop all this nonsense. Just promise me one thing, that you are not going to marry the woman who lives in the neighborhood."
The man said, "Don't be afraid. And anyway, your clothes will not fit her. I promise I will not marry her; your clothes won't fit with her."
You cannot hide. Your inner and outer are constantly in friction, everywhere.
You are asked by your elders, by your religious teachers, to be truthful -- because lying is one of the worst crimes, a sin for which you will suffer much.
One old swami, a traditional swami, Swami Divyanand, used to stay with my family whenever he would come that way, at least once a year. And truth was his main theme. One afternoon he was resting. He had the body of a Hindu

monk, and as you know.... He was resting, but giving as much trouble to the bed as possible.
Hindu monks have a strange way of growing fat. They know no limits. Perhaps they are in the search of the unlimited.
And at that very time a man came to the door, and he was asking the servant, "If Swamiji is awake I would like to see him."
And I was sitting with Swamiji, who was fully awake. He immediately closed his eyes. I said, "Swamiji, this is not right; it is against truth."
He said, "Be silent! That man is such a bore."
I said, "Nobody can be a bigger bore than you are. Year by year you have bored this poor family."
He said, "This is no time to discuss it" -- and he was with closed eyes, snoring!
I shook his big belly and I said, "You cannot deceive me by snoring. This snoring is absolutely false."
He said, "It is authentic."
I said, "You are perfectly awake. How can your snoring be authentic?"
He said, "You just.... It is so hot, and that man is so boring, and he will not leave me for hours. You just go and tell him that Swamiji is fast asleep."
I said, "I will go and I will say exactly what you are saying."
And I told the man, "Swamiji is fully awake, yet fast asleep; fully awake yet snoring."
That man said, "How can it happen?"
I said, "You know, these people are miracle-makers. You can come with me, I can show you."

I took him with me inside. Swamiji was snoring very loudly, as loudly as he could manage. But you cannot snore for long if you are awake, it is so tiring. I told the man to sit in a corner where it was a little dark. Swamiji opened one eye, looked at me and said, "Has that bore gone?"
I said, "Swamiji, you continue snoring. He is just sitting here in the dark corner."
He said, "How has he managed to come here?"
I said, "This is no time to discuss it. You simply close your eyes." And he closed his eyes and started snoring.
And that man said, "This swami is continually talking about being true."
I said, "I think he is being true -- eyes closed, snoring; what more do you want? Do you want him to die? Will you leave this place only when he dies?" This was too much. Swamiji stood and said, "I cannot do that."
I said, "You don't come into this. Don't interfere. You simply lie down and rest and snore -- whether awake or asleep, that is your business. I am just trying to convince this man that Swamiji is a man of miracles; you have just seen how he can open one eye. It is very difficult, only swamis can do that; otherwise both eyes open together."
He was very angry at me. He talked against me to everybody in the family, that "This boy should not be allowed in my room."
But I said, "I was simply following your teaching."
He said, "Teachings are not to be followed, they are to be taught!"
The mind cannot create a harmony; that is not in the nature of mind. Its nature is dialectical, discordant. But if you can go beyond mind, suddenly all conflict, all friction

disappears -- not that you have to do something. You simply become alert, whatever you are doing. It is no longer a question of inner or outer, it is a question of being aware.
And with awareness, you cannot do anything wrong. That is impossible. Nobody has been able to manage it yet.
You have been asking about a Japanese farmer who has not been using any scientific technology in cultivating. He calls it `no-cultivation'. It is in tune with the Zen idea of effortless effort, of no drama. His cultivation is just an extension of a meditative state of consciousness. He has found harmony within himself, and he has found harmony with nature.
Once you have found harmony within yourself it is not difficult to find harmony with nature. You are part of nature.
You are nature.
Nature is bigger you; you are smaller nature.
There is no difference, no demarcation line.
He used this insight in cultivation without using any technological support. For twenty-five years he has been bringing up the highest crops in the whole of Japan when others are using everything. He has slapped the face of man really badly; his small effort is not small. He has indicated a totally different approach to relating with life.
But your mind is not in any way in contact with harmony. It is shown in the question.
You are asking, can this be done in business? Now, business is not nature. Can it be done in service? Service is not nature; you will create a great rift in yourself, you will create trouble.

If you are a government servant and you say, "I follow the philosophy of no-service, like no-cultivation" you will be thrown out. And it will be very compassionate of your officers if they only throw you out; otherwise they would throw you into a madhouse. No-service? A railway driver saying, "No-driving"; an airplane pilot just in the middle of the air saying, "No-piloting; I am going to leave it to the harmony of nature, and now see the miracles." You will see only dead bodies and a disaster, no miracle -- because these things are not part of nature.

Yes, in gardening you can do it. In anything that is not man-made, that is not manufactured by man's mind but is part of natural growth, it can be done. But before you can do it you have to be in a certain state of consciousness; otherwise you are going to fail, even in cultivation.

Do you think the whole world is blind to the fact of this strange cultivator who has not been defeated for twenty-five years -- with all your technology, fertilizer, chemical support? No, many others must have tried but nothing happens, because the question is not there in the cultivation; the real thing has to be decided in the cultivator.

He has to come to a harmony with nature first, he has to bridge himself with nature first. That you cannot see. You can only see his crops growing higher than anybody else's, growing thicker than anybody else's, but you can't see that there is something invisible which is the cause of the whole phenomenon. Otherwise, why are other Japanese farmers not using the same method? Why waste money in technology? But you cannot because the essential point is

not in the crops; the essential point is the man's consciousness.

He has come to such a silent merger, to such a silent meeting of love, to such an orgasmic experience with nature that it is not nature growing, it is he himself growing. There is no cultivator, there is no cultivation. You have heard only one thing; no-cultivation. Remember, there is no cultivator either. There is a silent communion, no division between the doer and the doing -- both are one, totally one. In their total oneness, the miracle is happening.

The miracle can happen all over the world, particularly as far as existence is concerned. But with man-manufactured things it will not be of any help, because they are dead. You cannot come to a communion with a dead thing.

Existence is alive, vibrating; you just have to get into the same rhythm.

The moment you are in the same rhythm, miracles are possible.

And in fact, if this can happen on a wider scale there is no need for any stupid things like plastic. Now all over the world the scientists are concerned, "What are we going to do with the plastic?" -- because at the bottom, all the seas are full of plastic. Plastic is so cheap that it is disposable, you need not use it twice. Even for an injection a plastic syringe is used only once and then thrown away; it is cheaper, simpler, less dangerous.

But all that plastic goes on into the earth, into the ocean, and it cannot mix. It is one of the most strange things that man has made -- it cannot dissolve back into earth, it remains.

It is the only eternal thing you have in the world.

Everything that goes to the earth dissolves sooner or later into its basic constituents, but the plastic remains. Its resistance is immense. And it has started showing its effects: in many places suddenly thousands of fish have died because the plastic poisoned the waters. And there is no way to remove it -- and where to remove it to?

The factories go on pouring out more and more plastic. They are really thinking to change your hearts into plastic hearts -- because they will be more reliable, certainly. A plastic heart cannot have a heart failure. Whatever you do -- you may fail -- the heart will continue! It is the strangest thing we have produced: the man dies and the heart is alive. You take the heart, clean it, and fix it into somebody else.

What the Japanese Zen farmer has done, a simple man... can be done all over the earth -- just a harmony is needed. And sometimes it happens without your knowing, because you are not alert to the fact, you never take note of it.

In America, when I reached for the first time to the desert that we had purchased, there was not a single bird. It was a strange place, like some modern paintings which give you such a strange feeling. There was not a single bird in over one hundred twenty-six square miles, and only one kind of tree which is called the camel of the desert, the juniper tree. It is really a great tree; no other tree can remain alive in that desert, but the juniper remains. But they were small: the growth was difficult -- they were not green, not lush green. But in five years' time, as thousands of sannyasins gathered there -- as we made lakes, as we started cultivating -- strangely enough I saw those juniper trees growing thicker, greener, becoming more beautiful.

Birds started coming, waterbirds started coming, and so many deer that in the night it was impossible to move your car on the roads because they were standing, and they would not move; they didn't care about your horn. One thing is certain: they knew that these people were harmless, that they are not going to hurt them. Otherwise, deer immediately run away as they see a man coming, particularly in America where they are continually hunting the deer, killing the deer. Perhaps in the whole history of America, these five years in the commune were the only years when deer were protected.

We had to fight a lawsuit against the government. The people who used to hunt deer filed a suit against us because we didn't allow them to enter and we didn't allow shooting. And we had to convince the court: "We are vegetarians and we will not allow anybody to kill on our ground. They can do anything they want on their own grounds, but these one hundred twenty-six square miles are sacred; they belong to us, and they belong to the deer too. We are newcomers, they are ancient owners of the land. We will be gone, they will remain. We are their guests, and we cannot be so ugly as to kill the host."

The magistrate could not believe what we were talking about! But the deer understood -- so from all the surrounding lands they started gathering in thousands, in the mountains, in the forest of the commune. Suddenly, within five years, a desert which had always been a desert became an oasis.

And I was watching the synchronicity of life: when there are people, when there are trees, the birds will come. When there are birds, people, trees, the animals will come.

We had swans, we had ducks. We had three hundred peacocks. It was a dream come true. Peacocks were dancing and human beings were dancing too, and there was a certain affinity, a friendship. The peacocks were not allowed in the houses because they would make the houses dirty, but they would come to the windows and look inside to see what was going on -- the same curiosity, the same consciousness, just the body is different; the same sensitivity, the same desire to relate in some way, to be friendly.

This experiment can succeed as far as nature is concerned; not with machines and not with man-created things like business.

You cannot just sit with a pile of bank notes... sitting silently, doing nothing, spring never comes -- and the pile disappears! Because others are watching..."Just let him close his eyes. This idiot is going to close his eyes. How long is he going to sit doing nothing?" Sooner or later he will close his eyes and the pile of notes will disappear. And he was waiting to see the notes grow -- notes don't grow.

So remember one thing, that first you need a transcendental self which is neither outer nor inner. And second, you have to be aware that you can succeed only with nature, with the cosmos, but that is real success.

That poor man in Japan is showing something immensely great, far more important than nuclear weapons -- because nuclear weapons can destroy the whole world, still they are not important. This man is showing a harmony which can save the whole of life, can fill the whole of life with new juice, with new love, with new dance, with new song, and that is far more important.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
TWO SARDARJIS WERE DRIVING ALONG IN THE FRONT SEAT OF THEIR CAR.
AS THEY APPROACHED A CORNER, THE ONE WHO WAS DRIVING SAID TO HIS FRIEND, "SARDARJI, WILL YOU LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW AND SEE IF THE INDICATOR, THE TURN SIGNAL, IS WORKING?"
HE PROMPTLY LEANED OUT OF THE WINDOW AND LOOKED AT THE INDICATOR LIGHT AND SHOUTED BACK AT HIS FRIEND, "YES IT IS -- NO IT'S NOT, YES IT IS -- NO IT'S NOT, YES IT IS -- NO IT'S NOT."
OSHO, IF ANYBODY WERE TO ASK ME WHETHER I WAS WITNESSING OR NOT, MY ANSWER WOULD HAVE TO BE THE SAME: YES I AM, NO I'M NOT; YES I AM, NO I'M NOT.
IS IT LIKE THAT ALL THE WAY HOME?

It is not, because as far as your witnessing is concerned.... It may be coming and going, and your answer may be perfectly the same as the sardar who said that the indicator is working, "Yes -- no -- yes again..."
That is the function of the indicator: to be, not to be; to be, not to be.
But don't laugh at the poor sardarji. As far as his awareness is concerned, he is fully aware. Whenever it is working he says "yes;" whenever it is not working he says "no." His awareness of the indicator is continuous. The indicator goes

on changing, but the sardar remains fully aware of when it is working, when it is not working, when it is on, when it is off. His awareness is a continuity.

If you can give the same answer about your witnessing: Yes I am witnessing, no I am not witnessing, yes I am witnessing, no I am not witnessing," then you have to remember that there is something more behind these witnessing moments which is witnessing all this process. Who is witnessing that sometimes you are witnessing and sometimes you are not witnessing? Something is constant. Your witnessing has become just an indicator; don't be bothered by it. Your emphasis should be on the eternal, the constant, the continuum -- and it is there. And it is in everyone, we have just forgotten it.

But even in times when we have forgotten it, it is there in its absolute perfection. It is like a mirror which is able to mirror everything, is still mirroring everything, but you are standing with your back towards the mirror. The poor mirror is mirroring your back.

Turn, it will mirror your face.

Open your heart, it will mirror your heart.

Put everything on the table, don't even hide a single card and it will reflect your whole reality.

But if you go on standing with your back to the mirror looking all around the world asking people, "Who am I?" then it is up to you. Because there are idiots who will come and teach you that "This is the way. Do this and you will know who you are."

No method is needed, just a one hundred and eighty-degree turn -- and that is not a method.

And the mirror is your very being.

You may not have looked at the joke in this light. If you tell the joke to anybody he is going to laugh because the sardar is so stupid, because that is the function of the indicator -- to be on, off, on, off. But you have brought me a joke... I cannot simply laugh at it because I see something more in it which perhaps nobody will see.
The sardar is constant, alert. He does not miss a single point, a single moment.
And when you say "witnessing, yes" and then it disappears and you say "no" -- again it appears, you say "yes"... it simply shows that there is something behind all these moments of witnessing and not witnessing. The true witness, which is reflecting the changing process of what you think is your witness, is behind. It is not the true witness, it is only the indicator.
Forget the indicator.
Remember the constant mirroring that goes on twenty-four hours within you, silently watching everything. Slowly, slowly clean it -- there is so much dust on it, centuries of dust. Remove the dust.
And one day, when the mirror is completely clean, those moments of witnessing and not-witnessing will disappear; you will be simply a witness.
And unless you find that eternity of witnessing, all other kinds of witnessing are part of mind. They have no value.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU HAD SUGGESTED TO ME TO COMBINE DANCING AND LISTENING TO MUSIC, AND DOING

THIS KEEPS ME HAPPY. BUT I ALSO HAVE TO MOVE TO THE OTHER SIDE, OF SADNESS. WHENEVER I GO TO SLEEP IN THE NIGHT AWARENESS STARTS HAPPENING NATURALLY AND TO AVOID IT I TURN AND TOSS IN THE BED. SLEEP IS DIFFICULT. WHAT TO DO TO FORGET AWARENESS IN THE NIGHT?
I ALSO SEE THAT THERE IS NO HARM IN BEING AWAKE IN THE NIGHT, AND I SOMETIMES ENJOY IT AS NEW SPACES ARE DISCOVERED. THIS AWARENESS ALSO KEEPS ME SILENT AND HELPS ME AVOID MOVING FROM HAPPINESS TO SADNESS, AND VICE-VERSA. I PREFER SILENCE TO MOVING FROM HAPPINESS TO SADNESS BECAUSE I HATE SADNESS, EVEN THOUGH IT MAY BE DEEPER.
WHAT ARE YOUR SUGGESTIONS ABOUT THIS? OSHO, PLEASE COMMENT.

Your question has its answer in itself.
First, it happens to every meditator -- everyone who is trying to be awake and alert -- that sleep in the night becomes difficult. But if it creates no problems for you and the next morning you are not tired; just resting without sleep has rejuvenated your body and you feel fresh, there is no problem. It is good. Sleep is no longer your necessity.
Secondly, it helps you to remain more balanced. You are no more like a pendulum moving between sadness and silence. If you remain awake the whole night just resting, relaxing, it is already indicating to you the way, that you are on the right path.

Silence is a reward.
Tranquility is a reward, being balanced between polarities is a reward.
So unless somebody feels that sleep is still a necessity for him -- that without it he finds himself tired, without it he finds himself getting crazy, tense -- then only does it become a problem. In that case, only in that case, you are not to meditate in the evening. You have to meditate early in the morning. Then get up at four and just meditate for two or three hours and drop it. It will continue to work inside you, but it has to be at least twelve hours away from your sleeping time; otherwise, it is such a force that if you are meditating in the night -- trying to be aware on the one hand and on the other hand trying to be asleep -- sleep cannot win.
Sleep is a poor thing. The awareness that is coming to you is so deep and so great, that in the flood of awareness all your sleep will be gone.
But if it is not creating any problem, then you are blessed. For almost ninety-five percent of meditators it does not create any problem; only in five percent of people does it create some problem. Those five percent of people can be given different suggestions after looking at their different situations. But for ninety-five percent, there is no problem at all; in fact, you will feel younger, fresher, more in tune with yourself and the world, more together.
The third thing that I want to say to you is: don't hate anything. Even hate is included, because it makes no difference what the object of hate is; it may be the hate itself. But don't hate -- not simply as a discipline, but as

part of an understanding that the same energy which becomes love, becomes hate.
When the same energy can become love, then you are being simply stupid in using that energy as hate -- because the hate will create wounds in you. It is not going to harm anybody else except you. And love would have created flowers in the place of wounds in you; it was not going to help anybody else except you. So it is simply a question of intelligence.
Hate is destructive, self-destructive. Love is tremendous respect for oneself. You may hate anything, anybody, hate itself; but in every way you will find yourself low-energy. Hate sucks your energy, leaves you empty, spent. Love fills you with energy, with overflowing energy; not only healing you, but creating an aura around you in which others may be healed.
It is not a question of religion -- that hate is bad or immoral. It is a question of intelligence: hate is stupid and love is intelligent.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
THE MORE I AM ABLE TO ABSORB YOU, THE MORE THIRSTY I BECOME. PLEASE TALK ABOUT MEDITATION AND PASSION.

There is no harm in becoming more thirsty for truth.
There is no harm in becoming more thirsty for new spaces of experience, new challenges, voyages to new stars in your innermost being.
I call it divine discontentment.

Only the fools are contented. You can see it. Watch a donkey... how contented he looks! He should be worshipped by all religious people. You cannot find a more contented being -- having nothing, but you will never see him frustrated, in despair, freaking out. In the world of donkeys even psychotherapies don't exist. Donkeys don't need any psychotherapist. But it is not a quality; it is not to be praised, it is a condemnation.

The man of any worth is discontented.

The smaller men are discontented about smaller things: money, power, prestige. These are not very far away from the donkeys -- cousin-brothers.

There is just a difference of a few inches between the donkeys and the presidents and prime ministers.

The higher quality man, the man of superiority, the man who has the potential of growing into a Gautam Buddha, into a Mahavira, into a Zarathustra, will also be discontented -- although his discontent is totally different, his dimension is different. He is not discontented because he wants to have more things; he is discontented because he wants to be more -- not to have more, but to be more. He wants more being, he wants more awareness, he wants more alertness. He wants more lovingness, he wants more compassion. He wants the whole sky and all the stars within him. His discontent is immense.

These smaller people who are discontented for money and power and prestige may find them, and then they will be utterly frustrated. Their whole joy is in the hope, not in the finding. The moment they find they see that they have been running after shadows.

But the really discontented man goes on becoming more and more thirsty, because each step brings him to such immense ecstasies that he cannot stop searching for more. His search is eternal. It is not that what he finds is frustrating, no. It is because what he finds is so satisfying that naturally he wants to go beyond it; there must be more, existence cannot be so limited.

It is perfectly good that the more you listen to me the more thirsty you become.

Move on. Have an infinite thirst so that your journey towards the truth is unending; you are always, always coming and never reaching.

You have also asked that I say something about meditation and passion. Superficially it will look very strange -- why are you putting these two together? -- but they are together. It is only the more passionate man who becomes a meditator. His passion is so much that nothing ordinary can satisfy it; everything proves small. His passion is so big....

This has never been said so clearly as I am saying it: as proof, I can tell you that no impotent man in the whole history of man has ever become enlightened. Strange -- if your religious people are right, then all impotent people should have become enlightened because they are the real celibates. Their celibacy is absolutely certain, nobody else's is certain; everybody else's celibacy is uncertain.

It is the more passionate one who cannot be satisfied by toys, who soon gets fed up with money, with men, with women, with being a celebrity, with fame, with name. They soon become fed up with everything that it is not the real thing. They want the real thing. Their passion is such that unless they find the truth they will not be satisfied.

So there is a relationship: only the passionate ones have become great meditators. And the overflowing energy of passion... unless it is too much it cannot move upwards. Otherwise, it is enough for the biological needs of creating children. When it is too much, then it is bound to rise beyond the boundaries of biology -- and that's how we have found the stages of where it moves in the inner world of man.

There are seven stages. At the seventh stage, when it reaches to the highest point in the head, it explodes, as if into thousands of suns.

That's what we have called `enlightenment'. It is the same energy that expresses itself in sex, creates life; it is the same energy, moving upwards in different stages.

For example, when it is near the heart it creates a tremendous power of love. When it is near the throat it creates a great power in music, poetry, the authority of every single word uttered. It is the same energy when it reaches to the third-eye center, between the two eyebrows; then a man becomes hypnotic, without his effort. Just to be in his presence, you suddenly find yourself agreeing with him. It is not a question of argument; you fall into the same rhythm.

This kind of man never tries to convert anybody. Just by chance if anybody comes close to him, he is bound to be converted. And this is true conversion because it is a transformation: the man will never be the same again.

It is when the same energy is moving beyond the sixth center, the third eye, to the seventh, sahasrar that one attains to samadhi. But it is the same energy that we used to

call passion; at the lowest level it is passion, at the highest level it is compassion.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #11

Chapter title: From somebody to nobody... a journey from fiction to reality
26 August 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
LATELY I FIND THAT I AM DESPERATELY TRYING TO FIND OR DO OR LEARN SOMETHING IN ORDER TO GIVE MYSELF AN IDENTITY, KNOWING PERFECTLY WELL THAT THIS IS A TRAP OF THE MIND.
WHY IS IT SO PAINFUL AND SHOCKING TO NOT HAVE ANY IDENTITY, TO BE NOBODY?

The psychology of the crowd is the problem.
Your whole upbringing teaches you to be identified as a certain personality. Nobody is worried about who you are; everybody is putting different labels on you. And that is a very easy job, because the search for your own self can be done only by you; nobody else can do it on your behalf.
The child comes into the world utterly innocent, a blank sheet of paper. He does not know even his own signature. We have to teach him his name, which is a fiction; and with this fiction every individual starts as a novel. One fiction leads to another. The whole life becomes fictitious, and we

have to cling to it because that's all we have got. Otherwise, there is utter emptiness, nothingness, abysmal. We will be lost.

A story will help you....

A man had lost his way in the mountains and could not reach the village. The sun went down. Darkness covered the whole mountain; the path was very narrow, but to remain in the mountains was dangerous -- wild animals.... So he was slowly moving: perhaps he might get out of the mountainous region. But his feet slipped on a rock. He was hanging onto the rock -- underneath was absolute darkness, abysmal.

What do you want? Can you tell that man, "Let go of that rock, it is useless. Why are you holding it?" He is not really holding the rock, he is avoiding the nothingness. That is the only alternative: to leave the rock and disappear into nothingness.

It is a cold night, and as it became colder his hands became numb with cold. A point came in the middle of the night when he cannot hold on to the rock any more -- not that he does not want to, but his hands are almost frozen. He cannot move his fingers. Finally he had to let go of the rock in despair, in utter despair. It was only a question of six hours more, and the morning would have been there and he could have found some way.

But in a single split moment the whole story takes a new turn. Here he felt great despair as his hands became incapable of holding on to the rock, but the moment the rock is no more in his hands, he is standing on the ground!

But in the darkness you cannot see the ground. All those six hours that he suffered, he suffered unnecessarily. The ground was not more than six inches away from him. But in darkness, those six inches are infinite.

You have been given a false identity because the real identity can be discovered only by you. So nobody is at fault; and you cannot throw your responsibility on your parents, on your teachers, on the society, on anybody. It is just the way things work. You are also not responsible, so don't feel guilty either. Don't make others guilty, and don't feel guilty yourself; this is the way nature works.

You begin with a false identity because it is given by others to you, and slowly slowly more and more fictions are added to it. Each opinion expressed about you becomes you. Somebody says you are beautiful and it is not just an opinion, it becomes part of you. And if many people say you are beautiful, you accept the idea, it is gratifying. You enjoy it, you magnify it. Somebody says you are intelligent; you never deny it. You may have never shown any intelligence in your life, but when somebody says, "You are so intelligent," you never deny it. It is so satisfying, such a consolation. Now you would like to do something to maintain the fiction, because the fiction needs nourishment. It is a strange phenomenon. You loved a woman, or a man, and before the honeymoon you were telling the woman, "You are the most beautiful woman in the world." And the woman did not even object to it, that "You have not seen all the women in the world so how can you say it?" But it is so sweet..who cares about logic and reason and rationality? You have given a fiction to her; now she has to feed that fiction continuously.

One man was killing two flies in his air-conditioned apartment. How they managed to enter it.... Finally, he killed both and he told his wife, "I have killed both, the male and the female both."
The wife said, "What are you saying? How did you come to know which fly is a female?"
He said, "It is easy. She was sitting on the mirror for three hours; only a female can do that. The male was reading the newspaper. I cannot make any other distinction, but I can see that their actions indicate certain ideas. For three hours she is sitting on the mirror, looking from this side to that side. And that idiot fellow is reading that same old newspaper for three hours. He went from the top to the bottom, and again from top to bottom."
Each fiction needs nourishment. That's why you want to do something; only then can you proclaim that you are somebody. And you want to do something in the best way possible, because it is through your doing that you are going to reach the heights of your ego.
It is not a coincidence that painters, poets, actors, political leaders -- all kinds of people who have a certain celebrity about them, some fame -- are very egoistic.
It is very rare to find a poet who is humble, and if a poet is humble he will give birth to an upanishad. But it is very rare to find a poet who is humble. A poet is no ordinary man; he is extraordinary. You cannot do what he can do. His ego... although he is creative, because of his ego his creativity remains of the lowest kind, mundane.
And sometimes if the ego is too much, it can become insane.

You can see insanity in the paintings of Picasso and other modern painters, because their egos are touching the stars. Naturally when the ego is so powerful, that means the false, the fictitious, has almost become the real. You have forgotten the real completely. If by chance you suddenly meet yourself in your reality you will not recognize it. You can recognize only your unreal self, which we call personality, ego, identity -- your somebodiness.

And people who cannot find rightful means to nourish their egos try to find UNrightful means. Then somebody will be `the greatest thief'. The question is not whether he is a thief or a saint; being a thief or being a saint is immaterial. What matters is being the greatest.

There are people who cannot do either -- neither the rightful way nor the wrongful way -- who are just middle class, mediocre; but they also want to declare that they are somebody and they find easy means.

You can do it. You just cut off half your of mustache -- the whole of Bombay will know within three days who you are. People will even start asking for your signature, your autograph. People are doing that.

In Europe there is now a fashion. People are cutting off half of their mustache, half of their hair, and not only cutting them but painting them -- green hair, red hair, yellow hair -- and half the skull is completely plain! And they are not idiots. They are just normal people. But what else to do? In such a competitive world, where every area needs immense effort and then too, you cannot be first in the queue....

The Sufi story about Mulla Nasruddin is that he went to listen to a great sage and sat at the very back. But he was feeling very hurt -- the saint was sitting on a high stage....

Nasruddin started telling jokes to the people around him, and his jokes are really juicy. People started turning towards him more and more. By and by, the saint found that everybody's back was towards him. He said "What is the matter? What is going on? What kind of a meeting is this? Who is this fellow?"

Nasruddin said, "My name is Mulla Nasruddin. And it does not matter where I sit; wherever I sit, that is the place of the president. You can sit as high as you want, but if Nasruddin is present nobody is higher."

He could not tolerate it, that this man was sitting there like a king. Something had to be done. The situation could not be simply tolerated. And he managed, just by telling jokes. People started turning towards him -- laughter, giggling. Slowly it spread and the whole audience moved. Only the saint was sitting there -- at the back of the meeting!

Nasruddin used to teach. He was a Sufi master; he had his own disciples. They were going on a pilgrimage, and as they left their campus they had to pass through the main city. And he said to his students, "Listen, I don't want any trouble. And whatever happens to other people, that is their business. You have to be silent and quietly following me.

They said, "Naturally we are going to follow you. Why are you saying all this to us? We are not concerned with the street, and the shopkeepers -- they are doing their thing. We have nothing to do with them."

He said, "You will have... but you are not allowed to do anything." The students could not understand what was going to happen, but soon they understood.

As Mulla Nasruddin rode on his donkey they all felt that it was going to be real, great trouble -- because he was sitting

front to back. Now to follow such a man.... First, he is sitting on a donkey, and you have to admit to people that he is your master. Secondly, he is sitting in a wrong way: his back is where his front should be, and his front is where his back should be.

And sure enough, businesses stopped; customers, shopkeepers gathered. Everybody was laughing and everybody was asking, "What is the matter with this man? Whenever he comes into the city there is some trouble with him. Now he is not doing anything to anybody so you cannot say.... It is his donkey, and he has the absolute birthright to sit any way he wants to sit, but why should he do this? This is not done." And the students are feeling very embarrassed to be followers of such a man.

Finally one student gathered courage and asked, "Master, please let us know the secret: why are you doing all this? You are becoming a laughingstock, you are making us a laughingstock."

Nasruddin said, "First thing: I will explain to you afterwards the reason why I am sitting in this way. But the basic thing is, Nasruddin cannot pass through any street without being recognized."

Even Mohammedan women were turning aside their veils and looking. There was not a single person around... whoever heard that this was happening rushed to the street, everything stopped.

Nasruddin said, "This is how I love it. This is the basic, real reason. Now I come to philosophy: the philosophical reason is that if I sit in the normal way, my back will be to your face. That is insulting. And I am a master, no ordinary teacher; I cannot insult my disciples.

"The other way is: to avoid this situation you should move ahead of me, but then your back will be towards me. That is even worse. The disciples are insulting the master; this cannot be allowed. Now tell me, what should I do? This is the only scientific solution to the problem: I am facing you, you are facing me. Neither am I insulting you nor are you insulting me.

"And as far as the donkey is concerned, he is absolutely indifferent; how I sit does not matter. He himself is a philosopher. He does not mind -- it is my business how I sit. He has to carry the load; the load will remain the same. This is the philosophical reason, but this is only for the idiots. The real thing, I have told you: Nasruddin cannot go anywhere without being recognized as somebody special."

You want to do something, to be somebody, and you are asking why one is afraid to be nobody. It is because you don't know that the darkness of nobodiness is not a death, it is authentic life. It is your true life, it is how you were born -- without name, without caste, without religion, without country.

You were born as nobody and you will die as nobody. And between these two points of nobodiness you remain nobody, just deceiving yourself that you are this and you are that.

And because the whole society is of the same kind of people -- they are together in the same conspiracy -- we are all deceiving each other, because we want to be deceived by others. We say to people, "You are great" because we want to listen to them say, "You are great."

When I was a student in the university one of the professors told me.... Knowing about me, that I can be a nuisance, he

wanted to make some contact, some friendship before his course started. He met me in the garden and he told me, "You are a very intelligent person."
I said, "Stop all this nonsense. How can you know that I am an intelligent person? You are meeting me for the first time; you have not seen me doing anything. But one thing I can say, that you are stupid."
He said, "But I am a professor in the university and you are going to be my student. You should learn etiquette."
I said, "If I am intelligent that is enough etiquette. If you are stupid, you will have to learn etiquette. Why, in the first place, have you approached me? I can see fear in your eyes, I can see trembling inside you. Just look down and look at your pajama -- it is trembling." And he looked, although the pajama was not trembling.
I said, "That proves the point. The pajama is more courageous than you! You looked! You believed because you know that inside you are trembling, perhaps the pajama is also trembling." But pajamas are utter idiots; they don't know fear.
And I said to him, "About turn!"
He said, "You are strange.... You are going to be my student!"
I said, "Don't be worried. Anybody who is going to be my professor is going to be in trouble. You just rest, relax, get ready before the course starts. Do some physical exercise. Stand on your head to give it a little more nourishment."
He said, "My God, I have not said anything and you are bombarding me!"
I said, "You said everything the moment you said, without any reason, `You are a very intelligent person.' I can

understand this much: that it was a bribe. I don't accept bribes."
But everybody accepts them. There is a mutual understanding in the whole society that "You say good things about us, we will say good things about you."
When somebody dies, in every society of the world it is customary, conventional not to say anything bad about the dead man. You will think that perhaps it is a cultural standpoint; it is not. To not say anything bad about a dead man is really out of fear. It arose in the past when people thought the dead person was going to become a ghost -- "He is hearing, he is around; don't say anything bad about him." Alive, there was the possibility of fighting with him; now he is a ghost, you are absolutely helpless.

In one town it was such a difficulty. One politician died. He was a very cunning, shrewd politician, and the whole town was against him. Everybody knew that it was difficult to find a worse kind of man: he was the most corrupted. And then the time came that something good had to be said about him.
All the elders of the town looked at each other -- "You say something" -- because there was nothing good to say about him. They knew his whole life; there was not a single thing.
Finally one young man stood and he said, "This man has five brothers. In comparison to the remaining four, he was an angel."
The remaining four were absolute devils -- he said something good about him.
People are talking about each other, giving ideas to each other. And you have to do something so that you can attract

comments, so that you can attract awards, so that you can attract a Nobel prize.

One of my sannyasins is a Nobel prize winner. He told me, "I was not so interested in winning the Nobel prize. My whole interest was that only a Nobel prize winner can propose another name for a Nobel prize, and I wanted to propose your name. And that was my only desire, that if I could get a Nobel prize then I would be a proper person."

He received the Nobel prize and immediately, that same day, he talked to the president of the Nobel committee, gave a few books of my discourses to him and said that, "If this man does not get a Nobel prize it is an insult to the Nobel prize."

And the president said, whispered in his ear, "Never mention this man's name in the committee. Because you have got a Nobel prize you can mention his name, but you could never get the votes. Nobody is going to support his name. I have read all these books, and most probably EVERY Nobel prize winner has read all these books, but nobody will mention his name. It is dangerous to be associated with him, to be so deeply associated that you propose his name for the Nobel prize."

He was shocked. He said to me, "I could not believe my own ears. And all joy that I had because I had become a Nobel prize-winning economist disappeared. It was sheer politics; there was no question of judging quality. The whole question was how it was going to affect the political atmosphere. And the president said to me, `That man is dangerous. You should not mention his name; otherwise you will be condemned.'"

So one goes on accumulating fictions about and around. That's why you want to do something, something special. People have been doing that kind of thing for thousands of years.

Somebody is standing naked in the cold, snow falling, and he becomes well known. I know one man who used to stand in the river, the water up to his neck; he has broken all records -- for seventy-two hours continuously he stood there. I asked him, "But what is the point? How is the world better because you stood in the river for seventy-two hours? Have you made the world a little more beautiful, a little more juicy? Have you brought a little more song and dance to the world?"

He said, "Who cares about the world? As far as I am concerned now I am the most famous man around this area, and that was my purpose."

Every twelve years in Prayag we have a great gathering of people, perhaps the biggest gathering in the world, Kumbha Mehla. Thousands of naked Hindu monks march towards the Ganges. At the right moment, determined by the astrologers, they have the traditional right to enter into the Ganges; they have to be the first.

I was surprised by one fact -- because these thousands of naked monks who come to the gathering at Prayag are never seen again. I had been searching for where these thousands of people disappeared to, and I was in for a surprise. The surprise was that they live in temples, in ashramas, but there they use clothes. They come naked to the Ganges only because it is the traditional right of the naked monk to be the first. Clever.... And the whole year they are using clothes, and nobody bothers about them. But

when they come naked in a long procession people are falling at their feet. Thousands of people are so much desiring to touch their feet, or at least the dust on which the naked monks' procession has passed. Even the dust has become divine.

And what is the contribution of these people? In what way have they made the world better? Why are they recognized? -- just a stupid thing: because they are standing naked. Just because you cannot stand naked; you feel a little ashamed. They are professionals. They do it every time there is a gathering; this is their profession. And you can see from their faces that they are the most mediocre and ordinary people.

You want to do something, but all that it will bring is opinions, good or bad. It will give you a certain identity; you are afraid of being without identity.

And this is the most significant step towards the ultimate, the absolute, towards your own self: to drop the false identity and enter into darkness, trusting. You trust nature for everything essential, and it is strange -- you cannot trust in this small thing.

I know one man who could not sleep because he was afraid that if he slept and breathing stopped, then what? Only one man have I come across: the whole family was trying to convince him, "Don't be an idiot. We all sleep."

He said, "That I know, but my question is that if it stops I will not be able to do anything."

He was brought to me by his parents and they said, "This idiot has got some idea, some original idea! He cannot sleep; he sits. He has disturbed the life of the whole family, because you cannot sit the whole night in silence. So he

does this, he does that; he opens this window, he closes that door. He does not allow anybody else to sleep. In fact, that's what the purpose of opening windows and doors is. He is driving everybody mad. And logically we don't know how to convince him. He says, `If my breathing stops then...?'"

I said to that man, "You are perfectly right, but I ask you: if while you are awake your breathing stops then what you will do? What can you do? Where will you be? When the breathing has stopped, you will not be here to do ANYTHING."

He said, "I have not seen this side of it. That's true."

"Now," I said, "what are you going to do? Neither can you remain awake nor can you be asleep; in either case the question is the same. So just be normal. When the breathing stops, it stops. You cannot do anything."

He said, "True. I have understood; it is pointless, unnecessary trouble."

You believe, you trust, you have a tremendous faith in existence. Every night you go on sleeping without bothering whether the breathing will continue or not. Breathing is still visible -- your blood circulation, your heartbeat, the whole functioning of digestion -- it is not dependent on you. Once you have swallowed something, you are not supposed to do anything; existence takes over. For everything that is essential in your life you depend totally, on your trust in existence. And this non-essential thing -- a bogus personality which others have made around you -- you cannot come out of it.

It is a simple insight that you will have to come out of this somebodiness and you will have to go through a passage of

nobodiness. And only then will you discover your real self -- which is not identity, which is your reality. And to find it is to find everything worth finding.
But you have to take a little risk -- and it is not a great risk.
Borrowed ideas....
I used to talk with one of my professors. He was not convinced by me that the whole personality is borrowed. He was a healthy man. He is still alive, retired, an old man.
I said, "I will prove it."
I went to his wife and told her, "You have to do me a favor, a small favor."
She said, "What is the matter?"
I said, "When professor S.S. Roy gets up in the morning the first thing you have to say is, `What is happening? Why are you looking so pale?' and remember exactly what he says in response. It is better if you write it down so you don't forget. I want the exact words."
I said to the gardener, "When he comes out, you just drop your work and hold him and say, `What has happened? You are looking so weak, I thought you were going to fall. Could you not sleep the whole night? Your body seems to have a fever.'"
The gardener said, "But without fever... he will throw me out of service!"
"You don't be worried. That is my guarantee: you will be promoted, you don't be worried. You just do what I am saying."
And the wife of the professor was there and she said, "Yes, he is right. You don't be worried; you just do what he is saying."

And I told him, "Write down on this piece of paper whatever professor Roy says, his exact words."
And so on I went, to the post office nearby where he used to meet the postmaster -- they were great friends, both were Bengalis -- all the way up to the department of philosophy. It was almost one mile. He used to walk; he loved walking. And I told the peon in front of the department, "You have to just pick him up." He was a wrestler-type of man; I said, "You have just to pick him up and lay him down on the bench."
He said, "What are you saying? Are you crazy or something? I have small children, I have a wife, an old father and mother. This kind of thing.... And what is the purpose?"
I said, "You don't be worried. He will be in such a position that this is what is going to be needed."
He said, "But how have you come to know?"
I said, "You don't be worried, this is beyond you. Later on I will explain everything to you. And it is my guarantee that no harm is going to happen to you."
He said, "But your guarantee does not mean anything -- you may change tomorrow! You are a strange fellow. You are telling the peon to behave in such a way with the professor that it will be almost a wrestling competition -- because if I forcibly put him on the bench, he is going to resist. And if he is going to resist, I am not going to take it either; I am a very angry man. If he hits me or anything, I am going to hit him."
I said, "Whatever happens let it happen, because I know he cannot hit you. He is in a very feverish condition and is not listening to his wife, to his friends, to anybody. He is

coming staggering. He may fall on the floor, break his bones; then you will be responsible."
He said, "No, I don't want him to break his bones."
"Then," I said, "you immediately pick him up. Whatever he says, you remember -- and this is the paper.... As you put him inside the office on the bench you write down what he has said, and I will be coming later on to collect all the papers."
Just behind him, I started collecting the papers. To the wife he said, "Pale? You must be mad. I slept a perfectly beautiful sleep, I am a hundred percent healthy. Something must be wrong in your eyes; you should go to the optician. Pale? -- I have suspected for a long time that you need glasses."
He came out, and the gardener took hold of him and said, "Master, what is the situation, what is happening? Your body is burning, you have fever. Have you slept in the night or not? You would have fallen if I had not stopped."
He said, "I could not sleep the whole night. And really, the body is burning. But I am going to the department because my record is that I have never been absent. So at least I will go, tell the head of the department and ask him to bring me back home in his car. I don't have energy to walk one mile, but I have to."
As he went out the postmaster said, "Mister Roy, it seems you have grown ten years older. But what has happened?"
Professor Roy said, "I don't know what has happened. Something certainly has happened. And I was angry at my poor wife; she was absolutely right. How do I look?"
The postmaster said, "Just like a ghost, absolutely pale."
He said, "My God! Should I go to the department or not?"

The postmaster said, "That is your record, your lifelong record -- don't break it, go. You can manage. I cannot certify that you will be able to come back again. The situation has gone so far down that if you can manage to breathe for one mile more it will be a great achievement. About coming back, I don't know."

And you could see him coming, like a drunkard....

He passed a few more stages where he was checked, and he gave his statements. And when he reached the department the peon just picked him up. He said, "What are you doing?"

The peon said, "What am I doing? I am doing what I am supposed to do -- lie down!"

He immediately followed the instructions of the peon: "Close your eyes, and I will put a cloth soaked in water over them. You are burning and hot with fever -- it must be 108 degrees, not less than that."

Professor Roy said, "You are right. I am seeing things that I have never seen. It seems the bench is flowing up, sannipat. It happens when the fever reaches beyond 105 degrees."

And he had a fever of 108 degrees according to the peon, who knew nothing about what 108 degrees is!

And then I came with all the papers I had collected and I told him, "Please go through these papers."

He said, "This is not the time.... Just a few moments are left. If you have something to say, say it; or just put your hand on my head and sit by my side -- but no more papers. What papers?"

I said, "You don't understand; these are not examination papers or anything. These are the papers I have collected behind you."

He immediately sat up. He said, "But what papers?"
I showed him: "To the wife you denied that you are sick, denied that you had a fever. You said that you slept perfectly well, that you are a hundred percent healthy, that you suspected the wife's eyes and you wanted her to go to the optician. These are the papers, and this is the end result -- you are lying down on the bench. For what?"
And actually he had a fever! I said, "I will take you back home. But it was simply because of your insistence that I had to prove that people's minds are made by the opinions of others."
People can die just because of the opinions of others; people can live a long life just because of the opinions of others. We are so false.
This is not our true reality.
Have the courage to get out of the jungle of the opinions of your whole life. Just in the passage you will have to be, for a moment, nobody -- and then you are all, everybody. And that freedom of being all and universal and eternal... that's the goal of all real seekers.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
I AM A FIRST GRADE STUDENT IN THE SUBJECT OF WITNESSING. WHENEVER I AM LISTENING TO YOU TALKING ABOUT WATCHING, WITNESSING, SOMETHING IN ME FEELS SO THRILLED, EXCITED, JOYFUL, AND A BIG "AH!" COMES UP.
RECENTLY I HAVE HEARD YOU TALK ABOUT WATCHING THE WITNESS. YET I'M ALREADY HAPPY AND GRATEFUL FOR THE FEW MOMENTS

A DAY WHEN I REMEMBER MY HANDS, MY BODY, HAVING A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM MY THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS.
COULD YOU PLEASE START WITH THE ABC ON THIS SUBJECT?

The phenomenon of witnessing has no ABC or XYZ.
It is a simple phenomenon; it is a single step.
It is one process.
You can watch the body; the watching is the same. You can watch the mind -- the object has changed, but the watching is the same. You can watch the emotions -- again objects have changed, but the process of watching is the same. You can watch the watcher -- a tremendous quantum leap, but still the subject is the same; only the object has changed. Now watchfulness itself is being used as an object. And you have stepped behind watchfulness; you can watch it. And you cannot go beyond this watchfulness. You have come to the very end of your inner core.
So you are going perfectly right. Enjoy it, rejoice in it. More and more silence and peace will be coming your way, more and more blissfulness and benediction. There is no end as far as rewards are concerned, because they are all along the way. From the beginning to the very end, each step brings a new space -- but it is the same step.
The journey of one thousand miles is done by the simple step, one step. You cannot take two steps at one time. Step after step, just a single step can be stretched to ten thousand miles or to infinity.
Watchfulness is a simple step. There is no alphabet in it. There are no beginners in it; there are no amateurs in it and

no experts in it. Everybody is in the middle, always in the middle.
You are moving perfectly right. Just go on.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
IN THESE RARE MOMENTS OF LOVE AND GRATEFULNESS, EVERY DESIRE INSIDE ME STOPS, AND I FEEL COMPLETE.
CAN YOU SAY MORE ABOUT HOW LOVE AND GRATEFULNESS STOP MY DESIRING MIND?

You are one energy.
This is something basic to be remembered. It will help in many doubtful moments, in many questioning moments.
A man came to Junnaid, a Sufi mystic, and asked him, "What do you say about pre-determination, kismet, fate, and the freedom of man? Is man free to do whatever he wants to do? Or is he simply a puppet in the hands of an unknown puppeteer, who simply dances the dance that the puppeteer chooses?"
Junnaid is one of the few beautiful mystics. He shouted at the man, "Raise up one leg!"
The man was a very rich man; Junnaid knew it. All the disciples, the whole school knew about it -- and he had shouted so loudly and so rudely, "Raise one leg up!" And the rich man had never followed anybody's orders; he had not gone there to follow orders. And he could not conceive even a far off, far-fetched, off-the-wall relationship between his question and this answer. But when you are facing a man like Junnaid you have to follow him.

He raised his right leg.
Junnaid said, "That is not enough. Now raise the other, too."
Now the man was at a loss, and angry also. He said, "You are asking absurdities! I had come to ask a philosophical question -- that you simply dropped without answering. You asked me to raise one leg, I raised my right leg. And now you are asking me to raise the other, too. What do you want? How can I raise both legs?"
Junnaid said, "Then sit down. Have you received the answer to your question or not?"
The man said, "The answer to my question has not been given yet. Instead you have been training me in this parade!"
Junnaid said, "See the point: when I said, `Raise one of your legs' you had the freedom to choose either the right or the left. Nobody was determining it, it was your choice to raise the right leg. But once you had chosen the right leg you could not choose the left too. It is your freedom that has determined the fact of your bondage. Now your left leg is in bondage."
Man is half free and half in bondage, but he is free first. And it is his freedom, how he uses his freedom, that determines his bondage. There is nobody sitting there writing in your head or making lines on your palms. Even an omnipotent God must be tired by now, doing this stupid thing of making lines on people's hands. And so many people are coming... writing in everybody's head what he is going to be, where he is going to be born, when he is going to die, what disease, what doctor is going to kill him. All these details!

Either God must have gone mad doing all this work -- just think of yourself, if you have to do this kind of work, and for no reason -- or he must have committed suicide. Even if he were mad he would have to do his work; so for a few days he may have been mad, while he made this humanity, and then he committed suicide -- because he does not want to see the world evaporate because of nuclear weapons. But he has written those nuclear weapons in your heads; he is responsible.

Nobody is responsible, and there is no God.

These are our strategies to throw responsibility into others' hands.

You are free, but each act of freedom brings a responsibility -- and that is your bondage. Either call it `bondage', which is not a beautiful word, or call it `responsibility'. That is what I call it.

You choose a certain act -- that is your freedom -- but then the consequences will be your responsibility.

I am against Krishna's idea; he says to Arjuna in GITA, that "Only the action is in your hands; the result is in God's hands." That kind of split is absolutely illogical, absurd. Action is in your hands and the result will be in God's hands: this is very tricky. This is the strategy of the priesthood.

Otherwise, the simple fact is that the act is yours and the responsibility is yours. Action and its effect, cause and effect, are connected together; you cannot divide them. But why was Krishna dividing it? -- he was just representing the priesthood. For thousands of years the priesthood has been confronting a simple problem which they cannot solve. They see criminals, sinners becoming

successful, rich. They see simple people, innocent people being crushed, exploited, oppressed, and still religion goes on saying, "Be simple, be innocent." Then the question arises: if innocence and simplicity are never rewarded, only corruption, cruelty, violence are rewarded, then why be simple? To avoid this dilemma they had to create a false theology: that it is because of their past lives' actions that those people are enjoying success, fame; now God is giving them rewards.

But why is God so lazy, so lousy? It seems that there is also some kind of Indian bureaucracy, so that the files move from one life into another life. If it is true, then bribery must exist there; just with the file, a hundred-rupee note, and then Ghanshyamdas Birla enters into heaven and the poor innocent man without a hundred-rupee note is thrown into hell. You have to pass something under the table, otherwise the file does not move over the table. It moves according to how many notes move underneath the table -- otherwise why should it take such a long time? No, in existence things are immediate.

I am in absolute agreement with the idea of science that cause and effect are together. As far as the cause is concerned, you are free. But then you should remember: the effect is decided by you, by your cause. In fact, you are free in that too; it is an outcome of your freedom.

Take life in a very simple, non-theological way and you will be surprised: there are no problems.

It is a mystery, but not a problem.

A problem is that which can be solved; a mystery is that which can be lived but can never be solved.

Meditation is nothing but an exploration of the mystery -- not an explanation, not a search to find the solution to it, but an exploration.... To dissolve into it slowly slowly, just as a ripple disappears into the ocean; this disappearance is the only religiousness that I know of. All else is nonsense. Listening to me should not be just a listening; it should be a drinking.

Only then is there a possibility of understanding. And once it becomes your understanding then it remains with you whether you are with me or not. Then wherever you are -- sitting by the side of the ocean or under a tree or under the stars -- it is with you.

My whole effort is to give you a taste of something that can start growing within you and can make you whole and complete. That's the feeling that has come to you, that while listening to me, feeling love, feeling silence, you feel a completion; everything is perfect. And all desires disappear, because there is no need. When there is completion what are you going to desire? Desire is always out of incompletion. Your whole energy is so fulfilled and so contented that it needs nothing.

There are only two types of people in the world: the beggars and the emperors. Those who live in desires are beggars; those who live in completion -- of silence, peace and love -- are the emperors.

Question 4

BELOVED OSHO,

LAST TIME I SAW YOU IN POONA, YOU SMILED AT ME AND YOU SENT ME ONE OF YOUR UNFORGETTABLE GLANCES. SOMEHOW, DEEP

DOWN I KNEW THAT THIS WAS THE LAST TIME I WOULD SEE YOU.
I WAS READY TO LIVE WITHOUT YOUR PHYSICAL PRESENCE, I WAS READY TO LIVE WITHOUT YOUR MORNING DISCOURSES, BUT THAT SMILE... OH OSHO! IN THAT MOMENT MY HEART WAS CRUCIFIED BY THE MOST UNBEARABLE PAIN EVER FELT IN MY LIFE, AND I THOUGHT: "OH MY GOD, I CAN LIVE WITHOUT HIS PRESENCE, BUT HOW, HOW IN HEAVEN CAN I LIVE WITHOUT THIS SMILE? I CAN'T, I CERTAINLY CAN'T. I WILL DIE WITHOUT IT!"
AND SUDDENLY, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE AGONY I HEARD A VOICE INSIDE MY HEART. IT SOUNDED LIKE YOUR VOICE SAYING, "JUST SEE! IF YOU CAN JUST SEE, YOU WILL REALIZE THAT ALL OF THE EXISTENCE IS SMILING AT YOU TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, IN THE SAME WAY, EXACTLY THE SAME WAY!"
FOR ALL THESE YEARS I'VE BEEN WHISPERING THIS SECRET TO MYSELF, EVERY MORNING, EVERY EVENING, BUT NOW I WANT TO SAY IT LOUDLY.
WOULD YOU KINDLY ALLOW ME TO REVEAL THE SECRET, THE GIFT FOR WHICH I WILL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO MY MASTER.

Sarjano, there is no need to ask me.
It is nice of you that you asked, but when the urge has come to say the secret loudly then don't wait for anything, not

even for my approval. Just say it -- because it is neither mine nor yours; it belongs to the whole.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #12

Chapter title: To be an individual is the greatest courage
30 August 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO, WHY HAS LIFE ALL ALONG BEEN A VERY SERIOUS AFFAIR FOR ME, AND NOT FUN TO LIVE AND ENJOY AND CELEBRATE AS YOU SAY IT SHOULD BE?

Maitreya, you have been in the wrong hands from the very beginning of your life.
It will be difficult for others to understand the answer if I don't tell you the background of the questioner.
Maitreya is an old politician. He was for three terms a member of the parliament, a close friend of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, a follower of Mahatma Gandhi. He had devoted his whole life to the struggle for freedom. He had never looked at his own being; he was too much concerned with the freedom of the nation. He had no time to think that there is a higher freedom, the freedom of the self.
He came into contact with me very late in his life. By that time Gandhiism had made its deep conditioning in him, and that is the fundamental reason for his misery.
Mahatma Gandhi and his philosophy represent the ancient idea of the religious man as serious, sad, miserable,

suffering. The old religions conceive this earth as a punishment; you are imprisoned here. Because of your past lives' evil acts, you have been thrown into this life; this is a punishment.

And how can one be joyous when life itself is condemned as punishment? Then the only way out of the miseries is to get rid of life; hence, the anti-life attitude of all the religions.

And Mahatma Gandhi is a contemporary representative of the whole rubbish of the past: Man has to fight life. Man has to fight everything that makes life beautiful, joyous, everything that will make you desirous of life -- because the very desire for life has to be destroyed. A point comes when you are against everything in life, so there is no question of desiring a future life. You desire freedom from the body: how can you enjoy your body? How can you enjoy swimming? -- the body is the enemy. How can you enjoy love? -- the body is the bondage. How can you enjoy food? You have to uproot all possibilities of enjoying your body, others' bodies.

And the whole world is made of matter. You have to avoid enjoying the surrounding world: a beautiful sunset you have to avoid; it is materialistic to enjoy a beautiful sunset, because it is material. To enjoy a roseflower is against religions. To enjoy anything is dangerous because it will lead you deeper into life, and you have to get rid of life. So all the teachings of religion try in different disguises to cut the roots of your joy, of your pleasure, of your blissfulness.

Maitreya is a victim, just as everybody else in the world is a victim. On the one hand he was told to be anti-life; that

has been the ancient idea of renunciation, of renouncing the world and its joys. And on the other hand, he was told to sacrifice himself for the freedom of the country, for others. To think of oneself, to think of meditation was condemned as selfish: "You should think of others, you should think of others' well-being, you should think of others' freedom." You should think only of others, never of yourself: that is the ideal of the religious man, the saint. And to me, it is the image of the idiot -- because a person who is not joyful, who is not meditative; a person who is not peaceful, overflowing with love, cannot be of any help to anybody. You cannot give something to others which you don't have. You are empty, and you are trying to make others fulfilled. They are empty, they are trying to make others fulfilled. Nobody knows what fulfillment is.

The journey begins from oneself; you have to be fulfilled first. Then there is no need for anybody to teach you, "Now, share it." Once you are fulfilled you are overflowing; sharing is autonomous, it comes by itself. When your heart is full of song it bursts into singing. When you blossom, your fragrance is bound to reach others; you cannot prevent it.

I teach selfishness, because unless you are selfish you can never be of help to anybody in the world. All the altruistic teachings are useless, meaningless, because they are based on people who are themselves empty.

For example, Jesus says, "Love your enemies just the way you love yourself" -- but nobody bothers about whether you love yourself. The enemy comes as number two; the first thing is to love yourself. If you have not loved yourself, how can you love the enemy? -- you cannot love even the

friend. You don't know what love means. It is a meaningless word. You have heard it so you feel you understand it, but you have not experienced it; and without experience there is no understanding.

Jesus is insistent, "Love your enemies just as you love yourself" but in his whole gospel he has completely forgotten to tell people, "Love yourself." That will be selfishness.

That's what I teach: Love yourself so much that it starts overflowing you. First, naturally it will reach to those who are close -- to your friends, your lovers, your neighbors -- and finally, that is the success, the climax, when your love reaches the enemy, spreading in waves. And when the enemy is covered, nothing is left out of the area of your love -- but it must begin from the center of your being.

Maitreya's misfortune has been that he fell into the hands of Gandhians.

Gandhi never loved himself. Gandhi never loved anybody; he could not, because of his very ideology. It was impossible to conceive.

For example, his ideology was so important that he was ready to sacrifice everything.... He was a high-caste Hindu. His wife was uneducated, and one thing was impossible for her: to clean the Indian toilet. The modern Western toilet is one thing, anybody can clean it; but the Indian toilet was really a punishment. And for an uneducated girl who had always heard that it was done by the untouchables only....

Hindus have made a class of untouchables, sudras. Because of their dirty work, they have become dirty, so dirty that even their shadows are untouchable. If a sudra passes by your side and his shadow touches you, the scriptures

prescribe an immediate bath. The shadow is non-existential -- but that poor Kasturba, Gandhi's wife, carried the same conditioning. And Gandhi was forcing everybody; they had to clean the toilet in turn.

Kasturba was nine months pregnant, and one evening she refused. Gandhi was so furious that he threw her out of the house, closed the house and told her that unless she was ready to clean the toilet she should not come to his house. The ideology, a stupid ideology.... He himself could have cleaned it if the wife was not willing. If he had loved the wife, the simple thing would have been to say, "Don't worry, I will clean it." No, he would not clean it; the wife had to clean it. And without thinking about the fact that she was just going to give birth to a child, in the middle of the night he threw her out. It was in Johannesburg, in South Africa. She did not understand English, she did not understand any language other than Gujarati. She could not even talk to anybody, ask anybody. In such a helpless condition... and he would open the door only if she first cleaned the toilet. In the middle of the night she had to clean the toilet; then she was allowed in.

His ideology came first.

His eldest son Haridas wanted to study. Gandhi was against schools, colleges, universities; any kind of contemporary thing, so he was against it. His history stopped with the spinning wheel; after the spinning wheel, whatsoever had happened in the world was wrong, was done by evil. Haridas was really a very intelligent man. I came to know him personally. He said, "I argued with my father, that `All that you are capable of is because of this education you have got. Without this education you would not have been

able to fight the British empire. And trust me, I am your son. The education is not going to corrupt me.'
But he said, `I have said it, and that is final. None of my children is going to be educated by this corrupted educational system.'" And none of his children were educated.
Haridas escaped the house and lived with one of his uncles, just to get an education. And because he did not obey Gandhi.... And love knows nothing of such ugly things as obedience, because obedience means forcing somebody into slavery.
Love gives freedom.
And the cause for which Haridas escaped -- nobody can say that he was wrong; he simply wanted to be educated. But Gandhi told Kasturba and all his other sons, "This house, for Haridas, is closed. If he comes to this house close the door; he is dead for me."
Haridas went there; after he had graduated from the university, he went because he thought he would go, fall at the feet of his father and ask his forgiveness. He hoped that a man who talks about non-violence, love, compassion, was going to forgive. And he had not committed any sin; he had simply not followed his father's order, which rationally he felt was wrong. The order was wrong; his disobedience was logically right. He was not corrupted or anything; he had simply become more intelligent, sharper, more rational. There had been no harm. He had become more individual. But perhaps no father wants any son to become an individual. The ego of the father wants his children just to be obedient carbon copies.

But Haridas found that the doors were closed -- as they saw him entering, the doors were closed. And Gandhi said, "When I die...." In India it is the convention that after death the eldest son gives fire to the dead body on the funeral pyre. Haridas was the eldest son. Now you can see the vengeance -- with all the nonsense about non-violence, love, compassion -- in actuality, the vengeance. And the vengeance was such that he was thinking even about after death: "When I die you have to be aware that Haridas should not be allowed to give fire to my dead body. I have disowned him, he is no longer my son."

He never loved himself. He tortured himself as much as possible.

But when people torture themselves in the name of spirituality, religion, nobody thinks that something is wrong. If you stop eating without saying anything spiritual or religious about it, you will be thought mad. You have to be treated because the physical body, if it is healthy, the mind, if it is healthy, needs food. And it is an everyday need. If somebody starts enjoying being hungry, psychologists have a name for it: "That man is a masochist; he enjoys torturing himself. He finds ways to torture himself."

But if you understand psychology ninety-nine percent of your saints and sages will be categorized as masochists, because what were they doing? Somebody was fasting; somebody was standing for years and not sitting down; somebody was standing on his head; somebody was standing naked the whole year, in the cold winter in the mountains, in the snow -- and people were worshipping them. In fact, these people should have been treated; they

were sick. And they will find any excuse. They will rationalize their sickness.

For example, Gandhi went on a fast unto death. And what was the reason? The reason was that his secretary had fallen in love with a girl. Strange... if he has fallen in love, he will suffer -- why are you suffering? It doesn't seem to be connected with cause and effect. How does Mahatma Gandhi come in? But the problem was that in his ashram that was the rule, that nobody can fall in love. Love everybody, but don't fall in love. Strange things....

So love is just simply a word; it does not mean anything. So everybody says to everybody, "I love you" -- but don't mean it! If you mean it, Mahatma Gandhi will go on a fast unto death: "He really means it" -- his own secretary! Now the secretary and the girl, who was an ashramite, were embarrassed. And everybody was on their heads: "You have put that old man in trouble."

They said, "We have not done anything to him." And they were sitting by his side massaging his feet -- "Somehow, forgive us. We will never do anything like that again. We will simply love. We will never fall in love, we promise you. But please start eating, otherwise people will kill us. They are threatening us, saying to us `You are the cause.'"

But do you know what rationalization Mahatma Gandhi had? He said, "You are not the cause. I am simply purifying my spirit. Because my own secretary falls in love, that means my soul is not pure. Something is impure in me; otherwise, how is it possible? It is inconceivable -- my own secretary, who lives with me twenty-four hours a day. It is not to punish you, it is to punish myself. I must be wrong; some impurity in my soul must have caused this."

Strange. That means if he becomes absolutely pure, in the whole world no love affair is going to happen. Because one mahatma has become absolutely pure, how can you dare to fall in love? Love will disappear. It is because of the impurity of Mahatma Gandhi that it exists! But it exists too much; that means all these mahatmas and saints are really impure.

Rationalizations... but they cannot hide the fact.

Maitreya was caught in the trap of these people. I simply took him out of the parliament. One of my friends who was an M.P. had arranged a small meeting of a few parliament members who he thought would be able to understand me. Maitreya was also invited, and that's how he was caught in my net. But he was not aware that this is a totally different kind of net.

His whole life he has been a Gandhian -- miserable, sad, sacrificing, living for others. With me he started thinking of totally new things -- living for yourself, loving yourself, exploring your being... because to me, your individuality is your universe. First explore it.

Don't leave a single corner of your being unexplored. Only then will the things which others had been forcing on you start happening. I want you to love many people, I want you to share your joy with many people -- but first you must have it.

You are a beggar and you are trying to make others rich.

I am reminded.... One American, Napoleon Hill, has written a very beautiful book; he is certainly one of the best writers alive. The name of the book is THINK AND GROW RICH. When his first edition was published, he was standing in the publisher's shop to sign the first-day

copies. There was a big crowd. Henry Ford had also come; he always used to go to look in the bookshop to find some books. Seeing this big line and a man signing books, he went there. He asked, "What kind of book is this?"
Napoleon Hill said, "I am happy -- I know you, but you don't know me.
My name is Napoleon Hill, and this is my first book. And it is certainly going to be one of the best sellers in the world."
And it proved true; now that book has sold second only to THE BIBLE .
Henry Ford looked at the cover and read the title -- THINK AND GROW RICH. He looked from up to down, from down to up at Napoleon Hill; Napoleon Hill said, "Is there something wrong?"
He said, "No, nothing is wrong. Have you come in your own car or on public transport?"
Napoleon Hill said, "But that is not connected with the book."
Ford said, "It is connected with the book. Answer me: have you come in your own private car or on a public bus?"
He said, "I have come on a public bus."
Henry Ford returned the copy and he said, "When you have your own car, then you come to me. You yourself are not rich enough to have an ordinary car, and you are writing a book: THINK AND GROW RICH. So what have you been doing all these years? Not thinking? Think about a car -- and it has to be a Ford car!
"Now do you see," he said, "that it is connected? A man who says his philosophy is that just by thinking you can become rich still travels on a public transport bus! This is enough proof that his book should not be in the market at

all. You are a cheat. And of course the book will sell, because there are millions of poor people who would love just to think and grow rich.

"But my son," said Henry Ford, "it is not so easy just to think and grow rich. You can think and be poor, but you can't think and be rich -- that is not in your hands. You should come to me to have a few lessons in how to be rich."

He himself was born a poor man. He became rich by his own genius. And when his sons came from the university, he did not allow them to take big positions in the firm. They had to start from ABC, exactly from where he himself had started; he had started by polishing shoes in front of a factory.

So in front of Ford's factory, his own sons were polishing the shoes of laborers who were working in their father's factory.

He said, "Start from ABC. You should learn by experience. This whole business is yours, you will inherit it. But before you inherit it you should be capable of creating it. Otherwise, you will not be able to maintain it; the empire will disappear."

Maitreya has been living a life of rift, split. His past is Gandhian, his present is absolutely different. The past is heavy, long; he is trying hard to get out of it. He will be able to get out of it, but it is going to be a hard task.

He himself has cultivated a certain personality; now he has to dismantle it and start from ABC again. Now at the age beyond sixty he feels afraid about whether he will be able to manage, or if death will intervene and he will be nowhere.

Don't be worried. Even a single moment of freedom from conditioning -- conditioning that you know intellectually is wrong -- a single moment of freedom from it is enough; it is equal to eternity. So don't be worried about death, that there is not much time. There is no need for time.

It is only a question of insight, just seeing the point that your whole upbringing in the past has been wrong. Just to see it: it has been an imprisonment -- and you will find yourself suddenly getting out of it. Who wants to live in a prison?

My whole effort here is to bring you out of your prisons. You have given different names to your prisons -- Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Christianity, Judaism. There are three hundred religions in the world, three hundred different varieties of prisons. You can choose.

And there are many people who go on moving from one to another. In the beginning, the new prison looks better because you don't understand that these fetters are fetters. You are accustomed to the old fetters of a different prison, a different kind of cell, a different kind of discipline. Here all those old things are absent; you think this is freedom, but soon you are caught in new fetters, new bondages.

It is just like getting married to one woman, then divorcing, then getting married to another woman.

One man did this exercise eight times. Obviously, it was in California. But he was very much puzzled, because he went on changing the woman, but after two or three months the same problems arose. Different nose, different face, different color of hair, different height, different shape -- strange... within three months the same trouble, the same problems. When he married the eighth woman, on the

second day he discovered that this was a woman he had married once before. This was his second wife! So much time had passed, both had changed, so they could not recognize each other. They met on a beach and got married. Then he started thinking, and he found that although he changed the women, he was always marrying the same woman.

It is not a question of changing women or men; it is not a question of changing ideologies, religions. It is a question of living without ideologies, without religions, without philosophies. When you come out of one prison, don't start entering into another. Remain in the open sky. It is not a question of marrying one woman, divorcing, and marrying another. Marriage is the problem.

Love is enough. And love has freedom.

Marriage is only a license, an ugly thing, an institution; and to live in an institution is bound to be sad, miserable.

And the wife takes revenge because you have made the prison for her; you take revenge because she has made the prison for you. And you are both the jail and the jailers. It is a strange phenomenon. Both are spying on each other, both are watching each other. Both are being jealous. Both are trying to dominate. Both are destroying all that love can give -- joy, freedom, friendship.

Have you seen any husband and wife being friends?

I have known thousands of couples, but not a single couple was in a state of friendship. They were intimate enemies -- living together, fighting together. They have decided to live together and to die together, but to continue harassing each other.

We only change the superficial things. The Gandhian becomes a communist, there is no problem. The communist becomes a fascist, there is no problem. But to be with me is a problem because I simply drag you out of your prison and leave you under the stars, in the open.
You are accustomed to a roof -- howsoever miserable, but a roof -- and I leave you just under the stars, on the grass, with not even a mattress! And you are so accustomed to a bed....
Perhaps you don't know that ninety-nine percent of people die in bed! That is the most dangerous place in the world -- avoid it! When the light is put out, simply slip down on the floor, just for your life's sake.
You are accustomed to your miseries. You become so familiar with them that even if the door is open, you will not go out of it.
I can only open the door. I want you to get out by yourself, not to be dragged out, because dragging you out into freedom is not possible. Dragging you into slavery is possible; but dragging you out into freedom is not possible, nobody can do it. You will have to walk on your own feet.
And Maitreya now knows perfectly well that the past was wrong, it has not helped him. But still there is clinging. He understands me intellectually, but feels afraid -- old age, death and lifelong ideology.... But he will have to risk. There is no way of going back.
So the sooner you take the jump the better.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,

THE OTHER DAY YOU SAID THAT ONLY THOSE PEOPLE ARE YOURS WHO SAY YES TO YOU. BUT DON'T YES AND NO GO TOGETHER? TO SAY YES, DOESN'T ONE HAVE FIRST TO SAY NO TO MANY THINGS?
PLEASE COMMENT.

It is a very fundamental question. It applies to many things, almost to all things of life.
There are two levels: one is the level of the mind, and one is the level of meditation. The level of meditation is absolutely silent. The level of the mind is full of dualistic thoughts. So as far as mind is concerned, yes is always connected with no. They are two sides of one coin. Love is connected with hate, just as day is connected with night or birth is connected with death. At the level of the mind, everything is connected with its opposite; you cannot have one without having the other too. This is our ordinary experience.
But on the second level, if you can go beyond mind -- that is, if you can go beyond the mind's yes and no, love and hate -- there comes a silence, a peace, a tremendous serenity. This silence does not say yes, but it is full of yes because it is absolutely positive, absolutely affirmative; it is isness.
So if somebody says yes from the state of meditation, there is no opposite connected with it. If somebody says love from the state of meditation, then there is no hate coming as a shadow behind it. Whatever happens on the level of meditation is one, singular, not dialectical.

When Sarjano said "yes," it was not from the mind. That's why I named him. If it had been from the mind, I would have simply discussed the question, because then it would have been for everybody. I named him because it was coming from a meditative state. Out of his silence, it was coming like fragrance. There is no question of "no."
It is a problem for me to answer questions because I am answering individuals more than questions. But it will be impossible for me to answer each individual separately, so this is a device. Just before the questions are asked, I go through the names with the questions -- just a glance at who has asked the question, just to be sure. If it is of the mind then there is no problem, it concerns almost everybody.
If it is of meditation, then I have to indicate the person. Or if there is a certain background, without which my answer will not be understood, then I have to name the person. Otherwise, I simply take the question as it is, anonymous, not asked by anybody special but simply asked by the whole of humanity, the normal mind -- or the normal insanity.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
SINCE I HAVE BEEN WITH YOU I HAVE STARTED TO ACCEPT MYSELF MORE AND MORE. YET I AM FACING A STRANGE PHENOMENON: MANY OF THE PEOPLE THAT I MEET ARE MORE JUDGMENTAL AND CONDEMNATORY TOWARDS ME, AS IF THE FACT OF MY SELF-ACCEPTANCE IRRITATES THEM.

SINCE I AM NOT EVEN TALKING ABOUT THAT, WHY ARE THESE PEOPLE GETTING SO OFFENDED AND BEING SO CONDEMNATORY?

It is natural.
In a society, there is a deep expectation that you will behave exactly like others. The moment you behave a little bit differently you become a stranger, and people are very much afraid of strangers.
That's why everywhere if two persons are sitting in the bus, in a railway train, or just at a bus stop, they cannot sit silently -- because silently they are both strangers. They immediately start introducing each other -- "Who are you? Where are you going? What do you do, your business?" A few things... and they settle down; you are another human being just like them.
It happened here in Bombay. I was going away. As I entered my compartment the train was leaving, and my friends had come to see me off... so I stood at the door til the platform had disappeared. One man was in the compartment. It was an air-conditioned coupe only for men, for two men. Seeing the crowd that had come to see me off, he thought, "This man seems to be a great saint." As I entered the room he immediately fell on the floor, kissed my feet. I told him, "Wait! Wait!" but he would not wait. I said, "You will repent! Wait!"
He said, "What?" He stood up.
I said, "You don't understand -- I am a Mohammedan." And I could see the man looked like a brahmin; he had the mark of a brahmin on his forehead, a thread. It was too hot so he was not wearing any upper cloth. I said, "I told you... now

you have done it -- you have kissed the feet of a Mohammedan."
He said, "No, no; it cannot be."
I said, "It is up to you, you can console yourself. You can console yourself that I am not a Mohammedan -- I have no problem with it."
I sat there one minute, two minutes. And he asked, "Just tell me really, are you a Mohammedan?"
I said, "Absolutely a Mohammedan."
He said, "My God. Now I have to take a bath. Why did you not prevent me?"
I said, "I was preventing you, but you wouldn't listen. I even told you that you would repent -- not just in this life, in your next life. No brahmin has ever done this."
He said, "That's true," and he was perspiring and trembling.
I said, "You just go into the bathroom, take a bath; and if you know hanuman chalisa do hanuman chalisa."
He said, "But how do you know about hanuman chalisa?"
I said, "You -- we will talk about it later on. You just take the bath first."
He took a bath, and he was shouting "Hanuman chalisa" in the bathroom as loudly as possible. Then he came in. I smiled and I said, "You are just stupid."
He said, "What?"
I said, "Can't you see that I am not a Mohammedan?"
He said, "No! Are you mad?" and he immediately jumped again and touched my feet. This time he only touched, he didn't kiss -- to be on the safer side: "This man seems to be strange." And he said, "But why did you tell me that?"
I said, "This is my habit -- what can I do? In reality I am a Mohammedan, but just habit, old habit."

He said, "In reality a Mohammedan? That means I will have to take a bath again?"
I said, "You will have to take a bath many times because this is my old habit; I will change again and again."
He went, shouted "Hanuman chalisa" more loudly, took a deeper bath, came back... would not look at me.
I said, "That won't do because you were not reading hanuman chalisa rightly; the third line is wrong."
He said, "My God, how do you know?"
I said, "I am a brahmin, and this is my business -- to teach people hanuman chalisa."
He said, "I always knew that something was wrong, and I had suspicions about the third line; but you are a miracle. Even sitting outside you got it." And he touched my feet again.
And I said, "Again you are making that mistake." This time he had not touched my feet, he had just touched the floor. I said, "You are becoming a little more aware, but this won't help."
He said, "What do you mean it won't help?"
I said, "Scriptures say that even bowing down is enough, you will have to take a bath. If you don't want to, there is no need to be worried; I will not tell anybody. And anyway I don't know where you are going, who you are."
He said, "This is not a question of telling anybody: God knows everything, that I am bowing down to a Mohammedan. But this is strange. What kind of Mohammedan are you? Hanuman chalisa...."
I said, "Nothing special. Just by the side of my house there is a small temple of Hanuman, so people go on repeating hanuman chalisa. I go on listening daily, so I know where it

is right and where it is wrong; otherwise I don't care a bit about your Hanuman. You can say anything you want -- wrong, right, does not matter. I have seen dogs urinating on your Hanuman."
He said, "My God, you must be a Mohammedan."
I said, "I have told you many times that I am a Mohammedan. There is no doubt about it."
He said, "I am caught in a net. If I take another bath... I will come again, things will change."
He called the guard. He said, "First change my room. In this room, by the morning you will not find me -- this man will finish me! I have never been in such a nightmare as he has created."
The guard said, "But he is a nice fellow and I know him; he travels almost daily. I meet him once or twice a week here and there, all over India. He is a nice fellow. I don't think that he will create any trouble for you."
I said, "I have not done anything. I am just sitting in my corner. Whatever happens, he does it. Sometimes he touches my feet, sometimes he kisses my feet, sometimes he touches the floor. I have not done anything. I have not even given him my blessings yet."
The guard said, "You should give him blessings, if he is doing so much...."
And I said, "He has taken baths many times... but if you say, I will give him blessings."
The man said, "I don't want anything! I simply want to change the room."
I said, "Wherever you go, you will find me. This night you cannot sleep! In the middle of the night I will come and touch you, and you will have to take a bath. No guard can

do anything about it, and it is not a crime to touch you. I can simply touch you, `How are you doing?' -- that's all."
Finally he changed his room. And I said, "Listen...."
He said, "Don't give me any suggestions."
I said, "It will help you. Just touch my feet again and I will bless you so you can have a good sleep. I am not a Mohammedan; the guard is a witness."
And the guard said, "He is not a Mohammedan. You are unnecessarily... who told you he is a Mohammedan?"
He said, "Strange... he himself told me."
I said, "Now there is no witness in this room, so you can say anything -- but why should I say that I am a Mohammedan? Ask the guard; have I done anything like this before?"
He said, "Never. He has been traveling for years; this is for the first time... are you okay? Is something -- something loose in the head?"
The man said, "Then he is not Mohammedan! Then who is saying this to me again and again?"
I said, "I don't know who is saying it. I am simply sitting here."
He looked all around the room, as if he was looking for somebody else. He said, "Whatsoever it is, I am going into the other room."
And in the middle of the night I woke him up. He tried hard not to wake up. I said, "Listen; this means you are awake, because anybody who was asleep would be awake by this time. I have been hitting you so hard on your head."
He said, "You are hitting hard, but I was thinking, `It is better to let him hit and let him be gone, so this half a

night's nightmare is finished!' I am awake. What do you want of me?"

I said, "Nothing. I just came to ask you how things are going. Is any Mohammedan harassing you?"

People are continuously wanting to be in a crowd in which they fit. The moment you behave differently the whole crowd becomes suspicious; something is going wrong. Now your situation is that something is going better -- you are becoming more calm, more peaceful, more accepting of yourself. And you are not saying this to anybody, but there is no need to say it. They know you, and they can see the change. They have known you when you never accepted yourself, and now they suddenly see that you accept yourself.

In this society nobody accepts himself. Everybody is condemning himself.

This is the lifestyle of the society: condemn yourself. And you are not condemning yourself, you are accepting yourself; you have fallen away from the society. And the society does not tolerate anybody who falls out of the fold because the society lives by numbers; it is a politics of numbers. When there are many numbers people feel good. Vast numbers make people feel that they must be right -- they cannot be wrong, millions of people are with them. And when they are left alone great doubts start arising: Nobody is with me. What is the guarantee that I am right?" That's why I say that in this world, to be an individual is the greatest courage.

The most fearless grounding is needed to be an individual: "It does not matter that the whole world is against me. What matters is that my experience is valid. I don't look at

the numbers, at how many people are with me. I look at the validity of my experience -- at whether I am just repeating somebody else's words like a parrot, or the source of my statements is in my own experience. If it is in my own experience, if it is part of my blood and bones and marrow, then the whole world can be on one side; still, I am right and they are wrong. It doesn't matter. I don't need their votes for me in order to feel right. Only people who have the opinions of others need the support of others."

You are perfectly right, accepting yourself, feeling peaceful. Now accept this too, this non-acceptance by others. This is their problem -- why should you be worried? They don't accept it, let it be their problem. They already have many problems, they are very efficient in collecting problems. They even get worried about others' problems. Not only are they tense about themselves, they are tense about others too.

I used to go to my village on holidays from the university. In front of my house there was the house of a goldsmith, a very simple, very good man. And I had nothing to do, so sitting in front of him I would simply put my finger on my lips. He would see it, and he would start looking here and there... and whenever I would find him looking at me, I would put my finger up again.

He went inside and asked his wife, "What does it mean, and why does he do it to me?"

The wife said, "I don't know. You are sitting outside the whole day, he is also sitting outside the whole day. There must be something...."

He became worried. He asked my father; in the night when I went to sleep I heard him knocking on the door, so I

listened carefully. He was asking my father, "What is the matter with your boy? Because whenever he sees me he puts his finger on his lips. And strangely enough, it affects me. It affects me so much that I start doing things that I am not supposed to do, just to look busy, just to avoid him. And he is such a fellow... he goes on sitting there. For hours he will not move -- and I know he is there, I cannot work. My work is fine, and it is with fire, it is dangerous! And he does not do any harm to me so I cannot say anything to him. But whenever he has the chance he will immediately put his finger on his lips."

My father said, "You don't bother about him. You just do your work."

He said, "But how to do your work? because today he is doing it, tomorrow others may start doing it."

My father said, "Why should others start doing it?"

He said, "You will see -- because my wife was saying, `Stop him somehow; otherwise others will start doing it and your life will become hell. Whoever passes through the street, they will be passing with their finger on their lips.'"

I heard this. I said, "That is a good idea!" So I told two or three boys, "You just pass by slowly with your finger on your lips."

They said, "What does it mean?"

I said, "It simply means `our flag is the highest in the world.'"

They said, "That's right, it is so simple! We never understood it." So they went... with their flags! And the goldsmith saw two, three boys coming with their fingers on their lips. He closed his shop!

And when they all were gone he came to me with folded hands. He said, "You are not doing anything to me. But I am a poor goldsmith -- now it is the fourth day that I have not done anything; I cannot do anything. Continuously I am thinking, what does it mean? And now those three boys... soon the whole town is going to pass with their fingers up. And my wife is laughing inside; even my children are laughing. And I am afraid that they are such idiots that they may start doing it themselves. When they see that this is such a good way to harass me they will do it, and I will have to bribe them with money. I am a poor man. You please stop it."

I said, "It is very difficult, because it is a national movement."

He said, "National movement? But why in my house, why just in front of me?"

I said, "That I don't know, but it is a national movement. If you want to stop it, you do one thing: to whoever shows you the finger, you also show the finger."

He said, "That is right. But who is going to earn money? Who is going to do my business?"

I said, "That I don't know. I don't have any business, I am just sitting here. And just sitting... I thought about this national thing."

Years passed, but whenever I would go home, as I was getting down from the train he would be the first man there, with folded hands: "Don't start that, because everything is going very peacefully. National movement... let it happen somewhere else. Because I am always worried when these summer vacations come; my whole worry is that you will be coming and then, the national movement...."

People get worried about things.
Now you are accepting youself; that becomes a problem for somebody: "Why are you accepting yourself?" Strange, but human.
That's how human society has functioned up to now. That's how they keep you within the fold. If they are sad, you have to be sad; if they are miserable, you have to be miserable. Whatever they are, you have to be the same. Difference is not allowed because difference ultimately leads to individuals, uniqueness. And society is very much afraid of individuals and uniqueness because that means somebody has become independent of the crowd, he does not care a bit about the crowd. Your gods, your temples, your priests, your scriptures, all have become meaningless for him.
Now he has his own being and his own way, his own style -- to live, to die, to celebrate, to sing, to dance.
He has come home.
And nobody can come home with a crowd. Everybody can come home only alone.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
MEDITATION, UNDERSTANDING, AWARENESS, LOVE AND ENLIGHTENMENT, AND NOW TRANSCENDENCE OF ENLIGHTENMENT, SEEM TO BE INALIENABLE PARTS OF YOUR TEACHING. AND THEY ALSO SEEM TO BE ORGANICALLY INTERCONNECTED.
WOULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN TO US THE WHOLE THING ONCE AGAIN?

It is so obvious, so simple. It needs no explanation.
It needs only description.
Meditation is nothing but your mind in a silent state. Just as a lake is silent, not even ripples on it... thoughts are ripples. Meditation is mind relaxed -- don't make things very complex -- mind in a state of not doing anything, just at ease.
And the moment you are relaxed, silent, peaceful, there is great insight and understanding of things that you have never understood before. Nobody is explaining anything to you. Just your clarity of vision makes things clear.
It is the same rose, but now you know its beauty in its multi-dimensional way. You had seen it many times -- it was just an ordinary rose. But today it is no more ordinary; today it has become extraordinary because you have a clarity. All the dust is removed from your insight and the rose has an aura that you were not aware of before.
Everything around you, inside you, outside you, becomes crystal clear. And as understanding reaches to the ultimate point, there is an explosion of light.
Clarity, in its ultimate stage, becomes an explosion of light we have called `enlightenment.'
Just don't use big words; that makes things difficult.
It is simply in the intensity of clarity that darkness disappears. It is because you can see so clearly that darkness is no more there. You know perfectly well that there are animals who can see in darkness; their eyes are more clear, more penetrating. Your insight becomes so penetrating that all darkness is dispelled. In other words, you have an explosion of light. Call it enlightenment,

liberation, realization. But you are still beyond it: it is your experience and you are the experiencer. This is an objective experience; you are a subjectivity. You know all this is happening; hence the transcendence, hence going beyond enlightenment. At that peak, at that Everest... only witnessing, just pure awareness; not aware of anything, not witnessing anything -- just a pure mirror, not mirroring anything at all. They are all organically related.
And don't bother about the whole thing.
Move step by step; the other step will follow automatically.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO, SOMETIMES SITTING IN DISCOURSE LISTENING TO YOU, IT FEELS LIKE ALL BOUNDARIES DISAPPEAR
IT FEELS LIKE BEING IN TOTAL HARMONY WITH YOU, LIKE A TAMBURA SWINGING TOGETHER WITH THE SOUND OF THE SITAR.IT FEELS LIKE THE ULTIMATE ORGASM.IS THIS WHAT YOU MEAN BY UPANISHAD?

Yes, Nandan, exactly this is what I mean by upanishad.

The Osho Upanishad
Chapter #13
Chapter title: The Master's art: expressing the inexpressible
31 August 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,

PLEASE THROW LIGHT ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MYSTIC AND A MASTER.

There is an ancient Tibetan parable. It says, "When one hundred people try to reach the goal only ten ever start the journey; and out of the ten only one reaches the goal." And those few people who reach the goal are not capable of being masters. They are all mystics. They have known, they have seen, they have realized, but they cannot help anybody else towards the truth. They cannot explain their experience.

The mystic and the master are in the same state of being, but the master is articulate. He finds ways and means, devices, to indicate towards that which cannot be brought into words.

The mystic is dumb. He has tasted the sweet; it is not that he does not know that it is sweet. He is full of the sweetness, but he cannot say anything about it, he is simply dumb.

The master is articulate.

And it is the greatest art in the world.

The painter brings something of beauty on the canvas, the sculptor brings something of beauty in his works of art. The poet sings songs of the beyond.

But the master tries to create a science to help people move into the unknown way, towards the unknowable, without falling, without going astray. It is difficult -- because he has to use words, and words are very small; and what he is going to express through them is so vast, it cannot be contained in them. He is trying to contain oceans in dewdrops. But the miracle is that the masters have

succeeded in something in which success seems to almost impossible.
The mystic lives in his celebration, in his joy, in his inner music, but he is an island.
The master is a continent.
Gautam Buddha used to say to his disciples from the very first day, "Whatever you experience, however small, try to express it. Find out a way to convey it. Even if you fail, that is not important; what is important is that you tried -- and go on trying. By the time you become enlightened, you will have learned some secrets which make the difference between the mystic and the master."
The mystic is great, but is of no use to the universe. He is fulfilled. As far as he is concerned he has arrived home, he has dissolved his ego, he has become part of the universe, but the beauty that he has seen, the blissfulness that he has experienced, the benediction that has showered over him remains unshared.
And remember one thing: there are things, if they remain unshared they remain imperfect. Only in sharing do they become perfect; only in giving do you start getting more.
The mystic is closed. He has no doors, no windows. He blossoms, but his fragrance is not released to the winds.
Actually the same experience happens to the master -- before being a master he is a mystic -- but he is articulate. At the right moment when the flower is blossoming, he opens the windows and the doors and allows the fragrance to reach others. At the very moment when he is full of light, he gathers around himself people who are thirsty. At the right moment he is never alone; he is always surrounded by the seekers.

Every master has a caravan of his own -- his own people who have tasted something of his being, who have drunk the wine of his joy, who are no longer related in the ordinary ways of the world... some invisible, mysterious connections are developing. Something is transpiring between the master and the disciple which will finally dissolve the duality of both and there will remain only oneness, a tremendous silence, a profound peace, a great insight.

The master is rare, very rare.

The mystic also is rare, but not that very rare.

Many times you may come across a mystic and you will not understand anything about him. Your heart will not beat faster, you will not feel that something superhuman is close by because the mystic is closed. He has a treasure, but between the treasure and you there is a thick wall.

The whole art of mastery is to make windows, doors, and to become a temple.

People can enter into the master. He allows people to enter into him. All his effort is somehow to bring you closer -- this is only the beginning. And if you come closer to the master and enter into the temple of the master, it becomes very easy for the master to enter your temple. And only when the master and the disciple are capable of entering into each other's being does the real religion happen.

The real religion is not where you think it is.

The real religion is only in the master-disciple relationship.

The mystic has it, but he cannot give it; not that he does not want to give it, he does not know how to give it. The master comes to experience that the more he gives, the

more he has it -- it is a new economics. In the ordinary economics, the more you give the less you have.

A man stopped his beautiful car by the side of a beggar -- had to stop, because he could not believe.... The face, the body, the posture, the way the beggar was standing was not that of a beggar, it was that of a king. Even the clothes, although now they had faded away, still they carried the old memories; they were not the clothes of a beggar. And he was begging. The man in the car thought, "Bad times..." and he took a one-hundred rupee note and gave it to the beggar.

The beggar looked at the note and said to the man, "Please think twice."

The man said, "Why? Why should I think twice? I have enough."

The beggar said, "Soon you will be standing here where I am standing. I also had enough, but this is the way.... What you are doing, I did; I went on giving. One day all that I had disappeared. I still say, think twice."

The ordinary economics is if you want more don't give -- collect, hoard.

The master comes to know a new economics: that the more you give the more you have. Suddenly all the laws are functioning in a totally different way. He enjoys sharing; he wants to bless the whole world.

The mystic also wants to share but is incapable; he has no means.

The master has means.

So mastery is a totally different phenomenon.

In the mystery schools it was part of the basic teaching that a few disciples who were capable of expression were

trained. Before they became self-realized, they had to have become articulate enough. Nobody, after becoming a mystic, can learn the art of expression; that is impossible, it has not happened yet. It cannot happen because the man who has known and seen all that is worth knowing and all that is worth seeing, has gone beyond. Now to drag him back to learn the art of expression is impossible.

In the mystery schools it was a basic rule: the master had to go on watching for those disciples who showed the tendency, the talent, the genius for expression. Even if their enlightenment had to be delayed, let it be delayed. First they should be made articulate enough -- because once they became enlightened then there would be no way to teach them the art of expression.

And it has been so. There are instances. One of the disciples of Mahavira was immensely capable of expressing things which are very difficult to express. His name was Goshalak. He was so articulate that even in the commune of Mahavira, many had become his disciples. He spoke so beautifully, so poetically, so authoritatively, that the idea was bound to happen to his ego: he asked Mahavira, "You declare me as your successor; otherwise, I am going to leave the commune with my disciples."

And he was not only a disciple.... Mahavira loved him, and was training him so that one day he could become a mystic and a master at the same time. But the crowd, and disciples -- who were basically disciples of Mahavira -- were choosing Goshalak as their master. His ego got inflated. Mahavira said to him, "You were going to be something more than you are asking. A successor is not necessarily a mystic or a master. And I cannot promise anything -- it is

your own growth that will be decisive, not my promise. This is not a business, that I can promise you that you will inherit. It is not something that can be inherited."

Because he was refused his ego was hurt; he left the commune with five hundred of Mahavira's disciples who thought that Goshalak was far more advanced than Mahavira himself. Mahavira was very mathematical in his expression, aphoristic -- he would speak in maxims which you had to elaborate by your own experience -- while Goshalak had no experience but was a perfect imitator. Even though he left with five hundred disciples, it is remarkable how Mahavira responded to this.

Mahavira said, "In the coming creation...."

In the Jaina mythology creation is a circle. Just like day and night, one creation is followed by another creation, and this goes on. Jaina mythology is far more scientific than any other religion's. It has no creator, because there is no creation. It is simply an autonomous process: existence goes on creating itself again and again. And because everything moves in circles, each circle has twenty-four tirthankaras, great masters.

Although Goshalak betrayed him, his response was that "Goshalak is going to be the first tirthankara of the coming creation -- at the next creation he is going to be the first tirthankara, because he has become articulate enough. It is just that he is a little foolish. He does not understand that what he is saying, he does not know anything about. He has heard, he has not experienced.

"But he is a man capable of it. The day he becomes realized there will be a great master, not just a mystic. Right now he is just making a laughingstock of himself and of those who

are following him. He knows nothing. He talks too much. He talks well, he argues profoundly, but there is no experienced content in it. But it is only a question of time. One thing is certain: that whenever he realizes he will become a master.

"And I am happy that he has left, because this will give him more chances to be articulate, to express. Because under a big tree, small trees cannot grow -- and I am a big tree."

Mahavira had ten thousand disciples always following him, and millions of other disciples.

He said, "It is good that he has left me. This will give him a chance to be more sharp, more expressive. And I hope that one day he also realizes that what he is talking is just talk; inside he is empty."

So it is possible: A mystic is full inside but he cannot talk; and a pundit, a scholar, a pope, a shankaracharya, an Ayatollah Khomeini -- these kinds of people who go on talking about God, about soul, about religion -- have no experience at all.

It was just in Bombay twenty-five years ago; I had come for the first time to this city. The man who invited me was a very rare man, rare in the sense that there was not a single important person in India who was not respectful towards that old man. And the reason was that that old man... his name was Chiranjilal Badjate and he was the manager for Jamnalal Bajaj. Jamnalal Bajaj had invited Mahatma Gandhi from Sabarmati, Gujarat to his own place in Wardha, and had made a beautiful ashram for him there. He gave Gandhi a blank check; whatever he wanted to spend, whatever he wanted to do with the money, he could do. He never asked, "Where does the money go? What

happens to it?" And because Mahatma Gandhi was in Wardha, all the great freedom fighters in India, writers, poets, were going to see Gandhi, to meet Gandhi. And for them Jamnalal Bajaj had made a special guest house for five hundred people to stay together at one time. Chiranjilal was his manager, so he was the link between Mahatma Gandhi and Jamnalal Bajaj, Jawaharlal Nehru, Motilal Nehru, Madan Mohan Malaviya. All these people were respectful towards the old man.

He was the man who invited me to Bombay.

I had spoken at a Jaina conference, and as I came down from the stage -- it was a cold night, he was covering himself with a blanket -- he threw the blanket on the ground, took hold of me and asked me to sit down, just to sit down for five minutes with him.

But I said, "Your blanket will become dirty."

He said, "Forget about the blanket -- you just sit down -- because I don't have anything else." And I had no idea who this man was. He introduced himself; then too I had no idea, just his name.

He said, "I am inviting you to Bombay for a conference, and you cannot say no." Tears were in his eyes; he said, "In my whole I have heard life all the great orators of this country, but I have never felt such deep harmony as I have felt with you, although what you were saying was against my conditioning. I am Mahatma Gandhi's follower. I am the manager for Jamnalal, and I have lived my whole life according to Mahatma Gandhi's principles -- and you were speaking against them. But still somehow I felt you are right and I have been wrong."

And he must have been seventy years old, but with great courage to say, "My seventy years were wrong"; and he had listened to me only for ten minutes. "And you cannot say no. This conference is absolutely important because I want you to be introduced to my friends in Bombay and then to my friends all over India."

So I said, "I will come."

I knew nobody in Bombay, and somehow.... Because he was an old man with thick glasses, in the night perhaps he could not see me perfectly well. He described me to the organizers of the conference here, but somehow he told them that I used a Gandhi cap. Just seventy years continuously seeing Gandhi caps, Gandhi caps -- he had not seen anybody else without a Gandhi cap -- so it must have been somehow completely fixed in his mind.

I was standing at the door; all the passengers had left. At least twenty-five people were running from this side to that side. They would look at me from up and down, from down and up, and just as they saw my head they would rush on. I said, "What is wrong with my head? Up to the head they look as if things are going right, and the moment they see my head they are simply gone!" But finally, I was the only passenger left, and those were the only people left who had come to receive anybody.

One of them came to me and asked, "Have you not put on your Gandhi cap today?"

I said, "Now I understand what the problem is. But who told you that I have ever used a Gandhi cap?"

And Chiranjilal had got caught somewhere in the traffic. He was coming running! -- a seventy year-old man. He said, "Yes! This is the man, but where is the cap?"

I said, "You created this whole trouble. I am standing here for half an hour these people are running all over the platform looking for the Gandhi cap. If you had told me I would have put on a Gandhi cap! You never mentioned it."
He said, "My God, just old age, and I must be getting senile -- just seeing these Gandhi caps day and night... even in dreams I see people with Gandhi caps! Even in my dreams I don't see people without Gandhi caps, so just forgive me."
This man, a simple man, a loving man who had known all the great thinkers of this century in India, leaders in different professions, but he could feel immediately some synchronicity, as if the parts of a jigsaw-puzzle had all fallen together in one piece and the puzzle had disappeared. He had lived with Mahatma Gandhi for twenty, thirty years and it had not happened.
There are people who can speak beautifully about the unknown, but if you are a little alert you can see that their words are empty and they don't touch your heart, they don't stir your being.
And there are mystics who are complete, whose journey has come to an end. If you are very silent, very peaceful, perhaps the inability of the mystic may not deter you; you may be able to feel the presence of something superhuman -- but that will depend on you.
The master does not depend on you. He tries in a thousand and one ways; that's how all the methodologies around the world have been developed. All those methods that have been tried are just an approach to stir your heart, to make you feel something -- the fire of the master's eyes, the grace of his gestures, the wordless silence surrounding his words.

The mystics are beautiful beings, but they have not helped the human consciousness to evolve.
The whole credit goes to the masters.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY DO I ALWAYS WEEP WHEN I CAN'T LAUGH? ISN'T WEEPING OPPOSED TO DANCING, SINGING AND CELEBRATING?

The phenomenon of weeping is mysterious.
It does not mean that you are sad, not necessarily. It is not necessarily against celebrating, against cheerfulness, against laughing; no.
The tears have a very strange function: whenever something in your heart is so much that it cannot be expressed by normal means, tears are an emergency method. So they may mean anything.
You may be very happy, so happy that laughing will look stupid but tears will look perfectly right. Your tears will show that your happiness is not an ordinary happiness -- it is so deep that only tears can express it; it is so extraordinarily deep that an emergency method is used.
Two friends meeting after many days, many years, may not feel like talking; talking may look too profane. They may like just to hug each other and weep on each other's shoulders. They are saying many many things... many many memories, many many questions; unresolved moments of experience, of love. Tears will help to unburden them.

In India, particularly in villages, mothers don't allow their children to laugh too much. They have a saying that if you laugh too much then you will have to weep.
In my childhood, when I heard this I said, "This seems to be strange. If I laugh too much why should I have to weep? There seems to be no connection." But soon I had to find the connection, because when you laugh too much there comes a point when laughter starts flowing above laughter. There is more than laughter can carry... then tears, and it is a very weird experience that you are laughing and your tears are coming. That makes you laugh more, because these tears!... and that makes you bring more tears, because is this the time to laugh? The situation becomes a vicious circle.
Your question is that you start weeping easily....
Celebration is not so easy. Laughter is not so easy, because your surroundings have given you the idea that you have to be serious. Laughing brings down your seriousness.
Have you seen any saint laughing? Have you seen Jesus Christ laughing? It would be really a scene, a real miracle -- on the cross, if Jesus Christ had laughed, it would have been a far bigger miracle than resurrection. He missed the real point when the miracle had to happen.
You have been taught to be serious: even if you have to laugh, smile, don't laugh. Laughter seems to be rustic; you are a cultured being. At the most just a little smile shows that you are a graduate from Oxford, a serious man.
In any profession... if you are a doctor and you laugh too much, patients won't take you seriously. You have to be serious. The patient may not have anything, just an ordinary cold -- which is not a disease, because it goes

away in seven days if you don't take any medicine; if you take medicine it goes in a week. What kind of disease is this? But the doctor has to be so serious that you start feeling as if you have cancer.
Seriousness will bring a bigger fee. He writes the prescription in Greek and Latin, because if he writes in a language that you can understand then you are not going to give him even one rupee. But you are going to give him ten rupees and it is nothing; just the rubbish that you can purchase for four annas anywhere -- not in Greek and Latin -- it will just be available in the market!
The doctor has to be serious. The teacher, the professor has to be serious, because if he is not serious then the students are going to take advantage of it. The father has to be serious in front of the children; he is a father. The mother has to be serious.
Everywhere laughter is denied.
Naturally you learn all this stupid behavior, so when times come for celebrating you start crying and weeping. Your normal ways of celebration are closed, clogged. They have to be opened; you have to clean all your passages, you have to learn how to laugh heartily -- not just a smile. Why be so miserly? It costs nothing to have a good laugh.
Neither are you allowed to cry: if you are a man then it is `feminine' to cry. And it is a plain fact that women, because they are not prevented from crying, are psychologically healthier than men.
Men commit suicide more than women, the number is double -- although women talk a thousand times more about committing suicide. They also take sleeping pills, but

you will always find them the next day, again committing suicide. They never take too many sleeping pills, either. Women go mad less; men go mad three times more than women. Strange... why this difference? It is because men are repressing everything. The woman is allowed a little because she is not considered equal to men. She can be allowed to cry -- she is after all a woman, not equal to men. She can have a tantrum, she can throw things, but you will always see, that she throws things which are worthless, in fact which need to be thrown. She tries to hit you but never hits you; she always makes it a point to miss you.

You are not supposed to do such things; you are a man, a serious man: a doctor, a professor, an engineer, a scientist, a bishop, a cardinal. It doesn't look right for a cardinal to throw a tantrum. But a woman is a woman -- crying, throwing things, weeping -- she throws out her insanity in installments. You go on collecting wholesale; then one day it erupts like a volcano, then it is beyond your control.

To me, it is absolutely beautiful to cry, beautiful to laugh, beautiful to enjoy, dance, sing.

The poor sannyasin who sings here... somebody met him yesterday and they told him, "Unless we kill you, you are this man he is going to sing every day." They followed him. He was very much afraid. He has not done anything to them but they are against singing, it seems, and they wanted him to stop singing.

There are people who are against singing. There is a whole religion, Mohammedanism -- millions of people who are against singing. Strange -- singing is sin! If singing is sin, then what can be virtue? If dancing is sin, then what can be art?

But we have made a world on almost insane principles. Just a simple sanity is needed and humanity will start flowering in all ways, in all directions, in all dimensions. It is beautiful to see somebody laughing, or to see tears come into somebody's eyes. Even though they are of sadness, still they have a beauty of their own because they have a silence; but they can be of joy....
All the religions of the world have been against life, so anything that makes life more alive, they have been trying to cut its roots.
I am all for life.
Everything in life should be accepted -- not tolerated, but accepted joyously -- and only then will we have a man who is psychologically sane.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
MY PARENTS HAVE SHOWN ME MANY GIRLS FOR THE PURPOSE OF MARRIAGE. BUT DURING THE FIRST MEETING, IF I MENTION YOUR NAME THERE IS NO QUESTION OF MEETING AGAIN, AS IF I AM UNFIT AND CRAZY TO ALL OF THEM -- INCLUDING MY PARENTS WHO ARE FANATIC, ORTHODOX TYPES.

I THINK THAT FOR MY WHOLE LIFE I AM GOING TO MISS SHARING MY TOTAL LOVE AND BLISSFULNESS WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX, WITH ONE WHO HAS THE SAME STATE AND SPACE OF AWARENESS AND CONSCIOUSNESS WHICH YOUR WORDS SO BEAUTIFULLY DESCRIBE.

YOU HAVE SO RIGHTLY SAID THAT LIFE, LOVE AND DEATH HAPPEN; SO CAN YOU INDICATE HOW TO MAKE LOVE HAPPEN IN THIS LIFE?

It is so simple. Just avoid your parents! What business do these fellows have in your marriage?

It is strange in the first place that you allow them to stand between you and the girl, and to decide. They bring the girl to show to you -- do you belong to this century or to some ancient, golden age?

Then it was right, because children were married. Now a six year old boy cannot go by himself to find a girl. He has to be brought forcibly, because he wants to go somewhere else! He has so many other things to do -- what nonsense this marriage is to a six year old boy.

My mother has said to me that she was seven years old when she was married. Now the whole house and the whole village was receiving the marriage party outside, and she was tied to a pillar inside the house. Because she was insisting: she could not understand that everybody was allowed to see the show, only she was not allowed. This is strange! And moreover, they all said, "This is your marriage." "If this is my marriage, then I must be there. Everybody else is there, only I am tied to this pole!"

You should be contemporary. Just tell your parents, "What are you doing? You have never loved; you don't know what love is. How are you going to choose a girl who is going to be my beloved? What criteria have you got? You were married by your parents, they were married by their parents...."

Love has not existed in the East at all.

We have destroyed love and replaced it with a false, plastic thing -- marriage. But it is time.

And you are not a small boy, a small girl, that the parents have to decide. So in the first place, put your parents right: "You do your job: fight with mom. And I am going to Chowpati to find a girl."

What nonsense are you talking about? -- "Am I going to live without a woman in my life." Search for your girl yourself. This is the beginning of seeking! Unfortunately, you are going to find, so don't be worried. It is very rare, very fortunate people like me who manage not to succeed, who go on failing. But you will not fail.

And what is the need of bringing my name in when you are looking for a girl? That is certainly dangerous. You can bring my name in when you are married -- then it is something great. So whenever you want a good fight you can bring my name in. But as far as the beginning is concerned, even if the girl brings up my name you pretend as if you don't know anything about me; she may bring it up, you simply ignore it. No girl on Chowpati.... Juhu is different: here, if you don't know my name no girl is going to look at you! Just mention my name and that's enough, you have said "I love you," -- and then other things will follow.

Just be a little alert about with whom you are talking. If you see it is a girl who looks like a sannyasin... and no sannyasin can hide.

The Indian government has informed all the embassies that no sannyasins should be given entry into India, so sannyasins are going there without the mala, without orange clothes, but somehow they are caught. Now letters

have started reaching me: "What is the matter? Those people immediately start asking questions about you. They say there is something in sannyasins that makes them different -- they look more stable, more centered; more integrated, more together; more graceful, unafraid of the world."

So if you see that somebody is a sannyasin you can drop my name and it will be of great help, but if you see that somebody is not a sannyasin then avoid my name. Wait a little. You are a sannyasin; you know what waiting means. First just let the marriage be registered; then, going out of the registry office you can mention my name -- and you can tell the whole thing, because from there begins the story of your tragedy.

But you seem to miss it very much, and you must have a taste of it. That is your birthright, and in fact it is absolutely necessary. Unless you go through the tragedy of marriage, you will never understand the freedom of sannyas. So I don't say don't get married. I say get married as quickly as possible. Finish with that experiment quickly and become a sannyasin.

And with marriage I may be able to make two sannyasins -- because both have suffered. It is not only you that has suffered.

First put your parents right, that "It is none of your business. Now I am going to search -- first on Chowpati. If I fail on Chowpati I am going to Juhu." Here you will not fail, so before you enter Juhu think twice!

Question 4

BELOVED OSHO,

IN THE PAST YOU ADVOCATED VARIOUS PATHS OF SELF-REALIZATION LIKE AWARENESS, YOGA, TANTRA, DEVOTION AND THE REST OF THEM. BUT EVER SINCE YOU RESUMED SPEAKING, AFTER THREE YEARS OF SILENCE, YOU HAVE BEEN PUTTING ALL THE EMPHASIS ON AWARENESS ALONE.
COULD YOU PLEASE SAY A FEW WORDS ON THIS MATTER?

All the methods that lead man to realization are, essentially, awareness. Their non-essential components may be different.
I have spoken on yoga, on tantra, on Hassidism, on Tao, on Zen, on all possible methods that humanity has tried. I wanted you to be aware of all the ways through which man has been searching to reach the truth that liberates -- but each method is essentially awareness.
That's why now I am emphasizing only awareness.
So whatever you are doing, whatever method you are practicing, it makes no difference. Those are different names given by different people in different ages, but they were all practicing awareness.
In essence, it is only awareness that leads you to the ultimate goal.
There are not many paths. There are many names for one path, and that one path is awareness.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,

SITTING AT YOUR FEET, DRINKING FROM YOUR WINE, THE ECSTASY OF YOUR PRESENCE, AND YOUR SMILE SHOWERING SUCH A GRACE ON US....
AND DO YOU REALLY THINK SOMEONE HERE WOULD WANT TO DISAPPEAR? NO WAY! CERTAINLY NOT "ME"!

It is true, Sarjano; but you have disappeared, I don't see you anywhere.
This is a cunning question.
Everybody is present; only Sarjano has disappeared! But I do understand what he means.
The master is the last barrier on the path. The love for the master is difficult to drop. One can drop everything -- one can renounce the whole world, one can renounce himself -- but unless the last thing also is dropped, that small clinging with the master remains the base for your ego.
Gautam Buddha has said, "If you meet me on the way, immediately cut my head." He is talking metaphorically. Because when you are meditating everything will disappear, but finally, you will see the master is there. When the whole world has disappeared the master is there. That is your last love, and it is so satisfying, so gratifying, that one wants to be in that state forever.
Only the master can say, "This is not the goal. One step more: remove this attachment with the master too, so you are absolutely unattached."
In absolute unattachment the ego disappears.
And the disappearance of the ego is not the disappearance of you. The disappearance of the ego is really the

appearance of you for the first time; the false disappears and the true comes to revelation.
Sarjano, you are right; it is difficult, but it has to be made possible. It is not impossible because many have done it. And you are not doing it against the master; you are fulfilling the last message of the master.
Let the ego disappear.
But it will disappear only when there is no attachment. And the moment there is no ego at all, for the first time you are.
Then you will feel grateful towards the master forever because if he had not been insistent, you would have remained in that beautiful state. But there is something beyond, more; and the master would not like you to be stuck on the path.
The master wants you to be totally liberated, liberated from everything; he is included in that `everything'.
But Sarjano is clever: he has put the question here and he has escaped to Italy! That won't help -- I will haunt him wherever he is. He will have to disappear!

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #14

Chapter title: Beyond science is knowing
1 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
THERE IS A STATEMENT BY J. KRISHNAMURTI THAT "THE OBSERVER IS THE OBSERVED." WILL

YOU PLEASE KINDLY ELABORATE AND EXPLAIN WHAT IT MEANS?

The statement that "the observer is the observed" is one of the most significant things ever said by any man on the earth. The statement is as extraordinary as J. Krishnamurti was.

It is difficult to understand it only intellectually, because the way of the intellect is dialectical, dualistic. On the path of intellect the subject can never be the object, the seer can never be the seen. The observer cannot be the observed. As far as intellect is concerned, it is an absurd statement, meaningless -- not only meaningless, but insane.

The intellectual approach towards reality is that of division: the knower and the known have to be separate. Only then is there a possibility of knowledge between the two. The scientist cannot become science, the scientist has to remain separate from what he is doing. The experimenter is not allowed to become the experiment itself. As far as intellect is concerned, logic is concerned, it looks absolutely valid. But there is a knowledge that passeth understanding, there is a knowing that goes beyond science. Only because that kind of knowing which goes beyond science is possible, is mysticism possible, is religiousness possible.

Let us move from a different direction. Science divides the whole of human experience and existence into two parts: the known and the unknown. That which is known today was unknown yesterday, that which is unknown today may become known tomorrow, so the distance is not impossible, unbridgeable. The distance is only because man's knowledge is growing, and as his knowledge grows the

area of his ignorance diminishes. In other words, as he knows more, the area of the unknown becomes less and the area of the known becomes bigger.

If we follow this logic, the ultimate result will be that one day there will be nothing left as unknown. Slowly slowly, the unknown will change into the known, and the moment will come when there is nothing left as unknown. That is the goal of science, to destroy ignorance -- but to destroy ignorance means to destroy all possibilities of exploration, all possibilities of the unknown challenging you to move forward.

The destruction of ignorance means the death of all intelligence, because there will be no need for intelligence anymore. It will be simply something which was useful in the past -- you can put it in a museum -- but it is of no use anymore. This is not a very exciting picture.

Mysticism does not agree with science, it goes beyond it. According to mysticism, existence and experience is divided into three parts: the known, the unknown, and the unknowable. The known was unknown one day, the unknown will become known one day, but the unknowable will remain unknowable; it will remain mysterious. Whatever you do, the mystery will always surround existence. The mystery will always be there around life, around love, around meditation.

The mystery cannot be destroyed.

Ignorance can be destroyed, but by destroying ignorance you cannot destroy the miraculous, the mysterious.

J. Krishnamurti's statement belongs to the unknowable.

I have been telling you that as you meditate... and by meditation I simply mean as you become more and more

aware of your mind process. If the mind process is one hundred percent, taking your whole energy, you will be fast asleep inside -- there will be no alertness.

One morning Gautam Buddha is talking to his disciples. The king, Prasenjita, has also come to listen to him; he is sitting just in front of Buddha. He is not accustomed to sitting on the floor -- he is a king -- so he is feeling uncomfortable, fidgety, changing sides, somehow trying not to disturb and not to be noticed by Buddha because he is not sitting silently, peacefully. He is continuously moving the big toe of his foot, for no reason, just to be busy without business. There are people who cannot be without business; they will still be busy.

Gautam Buddha stopped talking and asked Prasenjita, "Can you tell me, why are you moving your big toe?" In fact, Prasenjita himself was not aware of it.

You are doing a thousand and one things you are not aware of. Unless somebody points at them, you may not take any note of it.

The moment Buddha asked him, the toe stopped moving. Buddha said, "Why have you stopped moving the toe?"

He said, "You are putting me in an embarrassing situation. I don't know why that toe was moving. This much I know: that as you asked the question it stopped. I have not done anything -- neither was I moving it, nor have I stopped it."

Buddha said to his disciples, "Do you see the point? The toe belongs to the man. It moves, but he is not aware of its movement. And the moment he becomes aware -- because I asked the question -- the very awareness immediately stops the toe. He does not stop it. The very awareness, that `It is

stupid, why are you moving it?' -- just the awareness is enough to stop it."

Your mind is a constant traffic of thoughts, and it is always rush hour, day in, day out.

Meditation means to watch the movement of thoughts in the mind.

Just be an observer, as if you are standing by the side of the road watching the traffic -- no judgment, no evaluation, no condemnation, no appreciation -- just pure observation.

As you become more and more accustomed to observation, a strange phenomenon starts happening. If you are ten percent aware, that much energy has moved from the mind process to the observer; now the mind has only ninety percent energy available. A moment comes... you have fifty percent of energy. And your energy goes on growing as mind goes on losing its energy. The traffic becomes less and less and less, and you become more and more and more.

Your witnessing self goes on increasing in integrity, expanding; it becomes stronger and stronger. And the mind goes on becoming weaker and weaker: ninety percent observer and ten percent mind, ninety-nine percent observer and only one percent mind.

One hundred percent observer and the mind disappears, the road is empty; the screen of the mind becomes completely empty, nothing moves. There is only the observer.

This is the state J. Krishnamurti's statement is pointing at. When there is nothing to observe, when there is only the observer left, then the observer itself becomes the observed -- because there is nothing else to observe, what else to do? The knower simply knows itself. The seer sees himself.

The energy that was going towards objects, thoughts... there are no thoughts, no objects. The energy has no way to go anywhere; it simply becomes a light unto itself. There is nothing that it lights, it lights only itself -- a flame surrounded by silence, surrounded by nothingness.

That is Krishnamurti's way of saying it, that the observer becomes the observed. You can call it enlightenment, it is the same thing: the light simply lights itself, there is nothing else to fall upon. You have dissolved the mind. You are alone, fully alert and aware.

Krishnamurti is using a phrase of his own. He was a little fussy about it... not to use anybody else's phrase, anybody else's word -- not to use anything that has been used by other masters. So his whole life, he was coining his own phrases.

But you can change only the expression, you cannot change the experience. The experience is eternal. It makes no difference whether somebody calls it enlightenment, somebody calls it nirvana, somebody calls it samadhi, somebody calls it something else. You can give it your own name but remember, the experience should not be changed by your words.

And it is not changed by J. Krishnamurti's words. They are perfectly applicable, although they are not so glamorous as nirvana, Gautam Buddha's word, or samadhi, Patanjali's word, or il'aham, Mohammed's word. "The observer is the observed" looks too mundane. It certainly points to the reality, but the words in themselves are not very poetic, are very ordinary. And the extraordinary should not be indicated by the ordinary; that is sacrilegious.

So there are many people around the world who have been listening to J. Krishnamurti. They will listen to these words, "The observer becomes the observed," and they will not have even a far-off notion of nirvana or enlightenment or samadhi.

I don't like this fussiness. I don't want to say anything against that old man because he is dead. If he were alive I would say something against him, certainly. His whole effort -- and he lived long, ninety years -- was somehow to prove that he was original in everything, even in expressions.

I don't feel the necessity. If you are original, you are original. There is no need to shout from the housetops that "I am original," that "I am fortunate that I have not read any sacred scriptures." And this is not true, because even to avoid samadhi, nirvana, enlightenment, you have to know those words; otherwise, how can you avoid them? He may not have read them himself; somebody else may have read them, and he must have heard it.

And that's what actually had happened: from his childhood he was being taught to become a world teacher, so others were telling him.... He was just nine years old, so he was not telling a lie by saying that he had not read the sacred scriptures; but the sacred scriptures were read to him.

This reminds me of a milkman. I was a student in the university and he used to come to the hostel with his small son to give milk to the students. And everybody was suspicious that his milk was at least fifty percent water. Already the purest milk is eighty percent water; then fifty percent more.... So it is just the name milk, otherwise it is

all water. So everybody was telling him, "You are mixing in too much water."
And he was a very religious man, worshipping for hours in the temple. And he would say, "I am a religious man. I cannot do this. I can take an oath. This is my son" -- and he would put his hand on his son's head -- "Under oath I am saying that if I lie, my son should die. I have never mixed water into milk."
I listened many times. One day I called him inside my room and closed the door. He said, "What are you doing?"
I said, "You need not be worried, I am also a religious man. Just a little dialogue...."
He said, "But why are you closing the door?"
I said, "It has to be very private; otherwise, you will be in difficulty."
He said, "Strange... why should I be in difficulty?"
I said, "Now just tell me exactly. I have seen you mixing water with my own eyes.... I had to miss one morning walk just to hide near your place to see it. Just this morning I have seen it. And if you don't listen to me... I don't have a son, but I can use your son, under oath."
He said, "Wait! Don't do that. You are a dangerous man. You can do it to your son but not to my son."
I said, "What is the harm? Your son is not going to be harmed; truth is truth."
He said, "That means I will have to tell you the truth."
I said, "You will have to tell me the truth."
He said, "The truth is that I never mix water into milk, I always mix milk into water -- and that makes all the difference. My oath is absolutely correct. But please don't say it to anybody, otherwise they will start asking me to

take the oath the other way, and that I cannot do. I mix them, but I always mix milk into the water. I am making the water also milky. I am not destroying milk, I am just changing the quality of the water!"

I said, "You are really a religious man." Now what he is saying is simply the same.

For thousands of years, anybody who has reached to the point of no-mind and only awareness has given names which are far more meaningful than J. Krishnamurti's words. For example, Patanjali's word is the most important and the most ancient: samadhi. In Sanskrit, sickness is called vyadhi, and to go beyond all sickness is called samadhi. It has a beauty -- going beyond all sickness; attaining wholeness, perfection. It has a beauty and a meaning.

Gautam Buddha used the word nirvana... because he was trying to make an effort twenty-five centuries after Patanjali. In these twenty-five centuries Patanjali had been misused. The people who were trying to reach samadhi made it some kind of ego trip. The word `samadhi' is very positive -- beyond all illness, wholeness. There is a loophole in it: it can give you an idea that "I will become perfect, beyond all limitations, all sicknesses. I will become whole." But the danger is that this "I" may be your ego -- most probably it will be, because your mind is still there. The samadhi is true when the mind is gone. Then you can say, "I have gone beyond sickness" because the ego was also a sickness -- in fact, the greatest sickness that man suffers from. Now your "I" does not mean ego. It simply means your individuality, not your personality. It simply means the universal in you, just the dewdrop which

contains the ocean. The emphasis has changed completely. It is not the dewdrop that is claiming; it is the ocean that is proclaiming.

But because many people became egoistic... and you can see those people even today. Your saints, sages, mahatmas, are so full of ego that one is surprised -- even ordinary people are not so full of ego. But their egos are very subtle, very refined.

Gautam Buddha had to find a new word, and the word had to be negative so that ego could not make a trick for itself. `Nirvana' is a negative word; it simply means "blowing out the candle"... a very beautiful word. Blowing out the candle, what happens? -- just pure darkness remains. Buddha is saying that when your ego has disappeared like the flame of the candle, what remains -- that silence, that peace, that eternal bliss -- is nirvana.

And certainly he was successful: nobody has been able to make nirvana an ego-trip. How can you make nirvana an ego-trip? The ego has to die. It is implied in the word itself, that you will have to disappear in smoke. What will be left behind is your true reality, is your pure existence, is your truth, is your being -- and to find it is to find all.

But Buddha had a reason to change the word `samadhi' into `nirvana'. J. Krishnamurti had no reason at all, except that he was obsessed with being original. What he says describes the fact: the observer is the observed -- but it has no poetry. It is true, but it has no music.

But that is true about J. Krishnamurti's whole philosophy: it has no music, it has no poetry. It is purely a rational, logical, intellectual approach. He was trying hard somehow to express the mystic experience in rational and logical

terms, and he has been successful in many ways, but he has destroyed the beauty.
He has brought the mystic experience closer to rational philosophizing; but the mystic experience is not philosophy, it is always poetry. It is closer to painting, closer to singing, closer to dancing, but not closer to logic -- and that's what he was doing. And my opposition to him is based on this ground. My effort is to bring mysticism to your dance, to your song, to your love, to your poetry, to your painting -- not to your logic.
Logic is good for business, it is good for mathematics. It is absolutely useless as far as higher values are concerned.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
SINCE YOU HAVE SPOKEN ABOUT THE BEARD, IT REMINDS ME ABOUT THE PROBLEM I FACE BECAUSE OF MY BEARD.
DUE TO MY BEARD, MY FACE HAS TAKEN ON SOME RESEMBLANCE TO YOURS. SOME PEOPLE COME AND PROSTRATE THEMSELVES BEFORE ME, MISTAKING ME FOR YOU. IN PUBLIC PLACES, SOME COMMENT, "THERE GOES RAJNEESH!"
I HAVE COMPARED MY EARLIER PHOTOGRAPHS WITH YOURS, BUT I FIND NO RESEMBLANCE AT ALL. AT HOME THERE ARE MANY PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOU, AND ANYONE WHO VISITS MY HOME REMARKS WITH SURPRISE AT WHY I HAVE SO MANY PHOTOGRAPHS OF MYSELF IN MY HOME. EVEN SOME SANNYASINS REMARK ON THE RESEMBLANCE.

IN SPITE OF BEING AWARE ABOUT ALL THIS, AT LEAST AT MY LEVEL, THIS CREATES MIXED FEELINGS IN ME -- LIKE EGO, PRIDE, AND A FEELING OF SUPERIORITY.
IS THIS SOME KIND OF MISCHIEF PLAYED BY THE BEARD, OR IS THERE A PURPOSE?
BELOVED OSHO, I AM EXTREMELY GRATEFUL AND FULL OF GRATITUDE FOR YOUR UNBOUNDED COMPASSION FOR ME.
WILL YOU KINDLY EXPLAIN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

Govind Siddharth, the question may sound ordinary to many people; it is not.
Before I answer your question...
I have remembered asking my father in my childhood.... We were visiting a Jaina temple where twenty-four Jaina prophets had their statues in a line. All were exactly the same, and their times were thousands of years apart. The first Jaina master must have lived ten thousand years ago. The last was two thousand five hundred years ago; so many years between those twenty-four tirthankaras, but they all looked exactly the same! -- so much so that even the worshipper in the temple, the professional worshipper who worships every day, could not tell any difference -- who is who? So finally they made symbols; under each statue there is a symbol, a small symbol. You may not even notice it, that underneath Mahavira there is a line. The worshipper knows it; he can tell you that this is Mahavira's statue, this is Adinatha's statue. And you are surprised -- there is no

difference at all. You can replace the statues and nobody will be able to find out.

My father was a very sincere man. He never said to me that "When you are older, more mature, you will understand." He never said that to me. He simply accepted that he did not know. And he said that if I ever came to know I should remember to tell him, because he did not know.

What has happened? It is not possible that in thousands of years' time, twenty-four persons were born absolutely resembling each other. You cannot find two persons on the whole earth resembling each other exactly. Even twins are not absolutely the same: the mother recognizes them, their friends recognize them, and their husbands have to recognize them... just small differences.

After my enlightenment it became clear to me, as my clarity became complete, that the reason why those twenty-four statues are exactly the same is not that those twenty-four persons were exactly the same. But those twenty-four persons were doing exactly the same meditation. Their inner being was moving on the same staircase and that was affecting their physical bodies. That is natural. When they became enlightened their outer bodies also started resembling each other a little bit and this fact was noted down by the sculptors.

It is a miracle, and to make it clear to the coming generations they made those twenty-four statues exactly alike. They are indicating a fact: that if your inner being moves in the same direction, your outer expressions are bound to change. Your eyes will start having the same light, your hands will start having the same grace, your words will start having the same authority.

Govind Siddharth, it is not the beard that is creating the mischief. In fact, why you started growing the beard; that is the problem!

People who have been around me slowly start growing a beard. I don't say anything to them, but something happens in their minds. They start realizing that the beard is a natural thing to a man, and to shave it is as ugly as a woman starting to grow a beard. Just think of a woman.... And it is not difficult -- she can just have a few injections, a few hormones that are needed to grow a beard, and she will have a beard! But I don't think that any man would like her, or that anybody is going to say, "What a beautiful woman!" But the beard, to men, is a natural thing.

As you start meditating, your life becomes more and more natural in so many ways. The beard is just a small part of it. You will find it easier to have a beard, more spontaneous. And this is symbolic of other happenings in your life: the way you walk, the way you see, the way you sit.

So don't be angry with those people who prostrate themselves before you. Just bless them on my behalf because they are not prostrating themselves before you, they are prostrating themselves before me -- you are simply a medium. So on my behalf just bless them, and you will be surprised that your blessing reaches to their hearts. You can see the joy, the blissfulness that comes to them by your blessing.

I can understand your embarrassment, but what to do? To be with a man like me you have to go through many sufferings -- these are the sufferings. You have to pay for it.

But there is no need to feel ego, no need to feel pride. Just feel humble that you have become a vehicle, that you have become a medium, that people can see me through you. And don't try to convince them that they are wrong; don't try to convince them that you are somebody else. You are not! In that particular moment I am absolutely visible, through you, to them. They are not committing a mistake. But you are not aware that you have become transparent. Your meditation will make you more and more transparent. Soon, hundreds of my sannyasins will have to face the same problem.

But you should rejoice that your consciousness is growing, that your mirror is getting more and more clean. It is not the beard, it is your growth of consciousness that gives the feel... and the feel is so strong that those people will not be able to see the distinctions that you can see. You can compare photographs, and you can see that they don't resemble each other. Why are people coming to your house and asking why you have your own photographs all around?

It reminds me -- a great painter wanted to paint Ramakrishna; he asked permission. He painted Ramakrishna, and when the painting was complete he brought the painting to Ramakrishna. It was early morning... his usual gathering, his disciples, visitors, and the painting was brought. And Ramakrishna touched the feet of the painting! The painter could not understand, Ramakrishna's followers could not understand. They said, "He is really mad. It is his own painting, his own picture, and the guy is touching his own feet!"

The painter said, "I am not accustomed to the ways of mystics, but this looks like madness. This is your picture."
Ramakrishna said, "But when you made it, I was in samadhi; it is a painting of samadhi too. I am irrelevant. And when somebody brings a picture of samadhi in front of me, that I should not pay respect to it is impossible. Let the whole world call me mad. It is Ramakrishna's body; it could be somebody else's body, that does not matter. What matters is that you have succeeded in catching the spirit. That moment of silence that was inside me, I can see it in your picture."
Even a picture.... A disciple is a living painting of his master. As he comes closer to the heights, more and more people will see the master in him.
So what is happening is perfectly right.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
FOR YEARS I HAVE NOTICED THAT WHENEVER I BOW DOWN AND TOUCH YOUR FEET, YOU HAVE NEVER PUT YOUR HAND ON MY HEAD, WHICH GENERALLY YOU DO TO OTHERS.
BUT LATE ON THE NIGHT OF YOUR ARRIVAL IN BOMBAY I SUDDENLY FELT YOUR TWO HANDS PUT ON MY HEAD, AND WITH IT A CONTINUOUS LIGHTNING GOING ON IN MY FOREHEAD AT THE THIRD EYE. FIRST I THOUGHT THAT IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY IMAGINATION DUE TO MY DEEP LONGING TO HAVE YOUR HAND PUT ON MY HEAD. BUT AS THE LIGHTNING WAS SO STRONG I

WOKE UP, AND BECAME FULLY AWARE THAT IT WAS ACTUALLY HAPPENING.
MY HEART WAS FULL OF GRATITUDE, AND TEARS STARTED ROLLING DOWN. IT WAS ALL SO BLISSFUL AND BEYOND WORDS TO DESCRIBE IT.
IN DEEP GRATITUDE I BOWED DOWN AND TOUCHED YOUR FEET, AND SLOWLY, SLOWLY EVERYTHING BECAME NORMAL.
EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING MY FIVE YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER RUSHED TO ME AND WOKE ME UP SAYING, "YOUR OSHO HAS COME TO BOMBAY."
BELOVED OSHO, PLEASE ACCEPT MY DEEP GRATITUDE FOR YOUR UNBOUNDED COMPASSION ON ME. IF YOU FEEL AT ALL THAT IT IS NECESSARY, WILL YOU PLEASE KINDLY COMMENT?

Govind Siddharth, it would have been better if you had not asked the question -- because I always touch the heads of the wrong people. They need it; they need all the support possible.
The people who are growing on their own do not need any support. I put my hands on their heads only when they have done everything that they could do and they need the last push.
Yes, I have been avoiding your head, and avoiding it almost for twenty-five years -- it is difficult to remember whose head to touch and whose head not to touch -- but now you had earned it, deserved it.

There have been very few people who have been with me for so long, with such trust, with such devotion. This is the first time he has asked any questions, and I think the last time -- because he has asked all the questions!

But he has been growing. Many people have come and gone, but he has remained the same -- with the same love, with the same devotion -- and has continued to work upon himself. And I have not been helping him much, not even this much -- putting my hand on his head, which is not a difficult thing. I have been doing it to thousands of heads, but those heads are very thick.

I was waiting... one day I will touch Govind Siddharth's head, but that day will be when he is really in need -- when he has done everything, has not left anything undone and only a small push is needed from my side.

So what happened to you was not your imagination.

And now many more things will start happening, because now the doors are open and you are inside the temple.

Question 4

SECONDLY, ALL THESE YEARS I HAVE NOTICED THAT YOU ADDRESS CERTAIN SANNYASINS, INCLUDING ME, BY OUR ORIGINAL NAME, NEVER USING OUR SANNYAS NAME. NOT ONLY THIS, BUT YOU AFFIX TO OUR NAME "JI," "BABU," "BHAI" -- A SIGN OF RESPECT SHOWN TO ELDERS. BELOVED OSHO, YOU BEING MY RESPECTED AND BELOVED MASTER, I FEEL PAINFULLY AWKWARD AND AS IF I MUST BE LACKING SOMETHING WHEN YOU ADDRESS ME THUS. WHY IS THIS SO? WILL YOU PLEASE KINDLY COMMENT?

Govind Siddharth, this is true. There are a few people who I have known long before the initiation into sannyas started. Even before sannyas they were sannyasins by their attitude, by their gratefulness. So when they took sannyas, as far as I was concerned, there was no change. They were already sannyasins to me. They were unaware of it, but to me there was no change. This was the reason that I continued their old names.

For example, I am addressing Govind Siddharth for the first time; otherwise I have always called him Lashkariji. Kakubhai... Falibhai... Jayantibhai... I have known them for so many years before sannyas, and there has been no drastic change. They smoothly moved into sannyas, so smoothly that I don't remember a few of their sannyas names. I don't know what is the name of Falibhai, and there is no need. Falibhai will become enlightened as Falibhai. He must know his sannyas name, but I have forgotten because I have never used it. And that was the case with Lashkariji. Today I have used Govind Siddharth before you all, but from tomorrow -- again Lashkariji!

Names don't matter.

I can understand your embarrassment that I am calling everybody else by the sannyas name and not calling you by the sannyas name -- "Is there something missing?" No, there is not anything missing. Even before you became a sannyasin there was nothing missing. Your sannyas has not been a revolution but an evolution. You have simply grown; you have not taken any jump, there has not been any need.

And you should understand my trouble also: when I see you, I don't remember Govind Siddharth, I remember Lashkariji. So you should be compassionate towards me too; I have my troubles. Now when Kakubhai comes to see me, I don't know his sannyas name. But the important thing is sannyas, not the name. And it is something inner, not something outer. So don't feel that way.

I can see the point, that you respect me. And this has been the human tradition all over the world: that if you respect me then I cannot respect you -- and that is absolutely wrong.

If you go to a Jaina monk and you put both your hands together with deep respect and bow down to him, he cannot do the same to you -- because you are respecting him, you are putting him on a higher pedestal; now from that pedestal he can only bless you. Jaina scriptures, Hindu scriptures, Buddhist scriptures all prohibit it: sannyasins should not be respectful towards non-sannyasins. They should be compassionate -- compassion keeps you above them.

But about everything, my approach is different. I respect all those who respect me. I love all those who love me.

The more you respect me, the more I respect you; it is a mutual phenomenon. There is no question of somebody being superior and somebody being inferior.

In Gautam Buddha's life, he liked to tell stories from his old lives. In one of his lives, when he was not enlightened, he heard about an enlightened man and went to see him. He was a man of great charisma. Buddha had come with all kinds of questions and doubts and skepticism, but as he came close to him he forgot everything. He went down,

touched his feet with tremendous respect. But as he stood up, he was surprised and shocked that the awakened man touched his feet. Buddha said to him, "What are you doing? You are awakened, you have arrived. Your journey is finished; I have not even taken the first step. It looks so embarrassing that before this whole crowd you touched my feet."

The man laughed and he said, "Don't be worried. I have not touched your feet, I have touched your future. Yesterday I was not awakened; tomorrow you will be awakened. So what is the difference? -- just a question of time. And it is absolutely necessary that I touch your feet, because I can see that you are going to become a great master. Millions of people will pay respect to you.

"Don't forget that one enlightened man has touched your feet while you were not enlightened -- remember it. Be respectful to those people -- because they may be asleep, but what is the difference between the asleep man and the awakened man? So little.... The asleep will become awakened, will have to become awakened -- how long can he sleep?"

So as far as I am concerned, I am not one of your so-called holier-than-thou saints.

I love you. I respect you. I am grateful, as you cannot conceive.

I am immensely thankful to every person who has come to me to share my joy, to share my being, to be part of my celebration.

Question 5

BELOVED OSHO,

SINCE SHAKTIPAT ON THAT NIGHT I AM FEELING VERY LAZY. FOR THE WHOLE DAY I LIE DOWN DOING NOTHING. EVEN TO EAT OR TAKE A BATH, I HAVE TO FORCE MYSELF. I CANNOT EVEN DO MEDITATION TECHNIQUES. EVEN IF I FORCIBLY TRY TO DO THEM, I AM FORCED TO LEAVE THEM HALF WAY. ALL THIS IS DROPPING OFF. A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION IS HAPPENING. MY BLOOD PRESSURE FLUCTUATES, THE HEAD REMAINS HOT ALL THE TIME; THE SEX URGE HAS INCREASED. A DIFFERENT TYPE OF UNDERSTANDING -- OR EVEN BETTER TO SAY, EXPERIENCING -- IS HAPPENING.

SO MANY THINGS WHICH I HAD UNDERSTOOD WITH CERTAIN MEANINGS BEFORE, HAVE NOW BEEN GIVEN AN ABSOLUTELY NEW MEANING. A STRANGE ACCEPTANCE HAS COME TO LIFE.

I FIND THERE IS NOTHING GOOD OR BAD, NOTHING NEW OR OLD: PEOPLE ARE AS THEY SHOULD BE, AND CANNOT BE OTHERWISE. I ALSO FEEL NOW THAT PEOPLE WHOM I HAD MET BEFORE AND WORKED WITH -- THERE WAS NEVER A REAL MEETING WITH THEM. I NOW REALIZE THAT ALL OF THEM WERE WORKING WITH THE SAME LOVE AND AFFECTION, IN THEIR OWN WAY, BUT I HAD MY OWN CONCLUSIONS AND OPINIONS ABOUT THEM -- AND THAT WAS THE HINDRANCE IN MEETING AND UNDERSTANDING THEM. FOR THE FIRST TIME I FEEL I HAVE COME TO KNOW THEM, WHAT THEY

WERE DOING, AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING CANNOT HAVE BEEN BETTER THAN WHAT IT IS. WITH THIS ACCEPTANCE I HAVE STARTED FEELING A STRANGE TYPE OF LOVE AND AFFECTION TOWARDS EVERYONE.
BELOVED OSHO, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME? AM I REALLY GETTING LAZY OR IS IT A REACTION FROM ONE EXTREME TO ANOTHER EXTREME? -- OR HAS THE TIME COME TO LET THINGS HAPPEN? THERE IS ALSO A DEEPER AND DEEPER AND MORE INCREASING URGE TO JUST SIT AT YOUR FEET AND LET THE GRASS GROW BY ITSELF.

Govind Siddharth, whatever is happening is absolutely necessary.
It is part of the transformation. Just allow it to happen. Don't force anything, not even meditations. Slowly slowly, this phase will disappear and you will find a totally new experience in everything, meditation included. It will not be any longer something that you do, it will be something that happens.
Man starts by doing meditation, but ends by meditation happening.
Unless meditation becomes just like breathing -- you don't have to do it -- you are still immature, a beginner. When meditation becomes like breathing, you forget all about it. It is simply there; whatever you are doing becomes meditative, becomes peaceful, silent, loving. Everything that you do starts having a mystifying touch to it.
Small things -- a flower, a dry, dead leaf on the grass -- start having tremendous beauty. New colors, new spaces

around you go on opening. But it is not your doing, because whatever you can do will remain smaller than you. And anything smaller than you is not going to be the miraculous we are searching for.
It has to happen. All our efforts are simply a preparation for the miraculous to happen.
We cannot cause the miraculous to happen; there is no cause and effect relationship. It is not that we will do certain things, then the miraculous will happen to us, no. By doing certain things you are not creating any cause, you are simply removing a few hindrances which are blocking the way for the miraculous to shower on you. It is not a question of cause and effect.
And when the blocks are removed, you have simply to wait.
That's why the feeling is arising in you just to sit silently... doing nothing, the spring comes and the grass grows by itself.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #15
Chapter title: The art of remembering who you are
2 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I SEE THE BEGINNING WITH YOU, BUT NOT THE END. PLEASE COMMENT.

There is no end to this pilgrimage, there is only the beginning.

It is a very profound question.
Gautam Buddha is reported to have said "The world never begins, but it ends. Enlightenment begins, but it never ends. Ignorance has no beginning, but it has an end. Awareness has only a beginning, but no end."
So it is absolutely correct that you cannot see any end, you can only see the beginning. It is not my fault, it is not your fault; it is how things are.
In ordinary life, in the mundane life, everything is limited; it has a boundary to it. In the spiritual realm, no experience has any boundary; it is oceanic. It simply goes on and on, you never come to a point where you can say, "Now I have arrived." You are always arriving and always arriving, but you never arrive -- because that will be nothing but death. If the dimension of spiritual growth comes to an end, that will be a death and nothing else -- because there will be no more possibilities opening, no more doors opening, no more flowers blossoming. All has happened. At that point everything is past, and there is no future.
That's what the meaning of "the end" is -- when everything is past and there is no future.
The very pilgrimage with me begins by dropping the past. The more you are unburdened of the past, the bigger your future becomes. When there is no past left, no psychological hang-up, there is an infinity confronting you -- growth unbounded, a challenge forever. The more you enter into it, the lovelier it becomes.
The more you have traveled the path -- the goal does not come closer, but you are more peaceful, more silent, more rejoicing. Your life goes on every moment changing into a more blissful existence; it becomes a benediction -- not

only to you, but to the whole existence. But there is no end to it, the pilgrimage is endless. It is only for those who are not goal seekers.

The goal seekers are mediocre people. They have a certain goal and they reach; they become the president of a country, they have arrived; they wanted so much money and they have found it. But have you seen the misery of the goal seekers? When they have found the goal, have they found anything, really?

By finding the goal they have simply found that they have been fools, that they have been running after shadows. Now somebody is president, somebody is an emperor, but so what? It is the same man, perhaps worse -- because the journey that he has to make to become an emperor is full of violence, corruption, treachery, cunningness. He can do anything -- but he wants to become the emperor. He can sell his own soul -- he really sells his own soul -- to sit on a throne but a soulless man.

Gautam Buddha was born as a prince, and he was the only son of his father. And just before he was going to be enthroned, he escaped. The father was old and he wanted to retire. And he had a beautiful, young, intelligent, well-educated man in Gautama. He was mature enough -- he was twenty-nine -- and the father wanted him to take charge of the kingdom.

In fact, that was one of the reasons why he escaped from the kingdom, because he had seen his father's empty life -- riches all around and poverty inside. He had everything that was available in those days and he had no peace, he had no love, he had no compassion. He had never understood what is beauty, what is poetry, what is music; there was no time

for such things. He was constantly fighting against other kingdoms. His whole life had been the life of a warrior -- and what had he gained? He had simply lost his whole life in futile wars.

He had never enjoyed a blissful night with the stars. He had a beautiful garden, but nobody had seen him in the garden. The roses blossomed but not for him; he had no eye for it. Gautama had seen the emptiness of a great emperor, and he was intelligent enough not to repeat the same stupid circle again. He escaped out of the kingdom.

His father searched all over the kingdom; Gautama knew that he would search ferociously. His father's whole army was all over the kingdom; that's why he left the kingdom to go to another kingdom. But the people had seen his chariot moving on the road in that direction, crossing the boundary line, the checkpost. So the father informed the emperor of the neighboring kingdom, who was his friend, that "My son has escaped into your kingdom. Try to find him." And the neighboring king was overjoyed, because he was hoping that Gautama could be persuaded to marry his daughter. He had only one daughter, no son, and he wanted a capable man who could manage two kingdoms together. Both kingdoms were big kingdoms.

He found Gautama in the forest in a cave. He knew Gautama, Gautama knew him. And he said, "What kind of madness is this? My palace is there; if you don't want to live with your father you could have come to me. This kingdom is as much yours as your own kingdom -- and this is bigger than your kingdom. And you are just as much a son to me as to your father. We are great friends, you know it. Don't be foolish; just come with me and sit in the

chariot. If you don't want to go back home, you will not be forced."

Gautama said, "I have not left one kingdom to get another kingdom. I have not left the palace to get a bigger palace -- because I know, if in that small kingdom and small palace there was so much emptiness, in your bigger kingdom and bigger palace there must be a much bigger emptiness, futileness.

"I can see it in your eyes. Watching my own father's eyes, I have become almost an expert; I can see a person's eyes and can say whether he has anything inside, or is just a poor man. He may be an emperor... to me, you are just a beggar, just like my father. You certainly are friends. And don't disturb me. I am in search of something which cannot be taken away from me, which even death cannot destroy. I am in search of something which can bring a kingdom into my heart.

"I am not a seeker for anything that is outside me. Peace has to be within me, silence has to be within me, love has to be within me, compassion has to be within me, a sense of beauty has to be within me. Everything that is valuable is inner. I am in search of myself. Just be kind enough and don't disturb me; otherwise, I will have to move to another kingdom."

In the world there are goals.

In the spiritual realm there are no goals.

It is a pure journey, leading nowhere.

Note down the word nowhere. It is a very beautiful word. There was an atheist -- and atheists are talking about God more than theists. This is strange... twenty-four hours a day they are arguing against God. He was such a fanatic atheist

that even in his office, in big, capital letters on the wall, he had written "God is nowhere" -- so anybody entering into his office had first to read "God is nowhere". Naturally that became the subject to discuss first; the man would forget for what he had come.

One day the atheist was sitting with his small child who was learning to read. He could read small words. `God' was possible for him to read -- it was not that big a word -- but `nowhere' is so big.... The small boy read, "God is now here" -- he broke the word nowhere into now here. `Nowhere' was too big, but he could manage it in two parts. But his father -- who had written it, who had seen it for years -- had never been aware that `nowhere' can also be `now here'. A sudden, shocking awakening -- and he started thinking about it: "Perhaps the child is right. All my arguments are only arguments, I have no solid proof of God's non-existence. I have not explored the whole existence so that I can say he is nowhere. That statement is stupid. That statement can be made only by a person who has been everywhere, and has found that God is not anywhere." Thinking about it, he thought, "What to say about this whole universe? I have not even been into myself, and I am talking about `everywhere'. Perhaps I should start my journey again, from now and from here." The pilgrimage you are starting begins now, begins here; it ends never, ends nowhere -- because it is always now and it is always here. In existence, only now exists and only here exists.

In language there is there... then -- but not in existence. In existence everything is here, and everything is now. And

now and here are not separate; they are two aspects of one reality.
This is one of the most important discoveries of modern physics: that space and time are not two things. Space means here, time means now.
Albert Einstein, who worked for his whole life on the problem of time and space, finally dropped the two words `time' and `space'. He created a new word, spaciotime, because all his research led him to one conclusion -- that time and space are not two things, they are one. You cannot divide now from here.
And the journey will move from one now to another now, from one here to another here, but it is not going to come to an end. It is an eternal pilgrimage.
And one should rejoice that life is eternal, that we are part of eternity, that there is no death, that there is no end, that there is no full-point....

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
THE LAST SIX MONTHS WITHOUT YOU WERE ALRIGHT IN THE OUTER WORLD, BUT INSIDE THERE WAS ALWAYS SOME PART OF ME ACHING AND MISSING YOU. NOW, BEING HERE WITH YOU, IMMEDIATELY THE ACHING HAS STOPPED.
IS THERE ANY WAY TO LIVE WITHOUT YOUR PHYSICAL PRESENCE AND BE FULFILLED WITHOUT BEING ENLIGHTENED?

Latifa, you have asked two questions in one question.

Life can be a fulfillment without me -- because I can be within you, why should I be without?
But life cannot be fulfilled without enlightenment: that consolation I cannot give to you. Fulfillment and enlightenment mean the same thing.
There is no problem in being enlightened. It is the easiest thing in existence, for the simple reason that it is your nature.
You are born enlightened; you just have to be helped to remember it. It is not an achievement, it is only a remembrance.
An old king was puzzled: how to choose his successor? He had a son, but just like any father he could not believe that his son was capable of doing anything. He asked his master what to do. The master said, "The question is not about your son, the question is about you -- how can you be convinced that he is capable? You do one thing: renounce him, throw him out of the kingdom and tell him, `I have nothing to do with you.'"
The father said, "This seems to be too hard on the poor boy."
The master said, "If you want to follow my idea, just do it."
The son was thrown out of the kingdom and told that he was no longer the prince, he had to live his life on his own. He became a beggar -- because this is a problem: if somebody is born a king and somehow he loses his kingdom, the only profession that is available for him is to be a beggar. He cannot do anything. He knows no craft, he knows no art. This can give you something of a very deep insight -- that inside kings are beggars. Once their outside kingdom is taken away, only the beggar is left. When the

kingdom was there, the beggar was hidden, hidden from the sight of other people. But now that the kingdom was removed... the young man had no other way than to beg. Years passed. He even forgot that once he used to be a prince. Years of begging -- how can you remember? Remembrance needs a certain climate. Now, being a beggar and remembering that once you were a prince does not suit. The climate of the world of the beggar is not supportive to the remembrance; he completely forgot about it.

And there was no point in remembering; it was an unnecessary torture. You have to sleep on the street, you have to eat things that you never imagined that you would have to eat, you have to wear rags. You don't have even a shelter.

Just to survive was so difficult that even if he had remembered that once he was a prince, he himself would have thought, "I must be hallucinating. I cannot be a prince, it must be a dream. I must have dreamed, imagined; otherwise, what happened?" Because he had not committed any crime, he had not done anything to lose the kingdom, and the kingdom had disappeared. It was better to forget, because it was hurting, it was a wound. It was better that it heal.

And after many years, when he was standing before a poor hotel asking for a cup of tea, a golden chariot stopped on the road and the prime minister.... Seeing the golden chariot, the prince felt as if he had seen it before -- "Must be an imagination. And this old man looks like a man I used to know, but he was not so old." But still he could not remember that he was a prince.

But the prime minister touched his feet, and at that very moment when the prime minister touched his feet, a cloud disappeared. All those years of begging became non-existent. He simply said, "Why have you come after so many years?" Even his voice was different -- it was the voice of the prince, not of a beggar.

And the prime minister said, "The king is dying. He has called you back. The days of your test are over. The king wanted you to know the lowest possibility in human existence -- to be a beggar; so that when you become a king you don't forget that the beggar is also human, that the beggar perhaps is a prince in disguise. And he wanted you to understand that just by being a king you do not become superior. You may have everything, but deep down you remain the beggar. Your test is over and the king is on his deathbed, and we have to reach quickly to the capital."

And the people in the hotel and in the neighborhood who had seen this young man as a beggar could not believe their eyes, because the beggar was completely transformed. His face was no longer that of a beggar -- although he was still in rags, the expression of his face and eyes, the very style had suddenly changed. He was a king.

It is an ancient story. Ancient stories were not just for entertainment; they had a message. This story contains so much....

This story means that your enlightenment, your awakening, is not something that is going to happen from the outside. It is not something that you have to achieve, it is something that you are born with.

But you are born amongst beggars, and seeing beggars all around you have been imitating beggars. Your being a

beggar is an imitation. Your being enlightened is not an achievement, but only a remembrance.
The whole art of meditation is the art of remembering who you are.
Fulfillment cannot happen without knowing who you are. How can you be fulfilled if deep within you at the center is darkness, ignorance? If you don't know yourself, how can you be fulfilled? Before fulfillment, contentment, a basic requirement is to remember. And the miracle of remembering is that the moment you remember yourself, contentment and fulfillment come simultaneously -- without any effort on your part. They are flowers of your enlightenment, of your remembrance.
You can live without me, that is very simple -- because I can be within you. In fact, even when you see me as without, you are seeing me within yourself. Right now you are seeing me, Latifa, but what you are exactly seeing is an image which is within you. I may be here, I may not be here; it may be just a dream. You may wake up and you may see that I am gone.
And your love can allow me to be part of you. It is absolutely in your hands to open your doors for me to be your guest. Then the outer person is irrelevant.
But you cannot divide fulfillment and enlightenment into two things. They are one, and inseparable. Fulfillment is simply a byproduct of enlightenment. And enlightenment is so easy.... But millions of people are trying to be fulfilled. They can never be fulfilled, because fulfillment is a byproduct. You cannot directly be fulfilled; it comes as a shadow of enlightenment.

So those who have been searching for enlightenment may not have thought about fulfillment; the moment they become enlightened suddenly they find utter fulfillment. And the people who are looking for fulfillment cannot find it. In money, in power, in politics, in relationships -- they go on searching everywhere for fulfillment, and everywhere they come across frustration. Their whole life is nothing but a futile exercise. Although they are asking for fulfillment, they always get frustration because they have forgotten to understand a simple thing -- that fulfillment is not directly approachable, it is a byproduct... a byproduct -- you should not bother about it. You should work for the real, authentic experience; then the byproduct is always present.

But your question is significant, and it has a long history, as old as man himself. We have seen people like Gautam Buddha, so utterly fulfilled that you cannot think that anything more is needed. Naturally a desire arises in you to be fulfilled like this man. You cannot see his enlightenment -- that is the problem. You can see his fulfillment, you can see his silence, you can see his compassion; you can see his kindness, his lovingness. You can see his grace, his beauty, his integrity, his individuality. Everything attracts you. You would like to have such a beautiful personality. You would like to have the same light in your eyes, the same flame in your life, the same joy, but you don't know that all these are byproducts. And if you start searching for them, you have gone on a wrong path: you will never find and you will be utterly frustrated. These things have happened to him because of his awareness, because of his becoming

absolutely conscious. These are the flowers of his consciousness.
You see the flowers. And the flowers are attractive, the flowers have a fragrance, and you would like those flowers. But you don't see that those flowers get the juice from some hidden roots -- and those hidden roots are in enlightenment. The easiest way is to be enlightened first, and then everything else that you always wanted comes to you on its own accord.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
I AM VERY HAPPY THAT I GOT A STICK FROM YOU. I AM LUCKY, AND I DESERVED IT. I AM SURPRISED THAT I DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE MIND GAME AND MY HYPOCRISY.
IN YOUR PRESENCE, AND BY YOUR INSIGHT, I CAN UNDERSTAND AND FEEL MY UNAWARENESS DEFECT AND MY SKELETON MORE AND MORE. I THANK YOU FOR THIS, BUT I NEED MORE STICKS FROM YOU SO THAT I MAY NOT CONTINUE SLEEPING.

Jayantibhai, you are getting greedy. You will get more sticks, but not according to your desire.
I cannot fulfill your greed. Sticks you will get -- whenever the time is right and whenever I see that you need it. Greed is not a need.
You enjoyed, you saw things in a different light. Let that understanding go deeper in you; let it become your blood, your bones, your marrow. And wait, wait for more sticks.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
DURING THE LAST MONTHS, ESPECIALLY DURING THE TIME YOU WERE IN PORTUGAL, A LOT OF FRIENDS OF MINE AND I WERE REALLY DEPRESSED, NOT KNOWING WHERE TO GO OR WHAT TO DO. WHEN WE MET HASYA, SHE TOLD US THAT YOU SAID THAT WE WERE ALL IN A GAP, AND THAT LIVING IN A GAP IS ONE OF THE MOST PAINFUL AND AGONIZING EXPERIENCES; AND NOT TO MISS THAT MOMENT BECAUSE IT MIGHT NOT HAPPEN AGAIN.
CAN YOU SAY SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THIS GAP?

You are with me; the longer you are with me, the more and more you start taking me for granted.
In other words, the longer you are with me the more and more you forget me.
I am available. There is no need to remember me.
It happened in the second world war that Adolf Hitler declared that on a certain day he was going to bomb the tower of London. And it was a surprising experience: Thousands of people who were born in London, who had lived their whole lives in London had passed by the tower millions of times but had always postponed -- "The tower is there, we are here. Any day we can see it." And people from all over the world are going to London every day to see the tower. Those Londoners themselves rushed suddenly when they heard the tower was going to be

bombed. There was such a big crowd that it was impossible for anybody to enter the tower, and everybody wanted to get in first.

English people are very much queue-lovers, but that day they forgot all about queues. It was such an urgency; it was not a bus stop where you could go on holding your umbrella and talking about the weather, standing in the queue and being a nice English gentleman. This was not a time to be nice, to be a gentleman. Everybody was being rowdy. Even professors, doctors, very cultured people, were behaving like rustics; they wanted to enter, to see, because tomorrow the tower would be gone.

Human mind is such that whatever is available, you become sleepy about it.

When the commune in America was destroyed by the fascist government there, America tried with all the countries other than the communist... so that no country should allow me to enter even as a tourist. This was unprecedented. I have never been to those countries; I have not committed any crime in their countries, against their law. Still, their parliaments passed orders that I could not be allowed in their countries.

Sannyasins were in a great chaos.

That's what I mean... the gap. I was available and they missed me, and now they wanted me and I was not available. They were in a state that just by being lazy, by being sleepy, they missed something that was within their reach. And now they don't know whether I will ever be available to them. A great desire to be with me.... Just the mind's pendulum moves this way -- from one extreme to the other extreme.

They were with me for five years, and they had accepted it as fact that we were going to be together forever. They wanted to ask something; they postponed. They wanted to meet me; they postponed. They wanted to see me; they postponed, postponed for small things -- because the girlfriend was insisting to go to the lake, the boyfriend was interested to go to the disco. They postponed for small things. And now they were not even aware of where I was, because I was being harassed without any reason thrown out from one country to another.
I had not committed any crime, and in the middle of the night the police would come and they would say that I had to leave immediately. They also felt embarrassed, because they had no arrest warrant, they had no reason why to show to me. And those who were a little more human were not only surprised, but said, "This is the first time that orders have been given to us, without any reasons, that `this man has to be put out of the country immediately; his presence in the country is dangerous to the country'."

And what was the danger? The danger was that the American government was threatening the country: If you don't throw this man out immediately, all the loans that we have given to you, you have to return immediately. And all the loans, which are billions of dollars for the coming two years, are cancelled right now. If you cannot repay the back loans, then your interest rate will be doubled from today. Now, those countries could not manage: they could not pay the loans back, they could not pay double interest. They could not manage to give up the loans that they had agreed upon for the future two years, because all their two-year

projects depended on those loans; their whole economy would collapse.

To one of the presidents, the American president said, "You can choose between this man and America." And the president of that country told me with tears in his eyes, "Osho, your coming has at least made us aware that we are not independent. Our independence is bogus; economically we are slaves, and against our will we have to deport you." And the American president was insisting that I should not be allowed to leave; I should be deported so that I cannot enter the country again -- because I had one year's residency in that country. So my card for residency should be taken, and I should be deported.

And the president said, "We cannot understand how we can deport you. You have not committed any crime. And how can we take the permanent residency card, which has never been taken before. Unless somebody commits heinous crimes -- murders or rapes -- that card cannot be taken. And we have told the American president that this is against our constitution, but they insist that it is not a question of constitution or law: `You simply deport that man. And because he will not be able to enter into the country he cannot go to the court, so you need not be worried.'"

So sannyasins all over the world were in a strange gap. They wanted to meet me, and they had no idea where I was. They were looking all around; they were going to one country, to another country. Hearing that I am in Spain, they will reach Spain, but by that time I have been deported from Spain; by the time they reach Greece I am deported from Greece.

It was important in the sense that it gave you many insights.

One: don't postpone; tomorrow does not exist.
And don't take me for granted, because tomorrow I may be shot dead. Because from very reliable sources in Washington -- and not from one source, but from three different sources the same message has reached me -- the American government is ready to give half a million dollars to any professional killer, to kill me.
This gap was important -- that if I am not there, then whatever I have told you, the meditations that I have given to you, will be with you. If you want still to be with me, then meditation will be the only way. You will not be able to listen to me, but you will be able, in your silence, to feel me.
It created a chaos because the commune was so settled; nobody was thinking that the American government would prove so fanatically Christian that it would like simply to destroy it.
This is exactly how life is.
Remember, we are always in the hands of death, so don't postpone the essential.
Postpone the non-essential; the essential has to be done now.
It was good that you passed through the chaos. The commune was destroyed, but the movement has become stronger. Only the future will show it, that it was good. According to me, anything that happens ultimately turns out in favor of the good. Because the commune was no more there, sannyasins from all over the world dispersed to different countries, taking the fragrance, taking the message. Now small communes are springing up all around the world. It is good; instead of having one commune,

having thousands of communes around the world is far better. It makes the whole world our commune -- and a possibility of changing more people, transforming more people.

That commune was just an experiment which succeeded completely, so we now know it can succeed anywhere. It was simply putting a certain theoretical conception into practice, and we were absolutely successful in putting it into practice. And those five thousand people who participated in it are now capable of creating five thousand communes around the world without any difficulty.

Not a single sannyasin has been destroyed. On the contrary, thousands of new sannyasins have come into the movement. And for the first time thousands more heard, started thinking about it, reading about it. It became a world movement.

The American government is repenting, they have committed a mistake: they have made a small commune a worldwide phenomenon, a household name all over the world in all the languages, in each nook and corner. People started asking what it is. And people started asking why all the governments of the world and all the religions of the world should be against a single individual -- "That man must have something; otherwise, there is no need for so many governments and so many religions to be against him."

Just the other day I received a message. One of America's very significant thinkers, a story writer and a novelist, has given an interview, and in the interview he said, "Osho has not been crucified because crucifixion is no longer in fashion, but the American government has done everything

to crucify the man." He is a Christian himself, but he has said in his interview that "After Jesus Christ, this man is the most dangerous man."
America has not done any harm. They have tried in every way, but somehow truth cannot be harmed.
And this gap has strengthened sannyasins. Even without me, the movement will go on.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY DO I REACT AGAINST THE MANAGEMENT AND THE PEOPLE IN POSITIONS AROUND YOU?

It is simple. Because you want to be in the management around me, in a powerful position, that's why you react.
You are not a humble person.
You are not here for meditation.
Here too, you are a power seeker.
It is so clear that if you cannot see it, then you must be utterly blind.
Some kind of management is necessary; it is functional. It is a small place. If one thousand people enter into this house then some kind of management will be needed, and anybody who will be managing will look as if he has power. But what power? It is simply functional, it is utilitarian. And you are reacting to it.
You can be put into management -- others will be reacting to you then. Then everybody can be put into management; then whom are you going to manage? So just don't be stupid. The people who are managing are managing perfectly well, and they are managing humbly -- nobody is

arrogant, nobody is trying to dominate. But there are moments when they have to show you that a few things cannot be done.
What do you want?
I was in Athens. In my press conference there were forty police officers. Now I said, "Is it a police conference? With whom am I going to talk?" These were the people against whom I had to talk, and they had not allowed anybody else. Only police officers were there in the conference. And the press people....
If there is no management here, you will see all the CID's and all the police officers sitting here just wasting my time -- because what I have to say is of no use to them. And they are wasting their time. So somebody has to watch every face and see how many police officers are to be allowed. A few have to be allowed; they are here. Even without knowing, I can say who is a police officer, because he is not listening -- he is looking here, he is looking there. What is he doing? He is not here at all.
So it is nothing, it is simply your ego.
Drop it.
It is nothing worth discussing; simply drop it.

Question 6
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU NEVER COMPROMISED IN YOUR WHOLE LIFE, BUT WE NEED A MASTER. HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO COME NEAR YOU WITHOUT HAVING ANY COMPROMISE?

This is from the same person.

Now, he is saying that he wants to come close to me without having any compromise. And he is also saying, "You never had a master."

Now, it is so clear: I never had a master because I never wanted to compromise. And I never went to ask any master, "How to come closer to you without compromising?" If you don't want to compromise, there is no necessity to come closer to me. Coming closer, you will have to compromise.

I never compromised, but I never had a master. So I have paid for it; I have struggled alone. If you don't want to make a compromise it is perfectly good, but then be ready to pay for it -- you will have to struggle alone. You cannot have both things together.

Just to think of a master means you are ready to be a disciple, and the compromise has started. You will have to listen to the master. You will have to drop your stupid arguments, because no master has time. The master says, "Be silent." And if he wants you to be silent for two years, then be silent for two years. That's symbolic that you have accepted a master.

Al-Hillaj, one of the Sufi mystics, remembers that when he reached his master Junnaid, Junnaid simply made a gesture with his hand for him to sit down. He did not even use language; he did not say, "Sit down." Just a gesture: sit down. And for two years this was an everyday thing -- Al-Hillaj would enter. The disciples would be there, and Junnaid would make his gesture, and Al-Hillaj would sit down.

After two years, Junnaid looked at him and smiled, and made the gesture to come closer, so Al-Hillaj could sit close to his feet.

Two years again passed, and Junnaid put his hand on his head, looked into his eyes and said, "The work is done. Al-Hillaj, you can go now. The teaching is over." He was talking to many other people all these six years, but to Al-Hillaj he never spoke a single word. These were the only words after six years. Al-Hillaj touched his feet... tears in his eyes, of gratitude.

He himself became a master in his own right, and his disciples used to ask him, "What transpired in those six years?"

He said, "It is a miracle. He killed my ego slowly slowly. When on the first day he simply gestured with his hand, I was angry. He was talking to others and he would not talk to me" -- for two years! But you cannot be angry for two years. He became sad -- "How long is it going to be?" Anger, when it leaves you, leaves you in sadness; but how long can you be sad?

Day in, day out, one month, another month... sadness started turning into silence. And when it started turning into silence, that was the moment when the master smiled at him; that was a gesture that "you have moved rightly." In anger he could have stopped, not come again -- why go to such a man; why compromise to such a man? In sadness he could have stopped -- why unnecessarily suffer the whole day? And this man seems to be hard, made of stone. You are suffering in sadness and he will not even look at you. But each master has his own way.

And when he smiled, then Al-Hillaj understood that his silence has been taken note of. He has been accepted. He was called closer.
You say you want to be close to me? I will behave exactly like Junnaid. If you have guts.... Al-Hillaj must have had guts. After four years Junnaid puts his hand on his head; six years... he looks into his eyes. That is the meeting of the master and the disciple. And looking into his eyes he can see -- the transformation has happened. There is no need to say anything to this man. He is allowed to go and be a master in his own right. And Al-Hillaj Mansoor became a more famous master than Junnaid. He had the courage, the guts.
But if you choose not to compromise, that's perfectly good. I am absolutely happy about it.
But your question is stupid. When I think about your question, you are bound to compromise somewhere or other. You cannot be a master on your own.

Question 7
BELOVED OSHO,
COME, OSHO, MY BELOVED, I PROVOKE YOU. KILL ME. I FEEL ALIVE TODAY. I MAY NOT FEEL SO TOMORROW. KILL ME NOW.

My God!
And you know the police officers are here. Killing you is perfectly okay, but even without killing anybody I am thought to be the most dangerous man since Jesus Christ. And if I start killing people this way, publicly.... Come in private.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #16

Chapter title: The truth is always individual
3 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
AS THE WORLD IS PROGRESSING ALONG A RATIONAL PATH, IN LESS THAN A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE, PEOPLE WILL BEGIN TO WONDER WHY YOU WERE NOT BEING HEARD AND ACCEPTED NOW. HAVING SUCCESSFULLY LAID DOWN THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE PERSECUTED IN YOUR OWN TIME?

Ashok Saraswati, there are many implications in your question.
First, the world is not moving rationally. It was moving rationally up to Albert Einstein; after Albert Einstein, the rational approach has become invalid. The irrational has exploded in every field of experimentation.
Now paintings are no longer rational. If you see the old paintings, you can understand reasonably well what they are; but the same is not true about Picasso.
I have heard that in one of the exhibitions of his paintings, a critic was almost obsessed with one painting. He would go around to other paintings, but would come again and

again to the same painting. Picasso was watching. Finally he went to the man and asked, "Why are you so much interested in this painting?"
The man said, "I am a critic, and this is the only painting for the future."
Picasso looked at the painting and said, "My God! It is hanging upside down."
But even that does not make any difference; you cannot rationally understand the meaning of the paintings of Picasso. But you can be enchanted, thrilled. You can fall in love. You can see the beauty of the colors, you can see the harmony. It can leave a tremendously deep impact on you, but there is no meaning. If somebody asks you what this painting means, you will not be able to answer -- because even Picasso is not able to answer it.
He has written to a friend, "I am very angry at people who ask the meaning of my paintings, because they make me feel embarrassed. Nobody asks the roses, `What is your meaning?' Nobody asks the sunset, `What is your meaning?' Nobody asks the sky full of stars, `What is your meaning?' Why is everybody asking poor Picasso the meaning of his paintings? Existence has no meaning. As far as reason is concerned, there is no rationality in existence; it is irrational."
In my words, it is mystical.
Ashok Saraswati, the world is not progressing towards more rationality. Rationality is already out of date. The genius has already transcended it.
In poetry.... You cannot ask Ezra Pound, "What is the meaning?" Ezra Pound will say, "It is poetry, and what does poetry have to do with meaning?" Poetry is something

that triggers joy in you, ecstasy, silence, peace -- for no reason at all.

The words of the poetry are not the poetry -- the poetry is somewhere between the words, between the lines. So those who only read words never come to know what poetry is; they remain hung up with prose. Prose is rational, poetry is irrational -- that is the difference. Prose has a logic. Poetry has a mystery.

Looking at a dance, you don't ask the meaning. The dance certainly affects you, certainly reaches you -- the greater the dancer the greater is his penetration within you -- but there is no reason. His movements somehow create a situation in which your consciousness starts moving. There is a synchronicity, something within you starts dancing. But there is no meaning.

And it is true of all dimensions of creativity, even about science. Physics has crossed the limits of reason, has entered into the irrational. Mathematics has crossed the line of reason.

Mathematics used to be the most rational thing in the world, because it is a product of reason. Mathematics does not exist in existence, it is purely man-made. Naturally, man has made it absolutely rational. But even mathematics got into trouble in this century because physics, biochemistry, chemistry -- everything was moving beyond reason, beyond meaning. And mathematics has been the base of it all.

One great mathematician, Godel, was writing a masterpiece on mathematics. It was going to be the ultimate book about mathematics, and he was capable of doing it. He devoted almost his whole life -- thousands of pages, and he was just

going to conclude it. At that time another mathematician and philosopher, Bertrand Russell, was also working on a great work on mathematics, PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA, to include everything.

Mathematics was thought to be the perfect science. But Bertrand Russell came across a small puzzle in a children's magazine, and he could not solve it -- and he is one of the great mathematicians of this age. That puzzle has become known as `Bertrand Russell's paradox.' Godel wrote him that he was just going to conclude his book, and Bertrand Russell said, "Before you conclude it, please think this puzzle over," and he sent this puzzle to Godel.

The puzzle was very simple. The puzzle is that every librarian of the country receives an order to make a catalogue of all the books that are in the library. And he has to make two catalogues: one will remain with him in the library, and one has to be sent to the central library of the country.

Many librarians felt the difficulty -- what to do about the catalogue? One catalogue is going to remain in the library; now that is a book -- has it to be included in the catalogue or not?

It was very difficult. You cannot include it; it never existed. It is simply a catalogue. But you have made it, it has come into existence, and now it will remain in the library. If there were three thousand books, now there will be three thousand and one books. What about that one book? Should it be catalogued?

But those local librarians simply wrote the problem to the chief librarian of the central library: "We have come across a difficult problem. We are sending the catalogue to you --

whatever you decide, we have left a place. If you feel to include it, you can include the catalogue also, but that will mean that the catalogue includes itself. That is absurd."
The chief librarian was going mad. He made a big catalogue of all the books in his library and the books in all the libraries of the country, and finally the same question was again there: whether the catalogue had to be included in the catalogue or not. He had to keep one catalogue in the library, and one catalogue went to the king so that the king knew how many books were in the central library and how many books were in other libraries. If it is not included, it would be a lie; if it is included, it would be an absurdity.
Bertrand Russell sent that puzzle to Godel -- "You are a great mathematician, old, world-famous, and you are going to conclude a book which is going to be the most important book ever written on mathematics. Please solve this puzzle also; it is a mathematical problem."
And Godel went so crazy... he burned his book on which he had worked for almost forty years. The puzzle still remains.
There comes a moment where reason fails; where the absurd, the irrational, the mystical, the miraculous raises its head.
The coming hundred years are going to be more and more irrational.
I do not ordinarily make prophecies, but about this I am absolutely prophetic: the coming hundred years are going to be more and more irrational, and more and more mystical.
The second thing: After a hundred years people will be perfectly able to understand why I was misunderstood -- because I am the beginning of the mystical, the irrational.

I am a discontinuity with the past.
The past cannot understand me; only the future will understand.
The past can only condemn me. It cannot understand me, it cannot answer me, it cannot argue with me; it can only condemn me. Only the future... as man becomes more and more available to the mysterious, to the meaningless yet significant.
The rose is meaningless -- but it is so significant, so beautiful.
The whole existence is significant, but not meaningful. Meaning is of the mind, and significance is of the heart. Love is significant but not meaningful. That's why for centuries parents have been choosing marriage partners for their sons and their daughters. Marriage is meaningful. The parents are experienced; they will choose the right family. They will choose a boy for their girl who has character, morality. They will choose a boy who is a success in the world of ambition, who is somebody, or who has the potential and is going upwards and his tomorrow is going to be golden. They will see to it that the boy is going to inherit a large treasure -- money, power, prestige. The same is the case for the girl.
It is a business transaction; hence, kings will only marry into other royal families -- to create ties, so that wars can be avoided. If you look at Europe, almost every royal family is connected with the other royal families in some way or other.
I had one sannyasin, Vimalkirti -- if empires had remained in fashion, he would have been the emperor of Germany. But empires went out of fashion; his father was just a

postmaster, but Vimalkirti was the grandson of the last emperor of Germany. He was connected with almost all the royal families of Europe. The queen of England is his aunt because Philip, the husband of the queen, is Vimalkirti's mother's brother. Vimalkirti's mother has three sisters, of course married into three royalties -- Denmark, Holland, Greece; so all those royalties are connected. This was a strategy, a business strategy -- you cannot fight with your own relatives.

Secondly, it keeps the royal blood `pure', as if there is something like royal blood.

Man has lived in such fictions. Blood is blood. There is no royal blood.

You must have seen in pictures that Queen Victoria and others used such clothes that you could not see their feet. Bertrand Russell himself belonged to a royal family and remembers about his childhood -- because he lived long, almost one century. He made the century, and to live one century is really to live too much! He saw so many things happening, so many changes, so many fashions coming and going. He remembers that in his youth, just to see the feet of a woman was enough for a man to be sexually aroused -- because any hidden thing creates curiosity. And nobody has seen any queen naked, ever. It was thought that queens' legs are joined together; that's why they walked so slowly. They walked slowly because that was the royal way, of grace. But the whole of Europe thought that their legs were joined, and there was no way to find out.

Marriage, whether it is a royal marriage or an ordinary marriage, is a business affair that the parents think about.

Love never thinks about how much money you have in the bank. Or do you ask before falling in love, "Before I fall in love, just tell me how much you have in your bank account. I'm just going to fall -- before the fall happens, at least I should know about the bank account." You can fall in love with a beggar -- because love is not business; love has no meaning in that sense.

You may have loved, but you cannot say what meaning it has.

It is one of the mysteries available to everybody.

And that's why I say love is the door to the divine.

The divine is not available to everybody. Love is available to everybody. Now it is up to you to transform your love into the divine; it is the door. But don't ask for meaning; neither is there any meaning in love, nor is there any meaning in the divine.

My grandfather was always arguing with me, "What is this enlightenment business? What are you going to gain out of it?"

I said, "That is where you miss the whole thing -- the moment you ask what are you going to gain out of it."

But he said, "If you are not going to gain anything out of it, then why all this trouble? One should work for something MEANINGFUL."

I used to sit for hours silently, and he would always come... because my father and my uncles had retired him forcibly, he was not ready to retire. So in the house, only two persons were useless: I was useless because I had never entered into business; he was useless because he had been thrown out of business. So we almost always had to meet --

everybody else was busy. And I would be sitting silently and he would come and sit by my side.
And he would say, "Listen. They have retired me forcibly -- and you are a fool! You are already retired, without ever entering into any business. What is the gain? What are you going to get by sitting silently?"
I said, "I don't want to get anything, I simply want to sit silently. It is so beautiful, it is so joyous."
He said, "This is all poetry. In life, real money is needed."
And he was an experienced old man and he was right -- in life, poetry will not help. He would say to me again and again, "Listen son, nobody is taking care of you -- they are spoiling you. They are all busy in earning money, and they have left you alone for enlightenment. And never mention enlightenment to me." He used to say to me, "Even that word makes me so angry. From where did you get this idea? Just do something useful! But you are turning good-for-nothing."
I said, "Exactly that is the definition, the definition of enlightenment."
We used to go for walks in the morning, in the evening. By and by, I said to him, "Listen. Anyway, you are retired and I am not going to enter into business, so drop arguing for the business. What have you gained? You have simply been thrown out. I will remain out from the very beginning; nobody can throw me out, nobody can retire me. And you are retired, now relax. Just try for a few moments sitting by my side with closed eyes."
He said, "But unless I understand the meaning of it... I don't want to become a laughingstock. Sitting with closed eyes --

if somebody sees me they will think, `This old man has gone senile.'"
I said, "It is up to you, but one thing you should remember: that your whole life you rushed after meaning, usefulness, utility. And now you have come close to death. The day you die, silence can go with you, money cannot; peace can go with you, power cannot. And if you are full of inner light, your death can become the most ecstatic experience. You have lived the world, now try to prepare yourself for death -- and in death, the coins of this world are useless."
But he was adamant, and old habits die hard. And to listen to a small child and follow him was against his ego.... But when he was dying, out of the whole family he remembered me. I was eighty miles away in the university; I rushed back home. He was just taking his last breaths, as if he were simply waiting for me. He had become a skeleton. He wanted to say something to me; I had to put my ear close to his mouth. And I said, "You can say whatever you want to say, and this time I will not argue -- because you don't have any time. You simply say it."
He said, "I only want to say to you that you were right and I was wrong, but now it is too late." These were his last words.
Gertrude Stein, a famous poetess, was dying. She was world-famous, and I love her stories, her poetry, her parables -- because they don't have any meaning, but they are beautiful flowers. You can feel the fragrance, the freshness, the aliveness; there is a message. All her lovers, friends, were surrounding her. She opened her eyes and said, "What is the answer?"

Now this was absurd, because she had not asked any question, so how can she ask what is the answer? For a moment there was silence. Then somebody said, "But you have not asked the question."
So she said, "Okay. There is not much time left, so what is the question?" -- and she died.
There is no question, and there is no answer. Life is a mystery to be lived -- not to be questioned and not to be asked, not to be questioned and not to be answered... lived, loved, laughed, danced.
After a hundred years people will be able to understand perfectly why I was condemned so unanimously from all over the world.
Even here, just today a threat has come that if I am not going to leave this place the house will be burned. Just as I was coming to you I told Neelam to tell Suraj Prakash, from me, that if there is any problem I can move to a hotel -- because I would not like his family to be in trouble unnecessarily.
After a hundred years they will understand. Because the more man becomes aware of the mysterious side of life, the less he is political; the less he is a Hindu, a Mohammedan, a Christian; the less is the possibility for his being a fanatic. A man in tune with the mysterious is humble, loving, caring, accepting the uniqueness of everybody. He is rejoicing in the freedom of each individual, because only with freedom can this garden of humanity be a rich place. Each individual should have his own song.
But right now it is the crowd, the mob, that decides everything. And it is the mob that is condemning me

because I am asserting the rights of the individual -- and I am alone in asserting the rights of the individual.
And there are people, millions of people, but they are all divided into different kinds of mobs. In a Christian country it is the Christian mob which wants to burn me. In Greece it was the Christian orthodox church that wanted to dynamite the house in which I was living, and which threatened the government that if I was not thrown out of the boundaries of their country within an hour then that house in which I was a guest would be burned, with all the people who were in it. It was a big, beautiful old house and nearabout twenty-five sannyasins were living with me. I had not gone out of the house in fifteen days.
But the mob is afraid of individuals. The very assertion of individuality is a danger to the mobocracy; and it doesn't matter whether the mob is Christian or the mob is Hindu or the mob is Mohammedan. The question is not of the adjective; the question is that the mob is always against the individual.
And the truth is always individual.
It is never in the hands of the mob.
The people who are to come after a hundred years will be perfectly able to understand what my crime was.
My crime is the assertion of individuality against any kind of mob and its violent pressures.
You have also asked how it feels to me to be persecuted. As far as I am concerned, it just feels great! I have nothing to lose. The mob is fighting a losing battle, its days are gone. I am fighting a battle which is going to be victorious -- if not in my time then some other time. But I am on the right path. It is tremendously fulfilling that I am not

amongst the persecutors, that I am the persecuted; that I am not amongst those who crucify, but I am amongst those who are crucified -- because those who are crucified are the real salt of the earth. Only they have helped human consciousness to grow. The people who have been crucifying are sub-human.

So it is perfectly good; they can kill me, at the most. But killing me, they will be living in a very mistaken idea -- because I have come to know a source within me which cannot be killed. Only the body can be destroyed. But the body is going to die anyway -- it is far more beautiful that it dies for something beautiful, that it dies in a creative way to bring something into the world, that it is not an ordinary death. I have lived an extraordinary life, and I would love to die extraordinarily.

So as far as I am concerned, to be persecuted from one country to another country, from one land to another land, from one mob to another mob, is just a game. Knowing perfectly well, so absolutely certain, that the truth is with me, it does not matter. Even if the whole world is against me it makes no difference.

It is joyful and playful -- from my side. I am enjoying the whole drama, and I will enjoy it to my last breath -- because there is nothing to lose. Whatever life can give, it has given to me.

I want to taste death in the most beautiful way possible. And to be crucified for the sake of truth, for the sake of the future, for the sake of the evolution of human consciousness, is the only way one can conceive a beautiful death.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
THIS NEW PHASE OF THE UPANISHAD IS SO IMMENSELY BEAUTIFUL. FOR ME YOU ARE INDEED CLOSER THAN EVER. I AM GETTING A FEELING OF URGENCY, OF `IT'S NOW OR NEVER', YET I FEEL MY DEFENSES STANDING IN THE WAY OF LETTING YOU IN TOTALLY.
WHERE IS THE HAMMER TO SHATTER MY SHELL?

The hammer is here. Where is your skull?
Your skull is hiding behind so many masks, you have grown so many buffers around you.
You have to understand the word `buffer'. Between two railway compartments there are buffers. They are there so that if by chance there is any accident, the buffers will absorb the shock and will not allow it to reach the passengers inside the compartment. Or like springs in your car: those springs go on absorbing all the shocks of the road and they don't allow them to reach you.
Mind has created all kinds of buffers. So when you are hit by a hammer, the buffer absorbs the shock; it doesn't reach you. And unless you are alert about the buffers and you drop those buffers, there is no way for any hammer to destroy your conditionings, to destroy your resistances, to destroy your walls that you have created around yourself. You have created them as part of security, but they have grown too much, and instead of being a security, now it is a question of how to save you from your own security measures.

This is something to be understood. Scientists have found mammoth skeletons, animals four times to six times bigger than elephants which used to roam around the earth millions of years ago. Then suddenly, they disappeared. Science has been at a loss to find out what happened, why they disappeared from all over the world. Only recently, science has come with a hypothesis which seems to me to be correct.

The hypothesis is that those big animals went on becoming bigger; that was a security measure. They were collecting extra fat for emergency days because food was becoming scarce; those big animals needed immense amounts of food. So small animals were disappearing, and a time came when those big animals were not finding fresh food every day. They started accumulating their own fat inside. That's a security measure, so that when you are not getting food, your body has a system -- everybody's body has a system.... That's what happens to you when you go on fast. When you are fasting you go on losing one pound, two pounds of weight every day. Where do those two pounds disappear to? Have you ever asked?

I was addressing a Jaina conference and I asked, "You preach fasting as a religious thing and you think fasting is non-violent. But can you answer me? -- where do those two pounds disappear to every day? You have eaten your own meat! Fasting is not vegetarian."

The body has an emergency system. When it cannot get the usual supply of food, then it has a reservoir of its own fat. You will see, women can get fatter than men for the simple reason that they can become mothers -- and when a woman becomes pregnant she cannot eat; it becomes more and

more difficult for her to eat. The child is growing in her womb -- and the child needs food, the mother needs food -- and the mother cannot eat. Hence, nature provides the capacity to the female body to accumulate more fat than man. So for nine months she can supply a new child, a new life, with food -- and also survive herself.

Those mammoth animals started getting so much extra fat that movement became impossible. The weight of their bodies was so much that they could not move; they died because they could not chase animals to eat.

This I saw in the commune in America -- because thousands of deer had come to the commune. Everywhere else they were shot; only in the commune they were not killed. And they had a certain love for a special grass, alfalfa; so I told my sannyasins, "Grow as much alfalfa all around the commune as possible, because these poor deer, they have come as guests."

But one day I was informed that it had become a danger, because four deer died for no reason at all. The doctors investigated the case and found that we had provided too much alfalfa for them. They had become so fat -- and their legs are thin; a deer needs thin legs to run -- and they could not move. Running was out of the question, they could not even go for a morning walk! I said, "Then some measure has to be taken; then somebody has to take care that they should not get too much alfalfa. Otherwise, they have come here to save their lives but they will die just from eating too much!"

It is a security phenomenon which nature provides you with -- to have some fat gathered around your bones in case you cannot get food. You can live for at least ninety days

without food -- you will become an absolute skeleton, but you can live for ninety days.

Mind has created buffers to protect itself, because continuously, without your knowing, you are bombarded with thought waves from all around you. Everybody sitting by your side is throwing thought waves towards you; everybody is a broadcasting station. You don't hear it, the person does not shout it, but those waves are carrying his thoughts towards you. So many times you have found yourself puzzling: suddenly this thought has come to you; there seems to be no reason why it should come at this moment. It may not be your thought at all, it may be just the thought of the person who is sitting by your side.

It is just like radio waves carrying messages. They are passing right now, but you don't hear them; but just a small receiving mechanism and you can hear.

It happened in Sweden in the last world war: a man got shot in the ear. His ear was healed, but a strange phenomenon happened: he started hearing strange things in the hospital ward -- songs, news bulletins. He said to the nurses, to the doctors, "Something is going wrong. I am hearing the whole program of the radio station." At first they did not believe him, because it had never happened before. But finally they had to accept it, because in the other room they placed a radio and from the nearest local station he was catching everything.

"Now the news bulletin begins," he would say, "now this is going on, now this singer is going to sing." They were checking in the other room, and he was absolutely right. Something happened in his eardrums; they became

receptive. It was unique. But the man was going mad, because for twenty-four hours... who wants it?
The doctor said, "You are great! -- because it is unprecedented...."
He said, "That is all right, but unless you put in something so that I can turn the radio off, I don't want it! Even if I have to be deaf in one ear, I am ready; take it out. But twenty-four hours a day, even in sleep.... When in the middle of the night they finish the last statement, then I can go to sleep -- that is up until six o'clock... six hours rest. Again at six o'clock and the radio begins. And I cannot listen to other people because the radio is so loud. I cannot talk -- I am saying something, and I start saying something else -- because that radio goes on mixing with my own thoughts. It is becoming difficult to distinguish what are my thoughts and what are the radio's."
His ear had to be removed -- because we don't know any way to put a switch on it so he can turn it on and off. But it has shown a possibility, that some day you may not need big radios in your houses; college students may not need to be putting their transistors to their ears. Just behind your ear there is a knob -- you put it on, you put it off, and nobody will know. You can enjoy, it will be absolutely private; special programs can be given to those people, private programs.
I used to know a man, a very rich man who would put earplugs into his ears when he would go into his office. You could say anything to him and he would smile and laugh, but he would never comment on anything. Because I was friendly to him, his manager said to me, "Something seems to be strange. Outside the office he talks and he is

perfectly well. Inside the office he simply smiles, laughs -- and at times it is not the point to laugh. Somebody is saying that his wife has died and he laughs! And it does not look good; it looks as if he is mad. What is the matter?"

I said, "Nothing is the matter. He is tired of listening to everybody's story, so he is completely deaf. He is using earplugs, he is not hearing anything. He smiles just show to you that he has heard you."

Continuously, your mind is bombarded from all sides by all kinds of thoughts. To protect itself, each mind has created a subtle wall of buffers so those thoughts are turned back, they don't enter your mind. It is basically good, but then slowly those buffers have grown so much that now they don't allow anything in. Even if you want, they are no longer in your control. And the only way to break them is the same way as breaking your own thoughts. Just become a witness of your thoughts. And as your thoughts start disappearing, the need for the buffers to protect those thoughts will not be there; those buffers will start falling. These are all abstract phenomena, so you cannot see them -- but their effects are there.

Only the man who knows how to meditate is the man who knows how to listen, or vice-versa. The man who knows how to listen knows how to meditate, because it is the same thing.

That's why it happens here. You are listening to me. You love me, you trust me; you are so eager to drink each word. You are so intensely ready to absorb that your own inner thought process stops. The buffers drop. You feel a silence, you feel a new space. When you are gone, again the old game begins. You just have to understand the strategy.

Then you can sit by the side of a tree, on your bed, anywhere -- just try to listen the traffic noise, but intensely and totally, with no judgment that it is good or bad. And your thoughts will drop, and with that your buffers will drop -- and suddenly a gap opens up which leads you into silence and peace.

For centuries this has been the only way for anyone to come close to the reality of his own being and the mystery of existence. And as you come closer, you start feeling cooler, you start feeling happier; you start feeling fulfilled, contented, blissful. A point comes where you are so full of bliss that you can share with the whole world, still your blissfulness will remain the same.

That's what one of THE UPANISHADS says: You can take the whole out of the whole, yet the whole remains behind. This is not something philosophical, theoretical. This is something existential, experiential.

You can give all your bliss, and still the whole bliss remains behind. You can go on giving, but there is no way to exhaust it. Here you can only learn the method; then you have to use that method whenever you can, wherever you can.

And you have so much time -- standing in a bus, sitting in a train, lying down on the bed. I see people playing cards, smoking cigars, going to the cinema hall. And you ask them, "Why you are doing all this?"

They say, "... Killing time."

People have so much time that they are killing it. They don't know any other use for it.

Please, just those moments which you want to kill -- save them for meditation. And I don't want any other change in

your life. I am not asking much: simply don't kill time. And that time which you have been killing up to now, now let that time kill you!

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU HAVE BEEN MY FAVORITE UNCLE AND MY FATHER, MY MIDWIFE, A LAUGHING CHILD; MY BEST FRIEND, AN ANCIENT SAGE, MY FAVORITE STORYTELLER, AND MY MASTER... MY FIRST THOUGHT ON WAKING, MY LAST AT NIGHT....
YOU HAVE BEEN WARM BROWN EYES, A GENTLE HAND, FEET FOR MY HEAD; A TINGLING IN MY BODY... SOMETIMES A SILENCE, SOMETIMES A SONG....
YOU HAVE BEEN A HIT, A GLANCE, A PRESENCE, AN ABSENCE; DAY AND NIGHT, SUMMER AND WINTER -- A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS; A PROMISE OF FULFILLMENT, THE ONLY HOPE, THE ULTIMATE DESTROYER OF ALL DREAMS; THE ONLY REFUGE -- AND THE ONE I SOUGHT TO ELUDE; A MAGICIAN, AND JUST ONE ORDINARY MAN.
YOU WERE AN ENIGMA, YOU WERE ME. YOU WERE THE MOON, THE STARS AND ALL THAT MOVED AROUND THEM. YOU WERE THE GREEN AND BROWN, THE BLUE AND GOLD, OF MY EARTH. YOU WERE EVERYTHING, AND NOTHING. ALWAYS, YOU WERE LOVE. BELOVED OSHO, WOULD YOU PLEASE SPEAK ON THE EVOLUTION OF THE MASTER-DISCIPLE RELATIONSHIP.

There are relationships and relationships, but none is comparable to the relationship that exists between the master and the disciple.
All other relationships are conditional, even the best.
For example, a love relationship is still demanding. The only relationship which is unconditional, undemanding, is that which exists between the master and the disciple.
In fact, it is so rare, so unique, that it should not be categorized with other relationships. It is the poverty of language that makes us call something a relationship which is not a relationship. It is a merger, it is a meeting -- for no reason at all.
The disciple is not asking anything, and the master is not promising anything; yet there is thirst in the disciple and there is promise in the master. It is a closeness in which nobody is higher and nobody is lower -- yet the disciple is a woman, always a woman, because the disciple is nothing but an opening, a womb, a receptivity. And the master is always a man, because the master is nothing but a giving, a giving for no other reason than that he is so full. He has to give. He is a raincloud.
Just as the disciple is in search, the master is also in search. The disciple is in search of where he can open himself without any fear, without any resistance, without holding anything back -- totally. And the master is also in search of such a human being who can receive the mysterious, who is ready to be pregnant with the mysterious, who is ready to be reborn.
There are many teachers, and there are many students. The teachers have borrowed knowledge. They may be very

scholarly, very knowledgeable, but inside themselves there is darkness; their knowledge is hiding their ignorance. And there are students who are in search of knowledge.
The master and the disciple is a totally different thing.
The master does not give you knowledge, he shares his being.
And the disciple is not in search of knowledge, he is in search of being. He is, but he does not know who he is. He wants to be revealed to himself, he wants to stand naked before himself.
The master can only do a simple thing, and that is to create trust. Everything else happens. The moment the master is capable of creating trust, the disciple drops his defenses, drops his clothes, drops his knowledge. He becomes just a child again -- innocent, alert, alive -- a new beginning.
The ordinary father and mother have given birth to your body -- that is one life, which will end in death. Your father and mother are responsible for your birth and for your death. The master also gives a new birth, but it is the birth of consciousness, which knows only a beginning -- and there is no end to it.
All that is needed is an atmosphere of absolute trust -- and in that trust, things start happening on their own; neither does the disciple do them nor does the master. The disciple receives them. The master is the vehicle of the universal forces -- just like a hollow bamboo that can become a flute. But the song is not of the hollow bamboo; the hollow bamboo can have the credit only of not destroying the song, of allowing it.
The master is a medium of the universal consciousness.

If you are available, suddenly the universal consciousness stirs in you the sleeping, dormant consciousness. The master has not done anything. The disciple has not done anything. It is all a happening.

The ancient stories are significant, to be remembered. Seekers went through hundreds of teachers until they came to a man in whose presence suddenly the trust was there -- they had arrived. Masters were moving....

There is a beautiful story.

Gautam Buddha comes into a town. The whole town has gathered to listen to him but he goes on waiting, looking backwards at the road -- because a small girl, not more than thirteen years old, has met him on the road and told him, "Wait for me. I am going to give this food to my father at the farm, but I will be back in time. But don't forget, wait for me."

Finally, the elders of the town say to Gautam Buddha, "For whom are you waiting? Everybody important is present; you can start your discourse."

Buddha says, "But the person for whom I have come so far is not yet present and I have to wait."

Finally the girl arrives and she says, "I am a little late, but you kept your promise. I knew you would keep the promise, you had to keep the promise because I have been waiting for you since I became aware... maybe I was four years old when I heard your name. Just the name, and something started ringing a bell in my heart. And since then it has been so long -- ten years maybe -- that I have been waiting."

And Buddha says, "You have not been waiting uselessly. You are the person who has been attracting me to this village."
And he speaks, and that girl is the only one who comes to him: "Initiate me. I have waited enough, and now I want to be with you."
Buddha says, "You have to be with me because your town is so far off the way that I cannot come again and again. The road is long, and I am getting old."
In that whole town not a single person came up to be initiated into meditation -- only that small girl.
In the night when they were going to sleep, Buddha's chief disciple Ananda asked, "Before you go to sleep I want to ask you one question: do you feel a certain pull towards a certain space -- just like a magnetic pull?"
And Buddha said, "You are right. That's how I decide my journeys. When I feel that somebody is thirsty -- so thirsty that without me, there is no way for the person -- I have to move in that direction."
The master moves towards the disciple.
The disciple moves towards the master.
Sooner or later they are going to meet.
The meeting is not of the body, the meeting is not of the mind. The meeting is of the very soul -- as if suddenly you bring two lamps close to each other; the lamps remain separate but their flames become one. Between two bodies when the soul is one, it is very difficult to say that it is a relationship. It is not, but there is no other word; language is really poor.
It is at-oneness.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #17

Chapter title: Saying thank you to an empty room
4 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
ONCE AGAIN, I WAS SITTING IN HOLLAND MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS WHEN I HEARD YOU HAD LANDED IN BOMBAY. IT TOOK ME THREE DAYS TO DECIDE I HAD TO COME AND SEE YOU, BE WITH YOU, HANG OUT IN YOUR PRESENCE. CATCHING UP WITH YOU HAS BEEN QUITE AN ADVENTURE.
I HAD NO QUESTION BEFORE I ARRIVED, BUT BEFORE I LEAVE I HAVE TWO QUESTIONS. FIRST, HOW IS YOUR HEALTH? SECOND, COULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT YOUR PLANS ARE EXACTLY SO THAT I AND MY FRIENDS AT THE HUMANIVERSITY DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT YOU.

Veeresh, I understand your concern about my health. That is not only your concern, that is the concern of all those who love freedom, truth, individuality.
It is not just a question about my health. It is a question that in a world where everybody is living in a traditional, blind, absurd way, even to talk about truth is dangerous. It is dangerous because all the vested interests want humanity to

remain retarded, so that the human mind does not evolve to its ultimate potential. Because once there are individuals of the caliber of Socrates, Lao Tzu, Gautam Buddha, then there is no possibility of any exploitation, physical or psychological; no possibility of any oppression, no possibility of enslaving the human soul. And all the politicians need slaves, and the priests need slaves. They don't want humanity to blossom and to release its fragrance to the winds, to the sun, to the moon. They want you just to produce more money for them, more power for them, more slaves for them, more population for them.

Hence, Veeresh, your concern about my health is not just an ordinary concern. Physically, I have been put into every possible situation so that an indirect death can happen. Because down the ages the politicians and the priests have learned one thing -- that crucifying is not helpful.

If they had not crucified Jesus there would have been no Christianity. Poisoning Socrates has not been helpful; it is because of the poisoning that Socrates remains and will remain always in the memories of humanity as a genius, a man who has helped the evolution of man's intelligence immensely. Without his poisoning perhaps we would have forgotten him. They have learned one thing: that if you want to kill Jesus again then it has not to be a crucifixion, it has to be indirect -- as if it is an accident, as if it is a natural death.

That's what they did with me in America. Ronald Reagan and his government tried in different ways to kill me, but never directly. I was surprised, because as I was arrested... the arrest was illegal, there was no arrest warrant because there was no reason to issue an arrest warrant. The people

who arrested me could not even show any cause. I said, "Even verbally it will do -- why am I arrested?"
The answer was twelve loaded guns pointed at me.
I was not allowed to inform my attorney, because they were worried: if the attorney comes then immediately the first question is bound to be, "Where is the arrest warrant?"
And I heard the U.S. marshal whispering in the ear of the driver who was to take me to the jail, "Remember, do whatever you want to do but don't do it directly. The man is known world-wide, and the whole news media is watching. If anything happens to him, it will be a condemnation of American democracy."
In twelve days I was changed from one jail to another jail... and each time I was transferred from one jailer to another jailer the same message was whispered -- "Do everything, but be careful; it has to be indirect." I was wondering what they wanted to do -- and what they wanted to do so indirectly that the world should not know -- but it was not long before I came to understand what they meant by "doing it indirectly."
The first night in jail I was given a steel bench, without any mattress. They knew my back is in a bad condition, that I could not lie down on that steel bench. Neither can I sit the whole night; they would not supply even a pillow just to support my back. They refused -- "That's all you can get."
The whole night I was sitting. Sleeping was out of the question. Sitting was difficult; my back was hurting tremendously. And in the morning when they took me to the court... I have never seen such driving.
I am myself a reckless driver. In my whole life I have committed only two crimes, and those were speeding. But

it was not speeding, it was a totally new kind of driving. The U.S. marshal himself was driving. He would drive the car at full speed, beyond the limits, and then suddenly stop -- for no reason at all, just to give me a jerk. My hands were cuffed, my legs were chained -- and they had instructions where to put a chain on my waist, exactly where my back is giving me the trouble. And this would happen each five minutes: suddenly fast, suddenly stopping, just to give as much pain to my back as possible. And nobody could say, "You are harming him."

I just said to the marshal, "You are a unique driver -- but remember I enjoyed the whole drive." And he took me for almost one hour. I thought perhaps this was the distance from the jail to the court. The court was underneath the jail. The jail was on the upper story and the court was on the lower story; there was no need of any car. I had just to go in an elevator, and it was not even one minute's distance. This one hour tour was just to give me as much pain as possible, to break the vertebrae of the backbone.

The marshal had to leave for some other work, so when the court was finished his assistant simply took me by the elevator to the jail. Then I came to know that that one-hour drive was simply a device; there was no need. When I saw him I told him, "You take a real interest in the health of your prisoners. That one hour open-air drive, and with such a unique way of driving -- I will remember it."

For three days continually the court continued to meet, just on the question of bail. Basically my arrest was illegal; the question of bail does not arise. The question was why I had been arrested without an arrest warrant. But whenever my attorney tried to raise the question, the magistrate simply

stopped the attorney. And the government attorney continued for three days making all kinds of efforts, which were so stupid.... His effort was that bail should not be granted, and the grounds were that I am an immensely intelligent man -- one of the grounds for not giving me bail. Secondly, I have thousands of friends -- the second reason for not granting bail. These are my crimes -- that I have intelligence, that I have friends. The third was that the people who love me have immense resources of money, so any amount of money is not enough for my bail because the money will be provided.

This is so strange. This means no rich person can be allowed bail, no intelligent person can be allowed bail, no person who has friends can be allowed bail -- these are crimes.

And he himself felt that what he was saying was so absurd that finally he said -- his last statement in the court was that "I have not been able to prove anything; still I ask the magistrate that bail should not be given." In one sentence he is saying that he has not been able to prove anything against me, still he wants the magistrate not to grant me bail. And the bail was not granted.

Even the jailer, who was hoping that I would be released -- because there were no grounds, and the things that were talked about were so idiotic -- told me, "I feel immensely hurt. I have never seen such injustice in my life. First they don't have any grounds for arresting you and the magistrate won't allow your attorney to argue the point, to present the case. Secondly, they don't have any argument for not granting bail." But the jailer said to me, "I know the reason is that the magistrate has been pressured."

She was a woman, and she wanted to become a federal judge. And she had been given orders from Washington: "If you allow the bail then you will live a magistrate and you will die a magistrate. If you don't allow the bail, your promotion to a federal judge is absolutely certain."

Why did they want this? Because the distance between the place they arrested me, North Carolina, and the court in Oregon was only five hours, six hours by plane. And that's what they promised, that "Within six hours we will produce you in Oregon, from where we have been asked to arrest you. So it is up to them to grant bail or not."

It took them twelve days, not six hours; one hour became two days long. And I had to pass through five jails. They would tell me, "We are taking you to the airport," and they would take me to another jail.

And I asked them, "At least you can be honest. If you are taking me to another jail, I cannot do anything about it. I will come with you. Why do you say that you are taking me to the airport, and we end up in another jail?"

And in each jail they tried different ways to affect my life. In one jail they put me into a cell with an inmate who was dying with an infectious disease. And for the six months since this man had come the cell was never given to anybody else; he had lived alone because the doctor had said that anybody living with him was bound to catch the disease. And I was, in the middle of the night, given that cell. The doctor was present, he did not object; the jailer was present, the marshal was present. The man, who was just dying -- I heard later on that he died on the third day after I left the jail -- could not speak, he had become so weak. He wrote on a small piece of paper, "Osho, I have

been seeing you on the television. And I know that these people want to kill you; that is the reason they have put you in this cell. Don't touch anything. Just stand near the door and knock on the door till they come, and force them to change your cell. Because I am dying, and I don't want you to catch my disease. For six months they have not given this cell to anybody -- and you are not even a prisoner."

It took one hour of me knocking on the door, and then the jailer appeared and the doctor appeared. And I said to the doctor, "What has happened to your tongue? For six months you have been saying that nobody should be given this cell. Why have you remained silent?" He was just embarrassed. I said, "You are a medical man. You have taken the oath of Hippocrates in your medical college before you got your degree, that you will serve life, not death. And this is not serving life."

He said, "I am sorry, but... orders from above. I am a poor doctor, I cannot disobey; just excuse me." And immediately my cell was changed.

They were giving me medicines -- which I never took; I accepted them and threw them in the wastepaper basket, because those medicines I had no need for. I told them, "My problem is my back, which you are destroying" -- because the same kind of driving continued from one jail to another jail, it was pre-planned; from jail to airport, from airport to jail, the same kind of driving continued for twelve days -- "and for my back there is no medicine. For what are you giving me medicine? for my allergies? I have allergies, but for my allergies you have made every arrangement."

In every jail they had put all the heavy smokers in the same cell where they put me. So for twenty-four hours a day people were smoking -- because they knew that I am allergic to smoke, dust, perfume, any kind of smell. They managed in every way to destroy my body. And I asked, "For what are these medicines?" Certainly those medicines would have made me sick.

I know that in the Soviet Union they have done the same with three Nobel prize winners. Those three Nobel prize winners -- and they are all geniuses -- refused the government. The government wanted them to refuse the Nobel prize, and they said they could not refuse the Nobel prize because it is a worldwide recognition of their work. They were arrested immediately and they were given medicines and injections.

One scientist was given injections and medicines so that he could not sleep. For twenty-one days they would not allow him to sleep. In twenty-one days if you cannot sleep.... And they were also giving him medicines which destroy the small cells in the brain. Then they produce the man in the court and say that he is mad. First they made him mad, then they produced him in the courts and said that he was mad. And the court asked him, "What is your name?" and he would not speak because he had lost the power of speech. That's what they were trying to do for twenty-one days continuously, to destroy his power of speech -- one of the best speakers in the Soviet Union.

In one jail they told me, "If you don't like to take medicines orally we can give you injections."

I said, "Never. Don't touch my body. If you touch my body, if anything happens to me, you will be responsible. It is up

to me to take medicine or not. And I am not sick, I don't need your medicines. And the problems that I have, you don't give any medicine for -- for that you have created exactly the situation in which my problem will increase."
In every jail I was put in a place where two television sets were on for twenty-four hours a day at full volume. Sleep was impossible. And the whole place was full of smoke; I could not breathe.
They did everything they could. And when they could not manage to destroy me in any way, the final thing was to put a bomb under my chair. It was just that the bomb was compassionate towards me -- they could not fix the time, it was a time bomb. I had gone to the court and they were not clear at what time I would be back. They had calculated rightly that the court would be closed at five, so they placed the bomb accordingly.
But I came nearabout three o'clock. Because there was no question.... They had a list of one hundred and thirty-six crimes that I had committed, and they knew that all was fiction and if it went to trial, the government of America was going to lose the case. And the government would not have liked to lose the case, a case against a single individual. So before the court started they asked my attorneys for negotiations. It is rare, because when you are fighting against the government you ask for negotiations, not the government. When the government asks for negotiations it means it has no valid grounds, no proof of any crimes. And they simply used blackmail.
The attorney general of America told my attorneys, "To be frank, we don't have any proof of any crime, so we don't want the trial to happen. And we don't want the government

to lose the case either, it is a question of prestige. So we have a solution: if Osho accepts two crimes out of one hundred and thirty-six then we will drop the trial. For those two crimes he will be punished, and the case is finished. If you insist on going to trial because you know that you will win, we have to make it clear to you: first, if you don't accept these two crimes we are not going to allow the judge to grant bail. And the case can be prolonged for twenty years; for these twenty years Osho will be in jail. And anyway, if we see that we are losing the case we can finish the man" -- clearcut blackmail.

My attorneys came with tears in their eyes, "We have never in our whole lives" -- and they were the topmost attorneys of America -- "we have never seen such a case, where they themselves say that they don't have any proof against you. They propose that you accept two crimes and the case is finished -- if you don't accept the crime then they are threatening to prolong the case for twenty years and they will not give you bail. And there is every possibility that if they see that they are going to lose the case they can kill you. But they will not in any way want the world to know that they have lost a case against a single individual."

So my attorneys said, "We are asking you against our conscience -- just please accept those two, because there seems to be no way. If you are twenty years in jail your movement will be destroyed, your sannyasins will be destroyed, your commune will be destroyed. And we cannot hope that you will come out of the jail alive; they want to be victorious at any cost."

So the case was finished.

I said to my attorneys, "Don't be worried. I never take anything seriously. There is no harm; I will accept that I have committed these two crimes. And outside the court, in front of the world press conference, I will say that I have lied, and that I had to lie because there was no other way -- the American government forced me to lie, under the oath that I will speak the truth. So don't be worried, I will manage."

As I accepted, the case was finished within three minutes. That's why I reached the jail to take my clothes before the time that they had fixed on the bomb.

Veeresh, I can understand not only your concern about my health -- it is a concern of millions of my people around the world. They have come to love me so deeply that this body is their body, my life is their life.

I am perfectly okay. As far as I am concerned, my consciousness is concerned, it cannot be better than it is. But about the body I can only say that up to this moment it is perfectly okay; I cannot say anything about tomorrow. America wants to kill it; they are ready to give half crore rupees, five million rupees, to any professional killer -- and there are people everywhere who would like to kill me. It is really a wonder that they have not succeeded up to now. And I am without any defense, I am absolutely defenseless.

You are asking about my program. I have never thought about tomorrows, and now it has become even more difficult -- because I may propose but America disposes. I don't believe in God; I have to believe in Ronald Reagan.

I have been in twenty-one countries searching for a base from where I can start my work again, but America is almost insane. I have not done anything wrong to America;

they have done everything wrong to me -- and that is what is creating their insanity, because I am exposing them. They have not replied to a single thing, because whatever I am saying is the truth. What happened to one hundred and thirty-six crimes? Even if I accept two... I have to be punished for one hundred and thirty-four; the trial cannot be dismissed so easily. One hundred and thirty-four crimes -- what more do you need? It was enough to give me at least one thousand years in jail, so at least for four or five lives in the future I have to be in jail! They are not in a position to say it; their desire is that I should be silenced. In twenty-one countries -- my plane would reach, and just following my plane the American plane would reach. And before my people had approached the government, the American ambassador had already reached the president, the prime minister, and blackmailed them. It is not that they were saying to them that I am a criminal, because then they would have to prove what crime. They were blackmailing these countries; they were simply saying, "We will stop giving loans to you. So you can choose: either Osho has to be thrown out of the country immediately, or you have to pay the past loans" -- which are billions of dollars. "And we will stop loans for the future" -- which are again billions of dollars -- "which we have agreed to give to you." Now, all those countries are in economic slavery; nobody can take that much risk. Moving through twenty-one countries, it was the same story again and again.

So I cannot say anything about the future, Veeresh. I know my sannyasins are concerned, and their concerns are real. In their own countries they are trying hard, but the government is not ready to listen to any intelligent thing.

The government functions in a totally different way: the government listens to its vested interests.
Now the American government is pressuring the Indian government that I should not be allowed to make a commune here. The government has started doing harm -- I am receiving summons from different parts of the country, which are politically motivated. The only reason for all those summons is that somebody's religious feelings are hurt. So I have to be present in the court -- in the south, in Bengal, in Kashmir -- just to harass me, from one part to another part of the country, and from one court to another court. I will win all those cases. I have won all the cases of the same nature in the past, because whatever I have said is a truth. And if it hurts you, leave that religion because I am not making up that fact, that fact is in your scriptures.
And in fact, those facts are against the constitution of India. Rama pouring melted lead into a sudra's ears because he has heard the VEDAS; hiding behind a bush where he has heard brahmins chanting the VEDAS, and that is such a sin that both his ears are destroyed. Now, this is... if I mention it, it hurts the Hindu mind. Then don't be a Hindu! It is strange, because it is in your scriptures; I am not creating it. And it is against the constitution; Rama is committing a crime. If I say that a man who can commit such an inhuman act cannot be a divine person, I am simply stating a fact. If it hurts you, it is your problem.
And I have been winning many cases. Just the other day I have won one case in Patna; a few days before, another case in Bengal. But they can harass me. Now the parliament has sent... I have said that the politicians are retarded, that their mental age is not more than fourteen

years; this insults the parliament. It does not insult the parliament, it simply praises the parliament: what a great parliament -- we have given our leadership to innocent children, all saints, because these retarded people cannot commit anything criminal.

They have sent three notices to me. I have answered, and I hope they ask me to come to the parliament because I want to show them that this is simply a fact. You can inquire of the psychologists: the average age of all human beings is fourteen. You will have to prove that your members of parliament are not average; the burden is on you to prove it. I am a trained psychologist. I was a professor of psychology for nine years; I have the right to test all your members and prove that they are not above fourteen. If I am proved wrong I am ready for any kind of punishment; but if I am proved right then this whole parliament should be behind bars.

But they will not call me. They know -- they cannot face me. I know all of them. They don't have any intelligence or any courage.

But they can do things in an indirect way. So a gang of fanatic, chauvinistic people in Bombay is provoked by the politicians from Delhi: "Make the threat, burn the house. Throw stones." This they can do, but this will simply prove what I was saying -- that they are mentally retarded. If they are not, then they should simply invite me.

I am not insulting anybody. If you are sick, if you have a headache and the doctor says that you have a headache, does it mean that you have been insulted? Are you going to court because your feelings are very much hurt by this doctor, his saying that you have a headache?

I am simply stating a fact, that fourteen is the average age of all human beings. And I don't think your parliament has superhuman beings. You will have to prove it. Forty years of Indian independence proves what I am saying, it does not disprove what I am saying.
They can burn the house, but that will simply prove that I was right: they behave like stupid idiots.
So it is difficult to say where I will be tomorrow, in what country, in what city. Even my sannyasins have proposed an idea that perhaps I will have to go to an ocean liner because at least the ocean, after twelve miles, belongs to nobody. It is possible that I may have to live on a ship. Because European parliaments have decided that my jet plane cannot land at their airports. It is not a question of my entry into their country; just for refueling, my airplane cannot land at their airports. One country refused to allow my airplane to fly over its sky.
Do you think you are living in a sane world?
In this insane world anything is possible, and one has to live moment to moment and face the reality.
So Veeresh, I cannot give you a fixed program. I can simply say to you that I will fight for freedom, for the expression of freedom, for individuality -- for you, and for all those who want to live a sane life. Whatever form that struggle takes, and wherever I have to go for that struggle, I will continue the struggle.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
IN EVERY SITUATION, IF I SAY TO YOU WITHIN ME, "THANK YOU, OSHO," SOMETHING HAPPENS.

THIS CREATES SOME DISTANCE FROM MY MIND, I BECOME MORE AND MORE WEIGHTLESS, I BEGIN TO FLOAT, TO FLY. I DON'T KNOW WHERE I WILL GO.
BUT PLEASE LET ME SAY AGAIN AND AGAIN AND NOW, "THANK YOU, OSHO."

It happens sometimes that you suddenly stumble upon a beautiful phenomenon. That's what has happened when inside you say "Thank you, Osho."
It is not only words, it is a gratefulness felt by every fiber of your being -- it is gratitude. That's why you suddenly feel weightless; all the burdens of the mind -- worries, tensions -- disappear. You feel as if you can float into the sky like a cloud. You have stumbled on a technique without knowing that it is a technique.
It is a Tibetan method. It has been used for at least two thousand years. In a Tibetan monastery -- you will be surprised if you visit -- every lama, whenever he comes across the master during the day working in the field, working in the garden, he simply bows down, puts his head on the master's feet and says, "Thank you, master." That is inside, that is not really in words. It is a feeling, a thankfulness.
Sometimes it happens that in a day the disciple may come across the master a dozen times. A dozen times he will do the same; and slowly, slowly he becomes aware that those moments are the most precious. He starts seeking the master. Then the master says to such disciples, "Now there is no need actually to touch my feet. Wherever you are, just

bow down in my direction with the same feeling of gratefulness and you will have the same experience."
And this is a new discovery -- at first they were thinking that something is happening because of the master; now they know something is happening because of themselves. The whole focus has changed. The moment they discover that it is their own gratefulness, then the master says, "Now don't bother about the direction. All directions are the same. Bow down -- bow down in any direction; just remember the feeling." And they are surprised: it is not even the direction of the master, all directions are the same.
And finally the master says, "There is no need of bowing down every time unnecessarily. It is only a question of feeling. Standing, sitting, sleeping, in any posture of the body, if you can feel the gratefulness you will feel that weightlessness, the silence, and the immense sweetness all over your being."
You have found some method on your own; rejoice. Enjoy it. Enjoy it more and more, so slowly slowly there is no need to say it at specific moments. It becomes just your very life -- sitting, walking, doing a thousand and one things, but the gratefulness remains inside. It is not gratefulness towards someone in particular. The master is just an excuse. Just for the beginners it is good, because without an excuse they will feel a little awkward. Standing in an empty room and saying "Thank you" will look a little awkward. So it is just for the beginners that the master becomes an excuse -- although when you are touching the feet of the master and saying "Thank you, master" you are saying it in an empty room.
The master is an emptiness.

Use it more and more, so slowly it becomes a natural phenomenon, like breathing. And it will bring tremendous experiences to you.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
MANY OF YOUR SANNYASINS WERE HAPPY TO HEAR FROM YOU THAT YOU ARE OUR FRIEND, BUT IT WAS A GREAT SHOCK FOR ME.
MY BELOVED MASTER, WILL YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE MASTER-DISCIPLE RELATIONSHIP?

It is a little complex. You will have to be very attentive to understand it.
The master can say, "I am your friend."
The disciple cannot say it. The disciple will say, "No, you are my master."
But there are people who are disciples unwillingly, they would rather be masters. In fact, they have accepted being disciples as a bridge, so that one day they can become masters -- but their goal is to be a master. So when I declared that I am your friend, these people who were unwillingly disciples were immensely happy, and the real disciples were shocked.
Nirvano came crying to me, "No, Osho, don't say such things. I cannot conceive myself as being your friend. Just to be your disciple is too much." And this was happening to many -- the authentic disciples were shocked. The phony disciples enjoyed it very much; in fact they wanted it, they were waiting for it.

If I had said to them, "I am your disciple, you are the master," they would have rejoiced even more. That's what they really want. Because to be a disciple means to drop your ego, and it is the most difficult thing. So people at the most hide it. Instead of dropping, they simply hide it; and whenever there is a chance it comes up again.

If the master says, "I am holier than you" he is not a master. He is still in the same ego trip which you are in. He is a politician, not a religious man. A religious man cannot conceive himself as holier or higher. The religious man has simply disappeared; there is nothing but pure emptiness. It cannot be compared. The real master can only say, "I am your friend -- just to hold your hand, to pull you out of your darkness, to bring you on the path."

The real disciple, even though he becomes enlightened, remains a disciple.

It is said about Mahakashyap, the first patriarch of the great tradition of Zen Buddhism.... He was a disciple of Gautam Buddha, and when he became enlightened Buddha sent him to wander, to go to those who are thirsty, who are in need -- "Spread the word, share what you have gained."

Mahakashyap said, "You tricked me. If you had said it before, that after enlightenment I would have to leave you, I would have left enlightenment! Because enlightenment is my nature; I can attain it any time I want. But this is your last life, and I will not find these feet again. For enlightenment the whole eternity is there, but once you disappear then there is no way to find you. Where am I going to see you, to hear you, to touch you? You tricked me badly."

Gautam Buddha said, "But I have to do it. I cannot reach every thirsty person. You are my hands, you are my eyes. Now you are my being. Go -- I will be with you."
Mahakashyap said, "With one condition: that you will not die without me. I have to be present. Secondly, I have to be kept informed of which direction you are moving in so that every day I can bow down in that direction. Although you will be far away -- I will not be able to see you -- perhaps you may be able to see me. And it does not matter whether I see you or not; what matters is that you have not forgotten me. It does not matter whether you are in my eyes or not; what matters is that I am in your eyes. Give me these two promises and I will go."
Buddha said, "You are asking strange things, because it will be difficult to keep you completely informed every day of where I am, where I am going. Secondly, about death -- to promise you that I will die only when you are present, I will have to make certain arrangements with death too -- that death has to wait. You are putting me in a strange business! I have never asked anybody anything, and now you are forcing me to ask death, `Wait a little, let Mahakashyap come.'"
But Mahakashyap was very adamant. He said, "Then I am not going."
He went, because Buddha promised him; but it was a trouble. Every day he had to be informed of what direction Buddha was in. And morning and evening he would bow down on the earth, tears of joy in his eyes -- just dust in his hands, but he would touch it as if he were touching the feet of Buddha. And people would say to him, "Mahakashyap,

you yourself are now a master. It doesn't seem right for you to behave like a disciple."
Mahakashyap's answer was, "As long as Gautam Buddha is alive I cannot be the master, I can only be the disciple. Because to be disciple is so beautiful; under the shade of the master it is so cool, it is so protected. When Buddha dies, of course I will be a master -- under the hot sun, there will no longer be any shade over me.
"Don't prevent me, and don't ask this question again and again -- because you don't understand that being a disciple is not in any way less than being a master. The whole question is of being total. If you are totally a disciple, you have all the glories and all the blessings and all the benediction that a master has; there is no difference at all. It is a question of totality. And how can I forget even for a single moment my gratitude to this man Gautam the Buddha, without whom I would have been still groping in the dark. He came into my life as a song, as a dance, as a light. He transformed me, he gave me a new birth, he made me eternal."
And the day Gautam Buddha died, the first thing was to call Mahakashyap. He told his disciple, Ananda, "Find Mahakashyap immediately, because I don't want to ask death -- I have never asked anybody. But this Mahakashyap... if he does not come before the sunrise tomorrow I will have to ask death to wait."
Many followers rushed in all directions to find Mahakashyap. He was found, he came in the right time. And Buddha smiled and he said, "I knew it, that you would not let me down, that you would not force me to ask death to wait. Now death can come. Mahakashyap has come."

Buddha died in Mahakashyap's lap; his head was in Mahakashyap's lap. That was a rare phenomenon, because Buddha had ten thousand disciples present at that moment. Amongst those ten thousand at least one hundred were enlightened. Why was Mahakashyap chosen? The question went around, "Why has Mahakashyap been chosen?" Sariputta, another enlightened disciple of Gautam Buddha, said, "He is the only one who has become a master but has not left his discipleship. The remaining ninety-nine have become masters and forgotten about discipleship. He is richer; he is a disciple and he is a master. He has much more than anybody else present here."
And it is not surprising that Mahakashyap became the source of one of the greatest traditions, which is still alive -- Zen, which has given to the world more enlightened people than anything else.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #18

Chapter title: Don't come down go higher!
5 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE JUST PASSED A TIME OF DEEP SPIRITUALITY, AND MY LIFE IS CHANGED. I UNDERSTAND YOUR WORK MORE AND MORE, AND WITH MY COMMUNE I WANT TO BE IN MORE COMMUNION WITH YOU. I WANT TO KNOW HOW THIS IS POSSIBLE.

The revolution that spirituality brings is in a way very simple, but in another way it is very complex too. And you have to understand both sides, the simplicity of it and the complexity of it.

A man of spirituality becomes innocent. He is just like a child. He is not childish, but he is as if just born in the world, as if for the first time he has opened his eyes. The colors are more colorful, everything has more a dream quality to it -- even stones are not so hard, they are also alive and with heart. This childlike innocence makes the spiritual person in a deep sense unburdened of all knowledge. He knows nothing.

This knowing nothing is not ordinary ignorance.

The ordinary ignorance knows something; however ignorant, it always knows something. The ordinary ignorant person knows very little but believes he knows much; he magnifies his small knowledge. And what he calls his knowledge is not his, either -- it is all borrowed, it is stolen. He is a thief. He is bragging about things which don't belong to him and he is continuously collecting more and more knowledge. He goes on becoming knowledgeable. That is the way of the ignorant man, to go on becoming more knowledgeable.

The ignorant man finally becomes a pundit, a scholar, a rabbi, a bishop, a cardinal, a shankaracharya -- carrying loads of knowledge. Not a single bit of it is his own experience. He is just a parrot, or perhaps even worse.

I have heard that a woman was looking for a parrot in a pet shop. She was attracted towards a parrot who looked really nice, and gentlemanly -- cunning people always look like

that. He was sitting so seriously, so religiously, that the woman told the shopkeeper, "This is the parrot I would like."

The shopkeeper said, "Forgive me, madam; except for that parrot, you can choose any."

The woman became even more attracted. She said, "Why are you not giving me that parrot? Don't be worried about the price. I am ready to pay any price. But look how religiously, silently, the parrot is sitting -- the grace and the beauty of the parrot. No, I cannot have any other parrot."

The shopkeeper said, "You are insisting -- you will repent, because that parrot comes from a very bad place. He belonged to a prostitute, and all this religiousness and niceness and gentlemanliness is bogus; he is one of the worst parrots I have seen in my life. Once he opens his mouth, then there is not a single four-letter word that he does not know. This is the deception. I still ask you: don't insist. I have no problem; if you insist you can have it, but the responsibility will be yours. Don't come to me tomorrow."

The woman said, "Don't be worried. Looking at the parrot I can say with authority, I will change him. I have even changed my husband -- what is this parrot? You don't know my husband... don't be worried; I know how to change people. And after a few days I will invite you -- the same parrot will be reciting KORAN, BIBLE, GITA."

The man said, "I don't believe it, but it is up to you."

She purchased the parrot. All the way home he remained serious, religious, not a single sign of any mischievousness. In fact, when he would see women he would close his eyes; he was almost a saint.

The woman said, "That shopkeeper seems to be lying. This parrot is not only religious, he is a saint! He closes his eyes when a woman passes by." She was very happy to find it. She put the parrot in the place where her old parrot used to be -- the old parrot had died -- and she covered it with a bedsheet. She wanted to surprise her husband, that she had found a treasure.

And the husband came home, looking very religious, very serious. She uncovered the parrot and the parrot said, "Hello, Nasruddin! You are really great -- every day new girls, new houses. Where have you found all these girls and women? -- really beautiful!"

Nasruddin was a customer of the prostitute, an old customer. The wife was thinking that she had cured him. Yes, when he came into the house he was very serious, he started reciting KORAN -- but the parrot exposed him badly. Not only him, he exposed himself too!

The woman was very angry. She said, "Why have you been so serious all along, and looking so religious, and closing your eyes when you saw women? You cheat! And I had to pay almost three times more than for an ordinary parrot because I thought you were so spiritual."

The parrot said, "You don't know business. I am coming from a place where one has to pretend to be a saint and behave like a sinner. And you can ask your husband why he is looking so serious, so religious, so saintly."

Man is capable of deceiving others, and of deceiving himself.

The ignorant man does not want to be found ignorant. He wraps as much knowledge as possible around himself. And knowledge is available very cheap.

The first step towards real spirituality is to drop all hypocrisy, all the knowledge that is not yours. The ignorance that is mine is far more valuable than the knowledge that is not mine. At least it is mine, authentically mine.

And here is the danger: When a person moves towards being spiritual, this phase comes when suddenly he is utterly naked, bereft of all knowledge. And mind tries hard -- "What is the use of being ignorant? Collect all the garbage that you have left. And now you have not only the garbage, the old; you have something new also to proclaim -- that you have become spiritual."

The spiritual person cannot proclaim that he has become spiritual.

That is fundamentally an unspiritual statement.

The spiritual person can only say, "I do not know. I am just ignorant and mystified before this tremendously vast universe. I am no one, nobody special." Otherwise, spirituality becomes a spiritual ego.

It is simple if you can remain in this innocence, in this ignorance -- available to existence, available to love. Available to people, available to all kinds of experiences -- but with a simplicity of heart, without any knowledge; available in innocence. And you will grow. Your knowing will grow.

And remember, I make a distinction between knowledge and knowing.

Knowledge is dead. It is in the books, it is in the words, theories, creeds, dogmas. Knowing is a living, breathing experiencing. It is not in the books. You cannot find knowing in the KORAN, in THE BIBLE, in the GITA.

You can find knowing only within yourself.
Nobody can give it to you. In the very giving, it dies -- it is so delicate a phenomenon. You can have it growing within yourself if you allow space, uncluttered with stupid ideas of all kinds of superstitions.
Spirituality is the simplest phenomenon in the world; this is one side -- one has to be very alert.
It goes on deepening; you never come to the bottom, it is abysmal. But human mind is so stupid that just a little experience and it starts claiming. You are saying that you have passed through a time of spirituality.
Nobody ever passes through a time of spirituality.
It is not like a tunnel that you enter and you pass through to the other side.
One simply drowns, and goes on drowning. One simply disappears. A moment comes when there is nobody to declare, even to declare that "I do not know."
Such silence, such profound silence is spiritual.
On the other hand, it is a complex phenomenon -- complex not because of itself, but because you are brought up by parents, by society, by schools, colleges, universities.
Before you have even asked any significant question about life, you are already burdened with answers.
The child has not asked about God, but the parents are forcing him to believe that God created the world. This is pure corruption. The child is innocent -- he trusts his father, his mother, his brothers, sisters, elders, neighbors. He trusts -- he cannot think that they are all lying to him. There is no basis for him to think that they are all lying to him. They all love him, how can they lie? And this is the complexity....

Everybody is lying about ultimate truths, without knowing. Without experiencing, they are burdening their children with such garbage -- which is going to hinder the child's own progress, his own purity of consciousness. It is very unconscious love. They do not know what they are doing. It has been done to them by their parents, and they are simply repeating it.

And in this way one generation gives all its diseases to the other generation. And for centuries all kinds of idiotic ideas remain prevalent, remain alive because there are people who believe in them. They are ready to die for those ideas, they are ready to kill for those ideas, and those ideas are simply fictions.

The complexity comes because the child, out of necessity, has to grow up with people who are unconscious -- they cannot but do harm. They are bound to give him their minds, knowing perfectly well that their minds have not helped them, that their minds and their ideologies have not liberated them. Still, they think something is better than nothing: "Perhaps we have not worked hard. Perhaps we have not disciplined ourselves according to our own philosophies. The philosophies are not wrong, we are wrong."

The situation is just the opposite: the philosophies are wrong. And once those philosophies settle down in the child's mind, they become the very base of his intelligence, his intellectual development. That is what creates complexities, and the complexities have become more and more.

In the past a Hindu was only burdened by Hindu superstitions; he knew nothing about Judaism, he knew

nothing about Confucian ideology. He had no idea what other people in the world were thinking. He lived in his own small well, where everybody was thinking alike. Now those wells have disappeared.

Now the Hindu knows about Mohammedan ideas, about Christian ideas, about Jewish ideas; the complexity has grown a thousandfold. He knows not only about theistic theories, he knows about the atheists, the communists, the agnostics. His mind is buzzing with contradictory thoughts. He is full of all kinds of ideas which are against each other. He is crippled because of their contradiction, he cannot do anything -- because whatever he wants to do, there is some idea that says that it is not right.

If he wants to be a vegetarian.... Jainas and Buddhists have been vegetarians for twenty-five centuries. And no Jaina has ever thought that he could be anything other than vegetarian, but now questions arise. Not a single vegetarian has been able to receive a Nobel prize -- strange. You have the purest minds; those meat-eaters have thick skulls. You are pure vegetables -- cabbages, cauliflowers, beautiful things -- but not a single Nobel prize. Strange. But the meat-eaters....

Hindus don't eat the meat of the cows; Jews do, and Jews receive forty percent of the Nobel prizes. It is simply inconceivable, out of all proportion to their population. And they are eating cow meat! Questions arise. And it has been found that vegetarians will never receive the Nobel prize, because no vegetable can give them certain proteins which only meat can give them.

I have found an alternative. In my commune... it was a vegetarian commune, but I was giving all commune

members unfertilized eggs. They are vegetable, because they don't have any life -- but they have all the proteins that are necessary for intelligence to grow.

Now the vegetarians are very much against me. They would like to kill me -- although they are vegetarians. They don't want to kill anybody, but as far as I am concerned, they are ready to kill me: "This man is going to teach people to eat eggs." They don't see a simple point: that an unfertilized egg is not alive, it is pure protein. And it makes the vegetarian food complete and competitive; in fact, it gives more protein than meat, especially for intelligence. When you are surrounded with all kinds of ideas, there are bound to be doubts.

All the religions of the world have based everybody's mind on faith. It is not coincidence that religions are called `faiths'; it is on faith that they are based. It was perfectly right not to doubt because everybody had the same faith. It was very difficult to doubt; only very rare, talented people, geniuses, used to doubt. Now the situation is totally different.

Mohammedans say God created the world, and God created all the animals for man to eat. Christians believe the same. Jews believe the same, that animals are food: just like vegetables, fruits, so are animals. They have all been created for man to eat. Now half of the world is Christian; the number two religion is Mohammedanism; the two greatest religions, and millions of people believe.

Naturally it creates doubt in the minds of people who have lived with the thought that animals are not to be eaten, that it is insensitive, ugly, unaesthetic; that it degrades you, that it is not human. Now doubts start arising, doubts which are

significant -- because Jesus eats meat, Mohammed eats meat, Moses eats meat, Ramakrishna eats fish, and still they achieve the ultimate. The doubt is bound to arise in the minds of those who have been told that if you eat meat, your consciousness cannot grow.

And this is about everything. For example, Jainism does not believe in God. There is no God in Jainism; in Buddhism there is no God -- the two great religions of the East are godless religions. The religions other than Jainism and Buddhism have always thought that God is the center of religion. How can there be a religion without God? -- a doubt arises.

The whole of Asia has been Buddhist. No Buddhist child ever asks, "Who created the world?" Strange... millions of children; no Buddhist child ever asks who created the world. There is no creator; the question of creation is nonsense. The world has always been here, it is eternal. The very idea of creation and the creator is stupid. Now those who have believed in God as the central theme of religion, their faith is shaken.

Almost everybody's faith is shaken, because they can see that somebody else without this faith, having absolutely antagonistic ideologies, is living as good a life as they are living -- perhaps even better.

Buddhists have lived a better life without God than anybody who has believed in God. And the reason is clear -- because there is no God, the whole responsibility falls on your shoulders. You cannot pray to God because all prayer is meaningless. Only your actions are going to decide, not prayers. The way of prayer is the way of the impotent man, who is not going to do anything. He is just continuing to

live his life, and praying that God will help: "When God is there, all-compassionate -- and I am such a small sinner in comparison to his compassion -- I need not be worried."
Omar Khayyam, one of the poets of the greatest quality as far as poetry is concerned, says that you can drink as much alcohol as you want, and anybody who says "Stop drinking alcohol because it is a sin" is creating a doubt in you about God. His logic looks very strange, but is very clear. He is saying, "God is compassionate, and if I don't commit any sins it means I am suspicious of God's compassion. Let me commit as many sins as possible -- because I trust, I have faith that God is compassionate. He will forgive me."
He was a great thinker. He is saying that to try to live a virtuous life means that you suspect that God will not forgive. Perhaps unconsciously, the people who have believed in God have not lived so virtuously as the people who have not believed in God. Because when there is no God, you have to live virtuously. You cannot depend on anybody's compassion; only your action will bring its fruit. So whatever you are going to do, you are responsible for the fruits that will come out of it. You are the cause, you are the effect. So the Buddhists, the Jainas -- who don't believe in God -- have lived more virtuously than the people who believe in God. Strange....
All these things -- because the world has become small; all these faiths are now no longer closed but have become open to everybody -- have created tremendous complexity in the mind. It has burdened the mind with thousands of contradictions.
I have heard that a centipede, a small animal with one hundred legs, is going for a morning walk. And a small

rabbit is puzzled, has a philosophical mind, starts thinking, "How does this fellow manage one hundred legs? How does he remember which one is to go first, then second, then third? One hundred legs, my God!"
He stopped the centipede and said, "Uncle, forgive me for disturbing your morning walk, but I am a little bit the philosophical type. A question has arisen which only you can solve."
The centipede said, "What question?"
He said, "Seeing your one hundred legs, I am puzzled at how you manage, how you remember which one goes first, then second, then third, up to one hundred."
The centipede said, "I have never thought about it. I have been walking since my childhood -- the question has never come to my mind. Perhaps I am not philosophical. But I will try to find out. You wait under the tree, and I will walk and see."
And within minutes he fell down on the ground, because to keep count of one hundred legs, and then to remember which one goes behind which one... he stumbled, became a mess, fell down. He was very angry at the rabbit.
And he said, "Listen, never ask such a question of any other centipede. We are living perfectly well without this philosophy. I was going so well for my morning walk, and now I don't think that I should go ahead. I should go back and rest. You gave me such a tiring and complex problem -- and you look so innocent! But remember, keep this philosophy to yourself."
All these faiths were going perfectly well in a way, because nobody was asking the questions. But suddenly all

boundaries have been broken. The whole world has become one.

Anybody who has any intelligence is aware that all theories are fictitious. Now a totally new approach is needed. The old approaches have all become out of date. Faith has become out of date.

You have to drop all kinds of information that you have received, that is being given to you by the society and the colleges and the universities.

I have been a teacher in the university, and there used to be a department: Comparative Religion. And I asked the professors, "If you really compare religions, you will all go mad. They are all fictions. To live with one fiction is one thing -- you are at ease, certain. It may be false, but you have a certainty. But comparative religion... if you start comparing, there are three hundred religions in the world. You will simply go nuts.

The department had four professors, but not a single student. I said, "That's perfectly right!" Finally the department was closed -- because comparative religion.... The department was closed because I was in the department of philosophy, and the department of philosophy was the feeding department for comparative religion. And I was teaching those students, "If you want to go nuts you can join `Comparative Religion'. Remember what happened to the centipede -- exactly that will happen in your head, inside. You will be a mess after that." You cannot compare. Fictions cannot be compared.

In fact, remember that all information is dangerous for spiritual growth.

Transformation is needed, not information.

So on the one hand, drop all the information you have received -- and you are continuously receiving it. And on the other hand, become more and more simple, and accept your ignorance as a basic truth. There is nothing wrong in it; it is simply another name for innocence. And your spirituality will grow through your innocence, not through your knowledge. Innocence one day becomes knowing, but it never becomes knowledge.

You are asking me how I can help you.

Every word that I have been speaking is to help you. Every breath that I am taking is to help you. And my work is simple. If you are ready to drop knowledgeability, this idea that you have passed through a time of spirituality... drop all this nonsense.

Just the other day there was one question which I could not answer, because the time was finished. The question was beautiful. It was a question from a sannyasin -- "Osho, I am still hanging on the branches of the trees. I am still a monkey. Somehow help me to come down so that I can evolve into a human being."

My suggestion is, don't come down. I am trying to teach people how to climb on trees. Just meditate there, that is the best place you can find. Those who have come down are in a worse state. They have not evolved, they have simply lost a few things -- a tail, a beautiful thing. They have lost the strength of a monkey and they are still monkeys, half-hearted monkeys. They have not become men either. They are really in a very great split: they cannot go back to the trees and they don't know how to live on the earth. They are preparing for a global nuclear suicide because life seems to be meaningless, and committing individual suicide seems

to be old-fashioned; why not commit a global suicide? Perhaps only monkeys will be left.

So to the sannyasin who is still hanging on the trees, I will say, "Please go on hanging. Meditate there. Those who have come down have simply lost; they have not gained anything. You who are on the trees don't have nations -- you can move from India to Pakistan without any visa, without any passport. You have far more freedom, freedom of expression."

No court drags any monkey in: "You have done something which has hurt a few people's religious feelings." And they are doing all kinds of things every day. And moreover, if the nuclear war happens then who is going to begin the world again? Then my monkeys hanging on the trees can ask their girlfriends, "What do you say? Shall we start it again?" Somebody has to start it again. Don't come down, go higher!

Whatever I am doing is to help you to evolve towards more peace, more silence, more love, more compassion -- very simple qualities.

I am not asking you to follow great disciplines -- stand on your head for twelve hours a day, or don't eat food for twenty-one days every year. I am not asking any austerities of you. I am simply asking you to rejoice in small things. Whatever you are eating, eat with joy; whoever your friends are, rejoice in their friendship.

Whatever life has given to you, never complain. It is always more than you deserve.

Always be grateful.

And if you can learn the simple fact of gratefulness, your evolution will happen on its own accord.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
ARE THE FEELINGS THAT WE HAVE WHEN WE ARE SEPARATED FROM YOU RELATED TO THE FEAR OF DEATH?

Amrito, they are.
Being with me, you have tasted something of life. Being with me, you have felt the poetry, the dance, the music of existence.
Alone, you are still not able to keep the same state of mind -- you fall back to your old chattering mind. You forget the peace, the beauty, the dance, the song.
Separated from me, you certainly feel a kind of death. If to be with me you feel a kind of life -- a life that you would like to live for twenty-four hours a day -- then naturally when you are separated you are afraid. It is a feeling of death on the one hand; on the other hand, you are also afraid of your own death -- because you have seen with me that life can become an experience of the eternal.
I have given you the name Amrito: it means `the eternal'. It means that life can become an experience of the eternal.
Without me, you feel a darkness again gathering around you, and a fear -- that your death will soon be coming close and you have not yet experienced the eternal. With me the darkness disappears, you forget death. This very moment, life becomes so intense, so total, that if somebody asks you this moment, you can say there is no death.
But alone, you are like a lost child surrounded by darkness, feeling afraid.

Death will be coming. You cannot avoid it. It does not matter when it comes; it is going to come. And you have not yet experienced the beyond.
It is good that sometimes you should be separated from me, and while you are not with me try to experience all that you experience with me -- because I am not doing anything, I am just an excuse. Things are happening to you; they can happen without me.
None of my people have to be dependent on me. You can have a taste, you can have a certain experience to give you a certainty, a guarantee; and then you have to move on your way, alone.
So whenever you are alone, try to experience the same totality, the same intensity, the same silence. In the beginning it will be difficult, but not impossible. And once you are capable of feeling it in your aloneness, you have become an independent individual. And to me, that is the most rewarding experience in life -- to become a totally independent individual.
Then all the mysteries of life are yours, all the beauties are yours.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
THE MASTER SPEAKS, AND THE DISCIPLES LISTEN. WHAT IS IT THAT HAPPENS, AND REMAINS UNSAID?

Yoga Chinmaya, the master speaks, the disciple listens -- yet there is much which the master does not speak, and the disciple listens.

In fact, that is the whole secret of disciplehood.
If you only listen to that which is said, you are a student. You listen to the words, you miss the wordless. The moment you start listening to the wordless, you are initiated into disciplehood.
The master is speaking. Naturally he has to use words, but he is also leaving gaps in between. He is also using wordlessness. He is saying something, and he is also meaning something which cannot be said -- but it can be heard.
If the disciple is silent, he will hear the words and he will also hear the wordlessness; he will hear what is being said, and he will hear also what is not being said and yet is transferred.
You are asking what it is.
It is the presence of the master, it is his heart. It is his heartbeat, it is his very being.
Words are just toys that he plays with to keep you engaged, but the real happening is that he wants to have a communion with your being. And if you are silent, just a listening, that communion happens. It is the master's enlightenment, his light, his delight -- it is his treasure that he wants to share.
Of all the great masters in the past, only Mahavira has recognized the beauty of hearing. That is his great contribution. The world knows very little about Mahavira -- it needs to know much more about him. Unfortunately, he was a contemporary of Gautam the Buddha, and because Gautam the Buddha was so charismatic and his impact was so great, Mahavira has fallen into the shadow.

But Mahavira has his own contribution. He was not so charismatic a personality; that's why his influence has remained very limited. Even today, after twenty-five centuries, there are not more than three and a half million Jainas. If he had converted a single couple -- particularly Indian -- in twenty-five centuries they would have created three and a half million people without any difficulty.

He was a totally different kind of man, unique in his own way. Because his impact on the people was not great, his contributions have not received the praise from the world that they deserve.

One of his great contributions was the value of hearing. He said that there are two ways to reach to the ultimate: one is the way of the shravaka, and the other of the sadhu. Shravaka means one who knows how to listen, and sadhu means one who disciplines himself in austerities. The path of the sadhu is long, tedious. The path of the shravaka, the listener, is simple, a shortcut -- all that is needed is that he should not only hear, he should listen. Hearing is simple: because you have ears, you can hear. Why are there two words, `hearing' and `listening'? -- one is enough. No, it is not enough.

Hearing is possible for everybody; listening is possible only for those who are silent.

You can hear with your mind chattering inside; it will not be listening. But if your mind is silent, calm and quiet, everything is still within you and the master's word reaches you, it brings with it something more -- something that is not in the word but around it -- the wordlessness.

The word is coming from the very heart of the master. It is not coming from his head, it is coming from his very being;

and if you are open and available, it will reach your being. This bridging, this communion is what transpires between the master and the disciple.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT DOES "SPIRITUAL ENTERTAINMENT" MEAN?

Unless you are in a deep communion with the master, everything else that goes on in the name of spirituality is nothing but spiritual entertainment.
In your temples, in your synagogues, in your mosques, in your churches, what goes on is simply entertainment. People go to the church for their whole lives and nothing happens to them. People go to the synagogues and they remain the same. They go into the synagogue and they come out the same -- just as they go into a cinema hall and come out the same, it is just an entertainment. And it is very fulfilling to the ego. Going to the cinema hall is not fulfilling to the ego, but going to a temple, to a church, to a gurudwara is tremendously ego-fulfilling. And what are you doing there? Nothing has happened to your life. For their whole lives people go and come back the same -- no transformation, not even a slight change in their hearts. It is entertainment and nothing else.
I have heard that three rabbis were talking about their synagogues. The first said, "My synagogue is the most up-to-date. We are not old-fashioned. People are allowed to smoke in the synagogue, drink, enjoy. And since we have allowed smoking and drinking, the synagogue is full;

otherwise it used to be just a few old women. And there is no need to sermonize them because nobody is listening, they are engaged in their own gossipping -- so no gospels, only gossippings."

The second one said, "This is nothing. We have gone far ahead, you are living in the bullock-cart days."

The first rabbi said, "What? My most up-to-date synagogue and you say I am living in the bullock-cart days? What have you done?"

He said, "In my synagogue all these things have been allowed. Now we have allowed people even to bring their girlfriends, boyfriends -- dancing, lovemaking, everything goes. The crowd is so big that I have to give three shows; people are waiting outside. Never before have people been so religious."

The third one said, "You are both talking old stories. You don't know anything about what it means to be contemporary. My synagogue is absolutely contemporary."

They said, "What more can you do? This man has done everything."

The third rabbi said, "In my synagogue, on every Jewish holiday it is written: Closed for the Jewish holiday -- so people can enjoy all over the place. Why confine them? It is a Jewish holiday, nobody comes. There is no need. Holiday should mean holiday, and a Jewish holiday should mean a Jewish holiday. So they all go on doing all kinds of things... why confine them to a small space? My synagogue is the most up-to-date."

But this is how things are developing in churches, in temples everywhere. People are going there for wrong reasons -- and they are bound to go for wrong reasons

because there is nobody there to share his being, to share his light, to share his growth. All these rabbis and the pundits and the priests are people just as drowned in darkness and unconsciousness as you are.

I have heard: One Sunday, in a Catholic church, the priest is taking confessions. They have a booth, a small window that the priest remains behind, and the person sits on the other side of the window. From there he confesses, and the priest gives him a punishment.

The priest had a great friendship with the rabbi and they both wanted to go for golf. The rabbi finished his things and rushed to the church. When he reached there, confession was going on and there was a queue. He went inside the booth and said to the priest, "We are going to be late!"

He said, "You do one thing. I will just change my clothes and get ready -- you just sit here and take a few confessions."

The rabbi said, "But I have never done it in my whole life! This business we don't do."

The priest said, "Simply do as I am doing -- just watch one or two cases."

One case came and the priest said, "Five dollars fine." Five dollars were taken in; the second came -- "Ten dollars fine."

The rabbi said, "My God, we were thinking that something spiritual was happening. It is pure business! I am going to open a booth in my synagogue. This is cheating! You just go, I will manage. Now there is no problem. I was thinking that you have to give them spiritual advice, and somebody may notice the difference of voice and...."

A third man came and he said, "I am very sorry, but what to do? It is now becoming a habit -- I raped a woman."
The rabbi said, "Twenty dollars."
The man said, "Twenty dollars?" But he gave twenty dollars, and he said, "Last time when I raped a woman, you asked for only ten dollars. The rates have become higher."
The rabbi said, "Ten dollars are in advance -- you can rape one woman more. Just get out, don't waste my time."
Unless you are in communion with a master, everything is entertainment. You can call it spiritual and enjoy a deep ego-fulfillment, but it is nothing. It is corrupting you, exploiting you, deceiving you, destroying you.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #19

Chapter title: Responsibility: the very first step of freedom
6 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
AS I SEE IT, THE SITUATION IS AS FOLLOWS: YOU ARE, AND WE ARE NOT, OR TO BE MORE PRECISE, YOU AREN'T, AND WE STILL ARE.
IT SEEMS THAT THE MASTER-DISCIPLE RELATIONSHIP IS REALLY A KINDNESS ON YOUR PART TO DESCRIBE, IN FLATTERING TERMS, WHAT IS ESSENTIALLY OUR FAILURE TO HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE SAID -- MORE OFTEN, MORE CLEARLY, AND MORE LOVINGLY THAN ANY

DISCIPLES IN HISTORY COULD HAVE POSSIBLY BEEN BLESSED WITH.
IF, IN SOME WAY, THERE IS A PROBLEM WITH THE PROCESS, THAT PROBLEM CAN ONLY BE OURS -- IRREFUTABLY, UNDENIABLY AND TOTALLY OURS.
OSHO, ISN'T TAKING THIS RESPONSIBILITY UNTO OURSELVES, RATHER THAN PROJECTING OUR EXPECTATIONS ON YOU, THE VERY FIRST STEP?

Responsibility is always the very first step of freedom. Throwing the responsibility on somebody else's shoulders is throwing away the opportunity for freedom. You cannot divide the two, they are inseparably one.
Amrito, it is true that the whole responsibility is of the disciple -- the master is only a catalytic agent, an excuse. But to accept responsibility needs guts -- everybody wants freedom, nobody wants responsibility. And the trouble is that they always go together. If you do not want responsibility, you will be enslaved in some way or other. The slavery can be spiritual -- which is the worst kind of slavery possible. The political slavery, the economic slavery, are superficial; you can revolt against them very easily. But the spiritual slavery is so deep that even the idea of revolting against it does not arise, for the simple reason that this slavery is there because you have asked for it. Other slaveries are imposed on you; you can throw them away, they are against you. This slavery, the spiritual slavery, appears to be not against you but a tremendous consolation -- a consolation that your responsibility has been taken over by somebody who knows; now you need

not worry. But along with the responsibility, you have lost freedom also.

And every expectation is a bondage; it leads to frustration sooner or later. It is destined to turn into frustration -- no expectation can be fulfilled because nobody is obliged to fulfill your expectations; he has his own expectations.

The master-disciple relationship is not a relationship of expectations. Expectation is the poison that destroys all other relationships. Your love turns into hate the moment there is expectation. Friendship becomes enmity.

Just the magic of expectation turns everything beautiful into ugliness.

But your whole life is full of expectations. Your mind knows nothing but to expect. Hence, when you come to a master your mind brings its expectations, its habits, its old routine. And there are people who pretend to be masters.

This has to be the criterion: If anybody is ready to fulfill your expectations, he is not a master, he is simply exploiting you.

No master can say, "I am going to fulfill your expectations." He can only say, "I am going to destroy all your expectations" -- because unless your expectations are destroyed, your old, rotten mind cannot be destroyed. Your old habits which are hindering the growth of your being cannot be removed.

The authentic master does not take any responsibility. It is a very strange thing; you would have thought otherwise, that the compassionate master must accept your expectations and try to fulfill them.

In reality, only a charlatan -- at the most a teacher -- can enjoy the idea of being a savior, a prophet, a messenger.

Only someone who is taking advantage of your weakness can say to you, "Just believe in me and you are saved" -- be a Christian and you are saved, be a Hindu and you are saved; surrender all your responsibility to Krishna or to Christ, and you will be saved. It looks very cheap, very simple; you are not losing anything and gaining everything. That's why a man like Jesus Christ could say to you, "I am the shepherd and you are my sheep."

And not a single man stood and opposed him -- "What are you saying? You are insulting our humanity. You are the shepherd, and we are just the sheep!" But for two thousand years not a single Christian has raised his hand to say that "I am not ready to become a sheep" -- for the simple reason that he is ready to be humiliated, because Jesus is saying, "If you are my sheep I will save you. You have nothing else to do but to be a sheep."

Nobody thinks about the fact that by reducing human beings to sheep you are not saving them, you are destroying them. You are destroying their integrity, you are destroying their self-respect and you are making them slaves.

And the bargain is a promised paradise after death. Nobody comes back to say if these saviors are helping anybody or if they have just cheated, lied, exploited and destroyed human dignity. And you rejoiced, because all responsibility was taken by them. The bargain was not bad; you just have to be a sheep, a believer. You just have to be a follower. You are not to be yourself, you have to be just a shadow. You have not to walk a path on your own, alone; you have to follow the footprints.

Kahlil Gibran has a beautiful story.

A man used to teach, "I am the savior. Whoever is ready, just come and follow me." But people have so many other things to do -- somebody is going to get married, somebody's wife is pregnant, somebody's father is dying, somebody's business is going into bankruptcy. People think, "Some day, when everything is settled, we are going to follow; right now it is difficult."

And the man went on from town to town, city to city, declaring, "I am the savior. Whoever wants to be saved, just come and follow me." People listened, nobody objected -- because the man was saying, "If you have any doubt just come and follow me, and you will see that you are saved" -- but everybody was busy.

A life is such that it is never complete. A thousand and one things are always incomplete. If death were to wait for you to complete your things, nobody would have ever died. But death simply comes, without giving even a week's notice. So you have to leave all things incomplete.

But when it is a question of your choice, you would like first to clean the whole mess that you have made of your life -- which you can never clean, because it is you who is the maker of it. Even by cleaning it you will be making more mess -- sorting it out, you will get more time to create a few more stupid things. You will start loving the neighbor's wife -- one wife was mess enough, now there are two women.

And life is so accidental that nobody knows what shape it is going to take the next moment.

So the man remained the savior, became very famous -- a great savior -- for the simple reason that nobody was ready to follow him immediately.

But in one city there was trouble. One young man, who was always a troublemaker, stood up and said, "I am coming."
The savior looked at him and felt that now there was trouble. He himself had no idea what saving means -- but one has to save one's face. He said, "My son, come on."
He said, "I am coming, and I will follow you till my last breath." And he was young and very healthy -- a wrestler-type -- and the savior was getting old. Days started passing, and the savior could not sleep, because the worry... and the man would sleep soundly, snoring loudly. He had given all the responsibility to the man, the old man. Moons rose, moon after moon, month after month
The old man became almost insane, because this young man was continuously following him like a shadow. He could not even preach because now he was afraid -- this man was spreading the word to people that "For four years I have been following this fellow; he has not saved me yet. So be ready, it is a long journey."
The old man said to him, "You are my follower, you should not say such things."
He said, "I am not saying any lie. Four years have passed -- nothing has happened; just you have become almost twenty years older in four years. That old freshness, that old joy of being a savior and a great man, all have disappeared. But I am going to follow you till my last breath!"
The old man said, "You are thinking about your last breath -- before that I will be finished!"
Six years passed. The old man was almost a skeleton, just worries. Just seeing this man almost twenty-four hours a day was such a heavy load that finally he had a nervous breakdown. The young man served him, brought him back

to his senses, and said, "What happened? You were going to save me, and you are drowning."

The old man said, "Just forgive me. I am not a savior, and I don't know at all what this business means. It is just that I was unemployed and this business of being a savior needs no qualifications. I tried, and I was successful because nobody followed. You destroyed my whole business -- you killed me! You are such a stubborn fellow. I was thinking that you would go away after one year, two years, three years; but you are such an adamant person that six years have passed. Now it is certain -- unless I die, you cannot leave.

"So it is better to say the truth to you: please leave me. I don't know what this business is. I have simply learned words -- savior, paradise, following -- but I don't have any experience. And the little bit of sense I used to have six years ago is lost because of you. You are following me like a ghost, torturing me continuously, twenty-four hours a day, because I cannot get rid of the idea -- what am I going to do with this man? And every morning you are doing exercises and becoming stronger -- the savior is going to die and the follower is becoming more and more strong."

And he said, "I am becoming stronger so that in case you really want to save me I will be in the right shape. Entering into paradise tattered does not look right. In your situation, I would rather go to hell, not to heaven -- just look at your face in the mirror!"

The man said, "I know, but this whole thing has happened because of you. I used to know the way to paradise before you started following me. Your company for six years was too much; now I don't know anymore where the path is,

where paradise is, whether paradise exists or not. And I cannot go anywhere; my sheep are waiting all around, in every town, to listen to the great message. But I cannot, because you are standing there by my side telling them that for six years you have followed me and nothing has happened. You just leave me."

The young man said, "I can leave you only on one condition -- that you will stop this business of saving others."

He said, "That is stopped already; my sheep have gone to follow other saviors. It will be kind of you if you start following somebody else. I have many competitors -- it will be a great mercy to me if you do the same thing to those people that you have done to me. Finish them off. Nobody knows what paradise is."

For centuries, since the very beginning of mankind, there have been people who have been taking advantage of human weakness. One of the greatest human weaknesses is that man wants things for free. And if paradise is available just by believing in the existence of God -- or that the savior is the right savior -- you are not losing anything and you are gaining everything. You may not get anything, but at least you can live in the hope....

All your religious leaders have been giving you hope. Karl Marx used to say that religions are the opium of the people, but he never went into a deep analysis of the fact. What is the opium? -- hope is the opium. They give you hope. They are ready to give you everything for nothing. Just have faith; give all the responsibility to them. And you are unaware of the fact that the moment you give your responsibility to them, you have also given your freedom.

And they are interested in your freedom. They don't talk to you about freedom. They don't say, "Give your freedom," because nobody is going to give their freedom to them. It is a very cunning business; they ask, "Give your responsibility" -- and responsibility seems to be a burden, so it is better if somebody else is ready to take it. But you are unaware of the fact that along with the responsibility your freedom disappears. You become a slave.

The whole of humanity is enslaved by different kinds of people, but the slavery is the same.

An authentic master will not take any responsibility on himself.

That's why an authentic master will not have a great following -- because who is going to follow a man who is not ready to take your responsibility, who does not give you any opium, any hope? On the contrary, he takes all your hopes, and all your drugs, and all your opium, and tries to make you as clean and pure and innocent and empty as possible.

The true master gives freedom. He insists that you should be free, totally free.

You are afraid of freedom.

Just see the mechanism of mind. You don't want freedom. If you look deep inside it, you will see your fears. You are afraid of freedom because that means you have to stand alone, on your own feet. And people are very much afraid to be alone. They think that if there are two persons.... There are proverbs in India that two persons are better than one. Why? One is alone; aloneness creates all kinds of fears. You start facing existence directly.

You must have seen people who are walking alone on a street: they start talking to themselves, just to give an illusion that somebody is with them.

I used to live in a house by the side of which there was a small street, very lonely, very dark in the night. And I had seen people talking to themselves, loudly, and I was surprised -- what was the matter? Not just one, but anybody who would pass would go fast, and would talk loudly.

One of my teachers used to live on the other end of the street. I got hold of him one night in the middle of the dark street. He said, "No more -- here, no more! Don't disturb me here. You can come to my house, or tomorrow morning we will discuss it, but this is not the place to stand."

I said, "When I am standing here, you are not alone."

He said, "You don't understand... don't waste my time and don't bother me."

I said, "You have to answer me here -- why do you start talking when you enter this street? With whom are you talking?"

He said, "With whom? -- any imaginary figure will do. I start chanting a mantra, gayatri mantra; it gives strength. And I run fast, because the street is not only lonely but it is well known that there are ghosts also."

Why are people afraid of being alone? And if you are with someone, there are only two alonenesses; it does not make any sense that you should be less afraid. You should be more afraid -- aloneness has been doubled. Before, you used to sleep in your room alone. Now your wife is also sleeping there -- two alonenesses, more dangerous! And then children start coming, and each is bringing another

package of aloneness. But people feel very good that now they are no longer alone.

Just being in a crowd does not mean that your aloneness has disappeared. It is there.

The same is the situation when you give the responsibility to somebody: you think the responsibility has disappeared, it is in somebody else's hands. It is not possible. You have to be responsible. Without responsibility you are not. Only dead people don't have any responsibility. Alive... the more alive you are the more responsible you are. The more alive you are the more freedom you need -- to act, to create, to be.

Why are you afraid? You are afraid because it seems that you are too small, and things that have been projected as goals for centuries are too big.

Now, a small human being... and the goal is paradise. He does not know the way. He does not know anything about paradise, whether it exists or not. He has been made afraid of hell, he has to avoid hell. He does not know what is being asked. How can he avoid it? -- because he does not know what hell is, where it is. If you know it, you can avoid it.

Naturally you have been burdened with such great goals, fictitious, that you have to give your responsibility to someone who is a pretender.

I was in Surat and I was staying with a Mohammedan friend. There is a small sect of Mohammedans, Khojas; it is the richest sect of Mohammedans. When I was staying there I came to know about a strange ritual -- and that was because Surat is their headquarters; their chief priest lives in Surat.

You have to give... when somebody dies, he wills that five lakh, fifty thousand rupees, should be given to the priest, because the priest has a direct line with God -- no operators, nothing. You give the money to the priest, the priest gives you a receipt and the receipt is put with the dead man, in his pocket, when he is being laid in the grave. He has to show the receipt to God and he will get five lakh rupees in cash immediately -- a simple transaction of money. And people have been doing that! And the chief priest must be one of the richest men in the country, because all that money goes into his pocket.

I asked my friend, "Your father died; how much have you given?"

He said, "It is a question of prestige. I had to give fifteen lakh rupees; that is the highest amount ever given." And his father had died just a few days before; that's why I had gone to see him.

I said, "Do you think your father has received the cash by now?"

He said, "Certainly."

I said, "Then tonight we will go to the graveyard."

He said, "For what?"

I said, "I want to open the grave and see whether the receipt is still there or not."

He said, "It has never been done."

I said, "You are an educated man... if the receipt is still in the grave, your father has not gotten the cash."

He said, "That's perfectly logical."

"Then we can produce the receipt to the priest and get fifteen lakh back -- and remember my commission!"

He said, "You are something! First you are telling me to do something irreligious, opening a grave...."
I said, "You have to be rational. Just come." So we went. With trembling hands he opened the grave, and the receipt was there. I said, "Take out the receipt."
It was in the middle of the night, and I said, "This is the right time. We should go to the priest."
He said, "Don't create any trouble. I have understood that we have been cheated."
I said, "This is not enough; we should make it known to the priest that he should stop this exploitation."
He said, "I don't want to get into trouble."
And I said, "If you don't come, I am going alone. Just give me the receipt." Because of the receipt, he followed me. We knocked at the priest's door; he opened the door and I produced the receipt.
He looked at the receipt and he said, "Where did you get this receipt?"
I said, "Give the cash -- that was the promise. God has returned it; your direct line is not working."
He said, "Maybe something is wrong."
I said, "You silently give fifteen lakh rupees to this man; otherwise, tomorrow you will be in difficulty."
He returned fifteen lakh rupees then and there. And he asked, "Please don't say anything to anybody. It must be that something is wrong with the line."
I said, "It is bound to be; otherwise, you are such an honest man."
This goes on happening in the twentieth century, with educated people. There have been saviors who are pretending that they are the only begotten son of God.

There are prophets who have been pretending that they have brought the last message to the world; after them, there will not be any more messages coming -- this is the last edition of God's message. And humanity seems to be in such a slavery -- it goes on tolerating all these people, without questioning the basic, ordinary things.

It is reported that in Nanak's life he was in Hardwar, and it was the time when people worship their dead forefathers and give food to the crows -- thousands of crows; forefathers come in the form of crows to take the food. I said, "This is a good idea, but no crow can create this idea." But the worship and the food that the crow gets is secondary. There is a mediator, a priest, who is praying to God to send the ancestors. It is because of his prayers that crows are coming -- and not ordinary crows; they look ordinary, but to the believers they are their forefathers. Nanak saw this happening. He said, "My God, this is great! People who have died centuries ago are coming."

He just went to a well where this ceremony was going on -- because people have to take a bath and go through certain rituals of prayer. So he took a bath and started drawing water from the well and throwing it on the road. A crowd gathered; they said, "What is the matter? What are you doing?"

He was perspiring, drawing the water and throwing it on the road. And he said, "Nothing, just watering my fields in Punjab. If these rituals make it possible to cross the barrier of time, hundreds of centuries... it is only hundreds of miles. And I am far away, and right now I cannot go. And it is the time that water should be given to the fields."

They said, "You must be mad. Throwing water here, it cannot reach to your fields."
He said, "Crows are eating the sweets, and they are reaching to your parents -- and my water is not reaching just a few miles?"
If you look around, there are pretenders who are ready to take all your responsibilities -- of this life, of past lives, of future lives. All that you have to do is to believe in them, to follow them -- blindly. Blindness has been up to now the very foundation of religion. And that's why all the religions are against me -- because I say blindness cannot be the foundation.
Eyes are needed.
Better eyes, more insight is needed.
And for that you have to take the whole responsibility for your life.
The master can help -- and that help also, remember, is not like ordinary help. The help is something like when the sun rises in the morning and the flowers open. The sun rays don't come to each flower and knock on its doors -- "Please get up, it is time." No alarm goes around that all the birds have to be awake and start singing. Nobody orders them... just a synchronicity.
As the sun rises, something starts happening in the birds -- some joy, some life, some thrill; a song wants to burst. A peacock wants to dance, opening its tail with all the colors of the rainbow. The flowers suddenly wake up -- night is over, it is time to open their petals and release their fragrance to the fresh morning winds. The sun is not doing anything directly. Its presence is enough, and something starts happening in its presence.

The master's help is exactly like that. He has not to do something directly, because that will be interference. That will be entering into your territorial imperative; that will be a crime against you. Even though his intention is good, he cannot enter into your being; he can simply be present. And if you are open, if you are available -- and that is your responsibility; to be open, to be available, to be receptive -- then without any effort on the part of the master, things start happening within the disciple.

The master does nothing. His presence is a catalytic agent, a very indirect persuasion; something more like a whisper -- not like a gong that wakes you up, but a whisper. Just like the winds passing through the pine trees, a very silent song, a message pregnant with immense significance but without words.

He makes it available to you. Now it is your responsibility -- and your freedom -- to take it or not to take it.

So, Amrito, you are right. All the responsibility is of the disciple, and no expectations should be projected on the master; otherwise there is going to be frustration -- those expectations cannot be fulfilled. And when they are not fulfilled then you are angry at the master; then you turn against the master, then you betray the master. And he has not done anything. It was your expectation which has turned into frustration. Everything has been happening within you; the master becomes unnecessarily a target.

And when a disciple expects something....

For example, today I received a letter; one sannyasin wants recognition -- I should pronounce his name and answer his question. Now, his question is not worth answering; it will be sheer wastage for so many people, and for the simple

reason that the question is not important. He is not interested in the question, the question is secondary. What he wants is that his name be proclaimed by me so he gets recognition. Now, even if the question was right, significant, I would not answer it -- because I cannot fulfill his ego. This recognition is nothing but the desire of what is wrong in you.

He writes that he is feeling very angry -- because it is not the first time, this is the third question. In the other three questions he had not mentioned it that he wanted his name to be proclaimed, but the questions were rubbish. Now he says that he is feeling very angry and very frustrated. Strange... it is your expectation; why should you feel angry at me? I have not done anything. I have not even named your name, and I will never do it.

And when a disciple feels frustrated, he is in a dilemma -- because people start asking him, "Why have you left your master?" His ego has been the cause, his expectations have been the cause. He remained stubborn, closed, unreceiving. He behaved like a stone, not like a flower. But he cannot admit it to people -- his ego will not allow it -- that he was non-receptive. Then the only way is to find fault with the master. If he cannot find real faults, he has to invent. That's the only way he can save his ego -- he has to invent fictions, that the master was wrong.

One man lived with me for almost ten years, and now he has written a book against me -- and all lies, everything fictitious. But he has to do it just to save his ego; otherwise, people ask, "For ten years you lived with him -- then why did you leave?" There can be only two reasons: either the

disciple is wrong, or the master is wrong -- and the disciple cannot be wrong.

But just think, a person who lives ten years with me... Ten years is a long time, one-seventh of your life -- and the best part, your youth. It took ten years for this idiot to find out that he was with a wrong master. Now how many years will it take for him to find a right master? His youth is gone -- with a wrong master -- and he cannot live without a master either, because he is not ready to accept his responsibilities. He will again move in the same vicious circle.

A few people go on for their whole lives doing the same circular route, moving from one teacher to another teacher, from one philosophy to another philosophy, never seeing a single, simple point: that if you come with expectations you cannot find the right master. To find the right master you have to be in a right attitude; that means you have to be without expectations.

Amrito, you say, "Osho, you are and we are not; or, in other words, you are not and we are." Both are true in different senses.

As far as egos are concerned, you are, I am not.

As far as the universal self is concerned, I am, you are not.

And the whole problem is that the meeting is possible in two ways. If the master is a pretender, then he is just as you are. And there is a kind of communication between you, because he is an ego, you are also an ego. He fulfills your ego, you fulfill his ego; it is a mutual arrangement.

Or, the second possibility is that the master is not as an ego; you should also become a no-ego. Then a communion happens. Then only has the master-discipleship come into

existence. It is a rare flower, very rare... comes into being once in a while.
The other kind of communication is a marketplace thing, everywhere available. There are teachers in the thousands, every religion produces them. And there are students who go on thinking that they are disciples -- they learn only knowledge. The disciple has to grow into being; it has nothing to do with knowledge.
Have you ever felt that there are people with whom you feel as if your energy is sucked? You don't want to meet them, they are parasites. And there are people whom you love to meet, because when you meet them you feel more alive, more fulfilled; your energy level is higher than it was before.
So there are people who have being -- and if you come across a person who has being you will feel nourished. And there are people who don't have being -- they are just black holes; to be with them you will feel sucked.
The teacher and the student have a certain communication, but it is superficial because it is only of words.
The master and the disciple have a communion.
It is not of words, but of a transfer of being, an exchange of life energy.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
TO BE IN YOUR ENERGY AGAIN IS SO BEAUTIFUL. WHEN I HEAR AND READ WHAT YOU HAVE GONE THROUGH AND ENDURED IN ORDER TO DO YOUR WORK AND BE THERE FOR US, I AM AWED.
HOW CAN WE BE WORTHY OF YOU?

The very question, how can you be worthy of me, makes you worthy of me.
The question arises out of humbleness.
I accept you as you are, but the desire to be more worthy simply means to be more humble, to be more absent as far as the ego is concerned.
Here, not to be is the way of being. The more you erase yourself, the more you allow me in. Just open your doors, all the windows, and don't hold anything. If you are holding anything back, that means a suspicion... in case you have to leave, in case this man turns out to be not the right master, you can withdraw.
So people give in very cautiously. They take so much time unnecessarily.
Tomorrow is not certain; I may be here or I may not be here. Only this moment is certain. Don't hold back. Come totally to receive me because I am ready to give you my totality. And only totality can connect with another totality; if you are partial, you cannot connect with my totality.
But you are on the right path. The very question, how can you be more worthy, is an indicator that you are relaxing, becoming humble, getting ready to receive the guest, to become the host.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
IF A DISCIPLE DOES NOT AGREE WITH SOME OF WHAT THE MASTER SAYS, IS HE A DISCIPLE?

The disciple is absolutely free to agree or not to agree with what the master says. But what the master does not say -- the disciple cannot disagree about that. About that, there has to be total agreement -- because that is the real thing. What the master says is just a game of words; it does not matter. The master is not a philosopher; he is not teaching a certain system of thought. He is not asking you to agree or disagree. You can disagree with everything the master says, but agree with the master.
The question is of agreeing with his being.
And I don't think that if you agree with his being then you will bother to disagree with his words.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
IN DECEMBER LAST YEAR THEY DISCOVERED A CANCER OF MY UTERUS. FOR ME IT WAS LIKE DECIDING TO DIE AND GO ON SUFFERING, OR COME OUT OF IT. I LET YOU COME IN TOTALLY, AND BECAME DROWNED IN YOUR LOVE: THE CANCER DISAPPEARED.
THE LAST SIX MONTHS, EVEN WHEN IT WAS NOT POSSIBLE TO SEE YOU, I FELT YOU VERY CLOSE TO ME. SOME FRIENDS OF MINE ARE SANNYASINS, AND WHEN I TELL THEM THIS, THEY SAY I AM RUNNING AWAY FROM REALITY. SOMETIMES I THINK, AND HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT WHAT I FEEL.
ARE THEY RIGHT? WHAT IS REALITY?

Always listen to your own experience, because that is reality.

You had cancer. And it often happens that cancer can become a great opportunity, because now death is certain. Now there is no question of holding yourself back -- death is going to take you away anyway. And because death was so close, you remembered me more, you loved me more -- because there was no more time to postpone.

For the first time you allowed me totally to be with you, and the cancer disappeared.

Cancer has many reasons. One of the reasons is that your life is meaningless, loveless, that you are not really living -- just dragging. You don't have any reason to live, and the trouble is you don't have any reason to commit suicide either. So in a sleepy way -- like somnambulists, sleepwalkers -- people go on from their cradle to the grave. It is a long journey, yet sleeping, they manage. They reach to the grave -- or wherever they reach it turns out to be the grave.

But a disease like cancer gives a totally new opportunity. You were not aware, so aware, so intensely aware of death; then suddenly you find you have cancer. Now all engagements of your life -- the tickets that you have purchased for the theater, for the football match, for the boxing match -- simply become meaningless. You were preparing for an examination, now it is useless. You were getting ready to fight an election, it no longer makes any sense. Now death is so strong -- and surrounds you -- that everything in your life is nullified, is cancelled.

I have been telling you continually to love, to be total. And for these few days there was no other alternative -- death

was coming already, you loved totally. You allowed me to be within you, and the cancer disappeared. Not that I have done anything; you have done something. If you had listened to me before, the cancer would not have happened at all. If you had loved with such intensity and totality before, you would not have been available to cancer.
Now, after the cancer has disappeared, you are again getting into the mind, thinking that perhaps I have done a miracle. I have not done anything. You have done a miracle, and because you have been telling your friends, "My master has done the miracle," they are telling you be more realistic. And then doubts arise in you.
Your friends are right. Be realistic -- although they themselves are not realistic. The only real thing is that the cancer disappeared because for the first time you had a totality of being, a togetherness of being which was more powerful than any cancer.

Now doubts are arising, and you will ask friends, and anybody will say, "Don't be foolish. Don't be superstitious" -- although they cannot explain how and why the cancer disappeared. And they are asking you to be realistic. You ask them, "Then you be realistic and tell me how the cancer disappeared." Let them have a little experience of cancer! Just let them think it over, let them waste their sleep over it -- how did the cancer disappear? -- because that is where the reality has to be decided.
And don't expect a miracle from me. That is fiction.
You have done a miracle; there is no doubt about it. And everybody is capable of doing such miracles.

Life is such a mystery that if we really become silent, total, loving, it will change many things in you -- in the body, in the mind, in the soul.
But don't get foolish ideas from your friends; otherwise the cancer can appear again -- because it is not my doing, it is your doing. If you become doubtful, and if you don't know how it has happened, your doubt can create the cancer. It was your totality which dissolved it; your doubt can make a way for it to come back. And then none of your friends will say, "Be realistic." Then you will have to go back to the same attitude, but it will be more difficult this time.
It is better not to get into the same trouble again. It will be difficult this time because you will be expecting -- which was not there before. The first time you had cancer you were not expecting any miracle. Now if it happens, you will be loving, you will be trying to be total -- but trying to be total is not total, trying to be loving is not loving. And deep down expecting that the cancer will be dissolved -- it is not the same situation.
And remember, don't blame me, that the next time I have not helped you. The first time I had not helped you either. It is always you.
Whatsoever happens to you, you are responsible.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
SITTING SILENTLY, DOING NOTHING, THE GRASS GROWS BY ITSELF... AND I FALL ASLEEP. SOMEHOW I ALWAYS FEEL ENVY FOR THOSE PEOPLE WHO CAN SIT SILENTLY FOR HOURS, BUT I REALLY CAN'T MANAGE IT, AND I HAVE BEEN

TRYING HARD. I'M ONLY GOOD AT FIGHTING, AT CREATING TROUBLES, AT DANCING WITH CREATIVITY, AT SHOUTING FROM THE ROOFTOPS, AT SINGING LOUDLY. SO DOES THAT MEAN THAT THERE IS NO HOPE FOR ME?

Sarjano, the haiku you are quoting is from a great master, Basho.
I know him. I can tell him to change it a little just to save a poor Italian. And the change that I can suggest to Basho will not be such that he will feel any difficulty.
The haiku is, "Sitting silently, doing nothing, the spring comes and the grass grows by itself."
I can tell him to make just a little change: Sitting silently, doing nothing, the sleep comes and the grass grows by itself. I don't think there is any problem. You have every hope.
But don't try your other things; they will not fit. Sleep is a perfect spiritual activity -- but shouting from the rooftops, creating trouble, and doing all the things you are saying in your question, they don't fit.
And as far as the grass is concerned, while you are asleep it has more chances to grow silently; otherwise you are going to create trouble.
Basho's haiku is tremendously important. He is simply saying that if you can relax, God grows by itself. It is not the grass. He cannot use the word `God', but that's what he means: God grows by itself.
So sleeping silently is a perfectly right atmosphere for God to grow. You have every hope.

As far as Basho is concerned, I will persuade him to change the haiku.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #20

Chapter title: When the disciple is ready
7 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
IS ENLIGHTENMENT THE ONLY WAY A DISCIPLE CAN TRULY EXPRESS HER GRATITUDE TO HER MASTER?

Maneesha, even enlightenment is not enough to express the gratitude the disciple has for the master. There is simply no way.
The gratitude of the disciple remains unexpressed. It is one of those mysteries which can be experienced but cannot be explained. It will look strange to you when I say that the closer the disciple comes to enlightenment, the more difficult it becomes for him to express the gratitude -- because now he is coming to a point which he had never known before. He has been grateful all the way along, but enlightenment, the experience of one's own unfolding, is just too much. You can simply shed tears, or dance -- but everything is ineffectual; it shows your intention only, but not the gratitude.
The depth and the greatness of gratitude is such that no word can express it, no experience can express it. But in a

way, becoming enlightened comes closest to showing gratitude to the master -- you have fulfilled his effort, his effortless effort. His presence has not been wasted on you, you have proved your mettle. It is better to say you have not been ungrateful, you have not betrayed. Through all the ups and downs, through many dark nights of the soul, you continued having trust, love, never wavering for a moment -- your enlightenment indicates that.

But there is no need to express gratitude. What is needed is to become gratitude. And then it is not a question of being grateful to the master. When you become gratitude, you are simply a gratefulness towards the whole existence.

The master was only a door to the open sky, to all the stars beyond.

It is beautiful to think of gratefulness, but there are things where you are dumb. You want to say but you cannot -- just the words fail, actions fail. And I am telling you, even experiences fail. It makes you transformed. Rather than just being grateful, it brings a mutation in you, a tremendous revolution -- you become gratitude itself. That's the only way.

But it has nothing to do with the master as such. When you pass the door, you don't thank the door. The master is simply an opening. You will remain always grateful, but your gratefulness will remain unexpressed.

This is one of those things which, the moment you express them in any way they are dead. They remain alive only unexpressed.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

IS THE MASTER-DISCIPLE RELATIONSHIP ACCIDENTAL, OR IS IT A CONSCIOUS CHOICE?

It is both.
As far as the master is concerned, it is absolutely a conscious choice.
As far as the disciple is concerned, it is bound to be accidental. He is not conscious yet.
The Egyptian mystics have a saying.... And Egypt had a few of the most ancient mystery schools. They were connected with those mystery schools which existed on the continent of Atlantis and Lemuria. Those continents are drowned, under water. But Egypt, for a time -- till the fanatic Mohammedans destroyed those mystery schools -- continued the beautiful methodologies for finding oneself.
The Egyptian mystics say: When the disciple is ready, the master appears.
For the master, it is something absolutely conscious. A Sufi story will help you to understand it.
A young man, with a great desire to know the truth renounced his family, his world, and went in search of a master. And as he was leaving the town he saw an old man -- he must have been nearabout sixty -- sitting under a tree, so silent, so blissful, so attractive, so magnetic that he was pulled. Unknowingly, accidentally, he went to the old man and told him that he was in search of a master. "You are an old man, and I can feel the flavor of your wisdom. I can feel a certain radiance around you. Perhaps you will be able to tell me where I should go, and what are the criteria -- how am I going to decide that this is my master? There are

masters and masters, but who is the master who is going to lead me to the ultimate?"
The old man said, "It is very simple," and he described exactly what kind of a man he would be, what kind of an atmosphere he would have around him, how old he would be -- even under what kind of tree he would be sitting.
The young man thanked the old man. The old man said, "The time to thank me has not come yet; I will wait for it."
The young man could not understand: "What does he mean, he will wait for it?"
For thirty years he was searching for the master in the deserts, in the mountains... but he could not find all the criteria fulfilled. Tired, utterly frustrated, he went back home. He was no longer young. When he left he must have been thirty, now he was almost sixty.
But as he was entering his home, he saw the old man still sitting under the tree. He could not believe his eyes. He said, "My God. This is the man he described -- he even said he would be ninety years old... and this is the tree! I must have been so absolutely unconscious that I did not look at the tree under which he was sitting. And the fragrance that he described -- the radiance, the presence, the aliveness around him...."
He fell at his feet and he said, "But what kind of joke is this? Thirty years I have been wandering in the deserts, in the mountains. And you knew it."
The old man said, "My knowing does not matter. The question is whether you can know it. I had described it perfectly, but you had to go through all this wandering around for thirty years. Only after this struggle of thirty years, would you have a little alertness. That day you

wanted to thank me, and I told you the time had not come yet; one day the time would come.

And you are bothering too much about your thirty years' wanderings. What about me? "I have been sitting here for thirty years, waiting for you. My own work was finished long ago, my boat has come and is waiting for me. And I have been postponing and postponing for you, idiot, and you took thirty years! And I even described the tree, I described every feature of mine -- my beard, my nose, my eyes. In detail, I said everything, and you rushed in search of me!

"But it is still not too late. I was worried that if I died, my word, my promise would not be fulfilled -- `That idiot is bound to come sooner or later, but if I am not here then my description, my indication to him, will not be valid, will prove false.' Just to be authentic, I am sitting under this tree for thirty years! You could have chosen me that very day. But you could not help it, you did not have the eyes. You heard my words, but you could not understand the meaning. I was in front of you, describing myself, and you were thinking to find me somewhere else."

The disciple finds the master only accidentally; he just goes on moving, stumbling, falling, getting up again, being cheated by one, exploited by another, befooled by someone else. Slowly slowly, a little alertness comes to him. And it is just by accident that he meets the master.

As far as the master is concerned, he is consciously waiting for certain people. He is making every effort to reach those people, but the problem is that those people are all unconscious.

Even if Gautam Buddha comes and knocks on your doors, are you going to receive him or just make a laughingstock of him?

Dostoevsky, one of the greatest novelists the world has known, in one of his novels, THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV, brings Jesus Christ back after eighteen hundred years. Jesus thinks, "Now almost half the world is Christian. The first time was not the right time for me to go there, because not a single person was a Christian, nobody belonged to me."

Eighteen hundred years before, he had come into a world of strangers. Naturally and logically he decided that now is the time -- "When half the world is Christian, millions of churches singing my songs -- this is the right moment. Now I have my people."

Naturally, he appears in Jerusalem on a Sunday morning. The people from the great church are just getting out. He stands under a tree. Out of curiosity people start gathering around him, and they are all laughing and joking. And they say, "The man is really clever. What an actor! He looks just like Jesus Christ."

And Jesus is saying to them, "I am not an actor, and I am not trying to be Jesus Christ. I am Jesus Christ."

And they all laugh. They say, "Don't try to befool us. We are Christians, and it will be good for you that you immediately disappear from here before the archbishop comes out; otherwise, you are going to be in trouble."

But Jesus says, "This is strange. You are my followers."

And they says, "Forget all this nonsense. We are followers of Jesus Christ, who was crucified eighteen hundred years ago. You seem to be either a film actor or working in a

circus -- but we certainly accept that you are doing your act perfectly."
Jesus tries in thousands of ways: "Listen, I am the same man who was crucified!"
And the archbishop comes and the crowd immediately gives way respectfully. The archbishop is a great religious man. And the archbishop, with authority, says to Jesus, "Come down from that platform, and follow me inside the church. These are simple people, and you should not destroy their faith by such stupid acts."
"But," Jesus says, "you are my representative."
The archbishop says, "Shut up! You are going beyond your limits. Just come inside with me." And he tells a few people, "Hold this man. Tie him inside in a cell, and later on I will see about it, when I have time."
Jesus says, "This is strange. This is what happened before. But they were not my people; at least there was a consolation that they didn't understand me. I asked God at the last moment, `Father, forgive these people, because they don't know what they are doing. They don't know that they are mistreating the only begotten son of God.' But now even that consolation is not there. These are my people, and it seems I am going to be crucified again -- by Christians!"
He is tied down to a pole in a dark cell. In the middle of the night the archbishop comes with a candle in his hand and falls at the feet of Jesus. He says, "I recognized you, but I cannot accept you in public. You are a great disturbance, a nuisance. In eighteen hundred years somehow we have managed the whole business of Christianity in a perfectly smooth way. Now everything is going well. You are not needed.

"Remain with your father, serve your father, and we are here to serve you. But you are not needed here, because you will immediately start disturbing things. The rabbis who crucified you -- now we can understand that they had also recognized you; it was really their recognition that `This man has the truth' which led them to crucify you. And if you don't disappear, forgive us: we will have to do the same -- to crucify you again. So be a little intelligent, don't create trouble."

The unconscious man will not recognize even a Gautam Buddha or a Jesus Christ or a Moses. It is not his fault. The archbishop is a little alert; he recognizes, but his whole business is at stake.

The priests of any religion would not like their founders to come back again to the earth. They will say the same words to them -- "We are doing your work perfectly well. You are not needed, because you are basically a disturber. You will say things which are going to disturb peoples' minds. Somehow we have managed their morality, their character, their culture, and you will start bringing questions."

No religion would like its own founders to come back. The unconscious minds of people cannot recognize them. The priests perhaps may be able to recognize, but they will be the ones to crucify them. Because the priests can have a business on the crucifixion of Jesus, on the life of Jesus; but if Jesus is alive, then the priest is no longer needed. His whole business is finished. It is simply a question of his livelihood,

he is not interested in truth.

No priest is interested in truth. No theologian is interested in God, in searching for the ultimate. His interest is in exploiting the unconscious mind.
So the seeker, the disciple, is bound to stumble with many pretenders. But if his search is genuine...
And what is the symbol of a genuine search? The symbol is if his search is not an ego trip, if it is not that he wants to become holier, higher, spiritual, better than everybody else, more virtuous. If that is his search, then he is going to be a victim of all those charlatans that the world abounds with. If his search is authentic, that he wants to know himself -- he is not interested in becoming holier, not interested in becoming higher, not interested in becoming superior, he simply wants to know his ordinary self -- then nobody can exploit him. Then sooner or later he is bound to come to a person who can see his authentic search, who is conscious. The master chooses consciously, but for the disciple it is bound to be still another experiment. He has been experimenting with others, and failed; now he is experimenting with a new person.
But with a master you cannot fail -- it is impossible. His consciousness is going to transform your unconsciousness into consciousness. He is a light, and once you are in contact with the light you cannot remain in darkness. Unconsciousness is like darkness, and a conscious man is just a great flame of light. To be close to him is to be transformed.
To be close to him does not make you more knowledgeable. To be close to him does not make you a slave. To be close to him does not make you a

Mohammedan, a Hindu, a Christian. To be close to him simply makes you a human being, innocent, like a child. He gives you being, not knowledge. He makes you more, he expands you more -- not your knowledge but your being, your very life. He does not go on increasing your information about truth, about yourself, about life. A master is not concerned with anything about. He gives you life, not any information about life.
He gives you a taste, and then you can grow that taste.
He gives you a seed....
And you become a soil, and you can bring that seed to its flowering.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU HAVE TOLD US THAT ULTIMATELY OUR ATTACHMENT TO THE MASTER MUST ALSO BE DROPPED. BUT HOW? HOW DO WE VOLUNTARILY CUT OFF THE JOY WE FEEL AT THE SIGHT OF YOU, AND THE SHEER BLISS OF SITTING AT YOUR FEET?

Zareen, I can understand your difficulty. It is as ancient as it can be.
The master is the last attachment.
And because it is the last attachment -- all your attachments gone -- your whole energy of attachment becomes concentrated on the master. So it is no ordinary attachment. Because in ordinary life you are attached to your wife, you are attached to your children, you are attached to your house, you are attached to this, you are attached to that --

there are thousands of attachments. Your power of attachment is divided. But when all other attachments have been dropped, your whole life energy focuses simply on the master.

The old seers of India have been singing that "The master is the mother, the master is the father, the master is the brother." The master is everything.

Yes, there comes a moment when all other attachments are gone, he is all -- and now the master wants you to drop that attachment too. It hurts. One is ready to drop the idea of enlightenment easily, because one does not know what it is, one has no experience about it. But the beauty, the joy, the ecstasy of being with the master is now known; it is your experienced fact. Now it is something that you have explored and found so juicy that enlightenment, nirvana, MOKSHA... all look like dry words.

And it is not only true of ordinary people -- even with persons like Ramakrishna the same was the problem: the last barrier proves to be the hardest. It will be helpful to understand Ramakrishna's situation.

Ramakrishna was perfectly happy, although his happiness was just a mind game. But he had dropped all attachments, and he had focused his whole life energy on the mother-goddess Kali. The mother-goddess Kali was his whole world. To others it may be just a stone statue; to him, she was the very source of life. It was all his projection, but he was immensely happy. He would dance and he would sing and he would rejoice. And there was no question about his joy -- this has to be remembered: his joy was perfectly real, his ecstasy was real, his blissfulness was real, although it

was based on a mental projection. The projection was unreal.

It is something like this: I give you a stone which looks like a diamond, and you are immensely happy -- you have got a bigger diamond than that Kohinoor. As far as your happiness is concerned, it is real; as far as the diamond is concerned, it is fake.

Ramakrishna could have died in the same hallucination that he had been creating -- and he had created his hallucination with tremendous effort.

First, he was a unique individual, not an ordinary priest. He was professionally a priest in the temple of Dakshineshwar in Calcutta, but his relationship with the goddess was not that of a professional priest. Sometimes he would dance the whole day till he fell unconscious. Sometimes he would lock the temple and would not open it for a few days.

It was reported to the owner of the temple, Rani Rasmani, that "This is a strange kind of priest. Sometimes the temple is not opened at all, and sometimes it is not closed even in the night. And this priest does not know how to worship. He brings food for the mother-goddess; first he tastes it, and then he puts it before the mother-goddess. Now, this is absolutely against the scriptures. First, it should be put before the mother and then it should be distributed as prasad, as a gift from the divine. And this fellow eats first and then puts it in front of the mother; this is almost a sin. "There is no discipline. Sometimes the prayer starts in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon -- sometimes it does not happen at all. Sometimes the mother gets the food, sometimes no food. And you cannot argue with the man, the man seems to be mad because he says, `I am angry

today, I am punishing her. For three days I have been dancing, and she has not even shown her face in my dreams. I cannot tolerate it; now let her suffer. In three days without food, she will come to her senses. Then she will know that Ramakrishna is not an ordinary priest.'"
Rasmani called Ramakrishna and told him, "You should follow the scriptures."
Ramakrishna said, "I have never read any scriptures, and I don't intend to read them at all. I am perfectly happy. My relationship with the mother-goddess is going as beautifully as can be. In every relationship once in a while a quarrel happens -- sometimes she is angry, sometimes I am angry; sometimes she is nagging, sometimes I am nagging; but this is how every relationship...."
Rasmani said, "You are mad, Ramakrishna. It is not a relationship."
Ramakrishna said, "Then you can find another priest, because to me it is a relationship."
And one day, dancing before Kali -- there is always a sword in the hand of Kali -- he took the sword from the hand of Kali and he said, "Enough you have had this sword in your hand -- today I am going to have it. What do you think? Just because of having the sword you want to terrorize people? I will show you what real terrorism is. I will dance with the sword. And you have to appear, this stone statue won't do. If you don't appear then I will cut off my head. So I give you time: as the sun is setting, make up your mind and appear. Otherwise, you will lose your priest, and you will not find another Ramakrishna, I tell you." And he danced.

As the sun was setting, he was going to cut his neck with the sword, and he saw the transformation -- there was no stone statue. Kali was smiling; it was human. The sword fell from his hands. He remained unconscious for six days, and when he came to consciousness the first thing he said was -- because everybody was trying to bring him to consciousness; medicines were being given, cold water was being poured on him -- he said, "Are you my friends or my enemies? These six days I lived in such bliss. I don't want to become conscious again. Just let me remain in my unconsciousness -- because the mother-goddess was present all the time for six days. What am I to do with consciousness? Unconsciousness was far more fruitful."
This man would have died, and would have been worshipped for centuries as enlightened -- and it was only a psychological projection. It was a wandering master -- perhaps he had gone to Dakshineshwar only for Ramakrishna -- who told Ramakrishna, "What you are experiencing is your own creation, and unless you go beyond it you will never know the truth. Just one step more... when you see the mother-goddess in your meditation, take her sword and cut her in two. And as those two parts of mother Kali fall apart, the door will be opened to the beyond."
Ramakrishna said, "Even the idea hurts me. I cannot do it." But the master said, "You will have to do it." And the man had such a charisma. Ramakrishna had come in contact with many people; for the first time he had found someone who was worthy of being listened to.
The master said, "I am going to stay here for only three days. I have come only for you, because you are living in

an illusion and your illusion can be dissolved. I know your illusion is very sweet, it is beautiful; it is the most significant thing that you have known in your life, so it is hard to drop it. But you don't know that by dropping it, you will enter into something which is not a thousandfold more or a millionfold more, no. The difference is not of quantity, the difference is of quality. And once you have known it, then you will see that what you were doing was only a mind-game. You did it well; very few people do it so well and so totally. You succeeded doing it, but now the final step has to be taken."

So Ramakrishna would sit with closed eyes in meditation, and immediately tears would start flowing, his face would become radiant -- the mother-goddess was present, and he would forget. When he would come out of his meditation, the master would ask, "What happened?"

He said, "I simply forgot. It was so alluring... I cannot remember what you say, and even if I remember I cannot do it."

On the third day the master said, "This is my last day here, and your last chance in this life," and he brought a piece of sharp glass.

And he told him, "When I see your tears and your face becoming radiant, I know that you are now seeing mother-goddess Kali: I will cut your forehead with this glass exactly where you have to cut the mother-goddess inside -- because it happens exactly on the third eye. Just be courageous, just for one time, because I will be gone tomorrow."

And he cut Ramakrishna's forehead. Blood was flowing all over his face, and Ramakrishna gathered courage and did

what the master was saying. The statue of Kali fell in two parts, and the door to the beyond opened. He became utterly quiet and silent, opened his eyes, touched the feet of the master and said, "Your compassion is infinite, that you came just to help this poor man. I had no idea what is beyond, I was just playing with mental toys."

Zareen, I can understand your question, your difficulty. You love to be in my presence. You feel fulfilled, contented. You don't want anything more. But I am not satisfied, because I know there is more. This is only the beginning, and I will not allow you to be stuck at the beginning. But I have my own devices.

What the master, Totapuri, did with Ramakrishna is a very crude thing, a bullock-cart method. I don't belong to those kind of people, I have my own methods. I cannot help you, I will not interfere in your growth. I would like you to grow spontaneously.

But as far as the attachment to me is concerned, it is a different problem. You need not be worried; I can simply disappear myself. You don't have to cut me into pieces, I can simply slip out of you -- because it is only your imagination.

And to slip out of your mind is such a small thing, such a simple thing, that I have always wondered why in the past... Even Gautam Buddha had to say, "When you meet me on the path, just cut off my head immediately." Why be so hard on the poor disciple? I don't believe in any kind of cruelty. This is asking for cruelty, and a buddha is asking. Certainly he knows it is imagination.

But to the disciple it is not imagination. And the question is not of Buddha, the question is of the disciple. To the

disciple it is a reality, the most precious reality. And when I can slip myself out of you and leave the door open for the beyond, there is no problem. For my disciples there is no problem. If you meet me on the way, just remind me, "Hey, what had you said before? Now just move out of the way." No need of swords and cutting of heads -- there is no need. Just nudge me a little -- "Move out of the way, let me see what is beyond." And if you want, I can stand by your side and you can see, so you are not afraid of being alone, so you are not losing my presence either. And once you have known the beyond, then there is no question of my presence. What you are getting in my presence is only a drop, a dewdrop; and once you get the whole ocean you will not cling to the dewdrop.

Zareen, no need to worry. It has never been done, but I am a crazy fellow. I have been doing many things which have never been done. I have tried it -- it works. You enjoy my presence as much as you can, you love the presence as much as you can. When all your attachments have disappeared and only I am left, then it is my duty to disappear. You have not to do anything. And you are not going to be a loser; you will be gaining more. You will be gaining the universal.

Question 4

BELOVED OSHO,

IS IT NECESSARY TO DEVELOP A SENSE OF DIVINE DISCONTENTMENT, WHEN BEING AROUND YOU PROVOKES NOTHING BUT DIVINE CONTENTMENT? OR IS IT ENOUGH JUST TO BE SAD ABOUT NOT BEING REALIZED?

There is no need to develop a divine discontentment.
It is for those who are contented with mundane things -- with money, with power, with prestige -- they need to develop a sense of divine discontentment.
But if you have a divine contentment, you are in a totally different category. You need not be sad that you don't have discontent, you should be happy and rejoice.
Medicines are for those who are sick. When you are not sick, don't be sad -- "How unfortunate I am that I have to live without medicines." Divine discontent is a medicine for those who are feeling contented with things which are simply rubbish, crap. They have to be drawn out of their so-called contentment, and a discontent for the divine has to be created in them.
But you are feeling a divine contentment, you are feeling health; you don't need the medicine. Now don't be sad; otherwise, soon you will need the medicine. And instead of divine discontentment, there is every possibility that you may fall into a discontentment for material things.
One has to understand the logic of life. There is a certain logic: if you are contented with things, you can be made aware that this contentment is sheer stupidity. Then immediately a discontentment will arise in you for something divine, something that is immortal, that is eternal.
Your situation is just the reverse. You are feeling divine contentment. Now don't disturb it. There is no need to be sad. Sing, dance and rejoice, so that this divine contentment grows, becomes deeper. That sadness can destroy it.

And if you want discontentment, it cannot be divine for you. You can be discontented because you are not the prime minister, you are not the president, you are not the richest man of the country. From your position, if you don't go deeper into it you can fall on wrong paths.
You are perfectly right.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS A DISCIPLE?

A disciple is one who wants to be, who feels that as he is, he is utterly empty, his life is nothing but a futile exercise; who feels that he is living meaninglessly -- in one word, who feels himself in despair.
In one of the existentialist novels a man commits a murder, but the murder is strange -- because he kills a man who he has never known. There is no question of friendship or enmity, he has not even seen his face. The man is sitting on the beach -- he comes from behind and kills him with a knife. He does not escape, he stands there. The crowd gathers, the police come. They ask him why he has killed the man. He says, "Don't ask me any why, because I have been asking why -- no answer comes. Why am I born? Why are you born? Why do people die? Why do people have to live? Nobody answers my why -- you should not expect me to answer your why. I simply wanted to do something -- having nothing to do, I did it."
But they asked, "You don't know the man. You have not even seen his face."
He says, "So what?"

In the court there is great crowd when the hearing begins, because this man seems to be really strange. He is not an ordinary murderer, because there is no reason at all to murder. And when the judge asks why, he says, "I have been asking why, and there seems to be no answer. I also don't have any answer."

Then circumstantial evidence is produced. One man says, "This young man has been eccentric from the very beginning. He is my neighbor -- the day his mother died, he said, `That woman has decided to die on Sunday just to spoil my holiday. There are seven days, but she will not die on any other day.' He was not sorry for the death of the mother, he was complaining: `That woman tortured me my whole life, gave me work without asking me. And she could have died on Saturday, on Friday, on any day. But I knew from the very beginning that she would die on Sunday -- and particularly this Sunday because I have purchased tickets to go to the movie -- just to spoil it.'"

Somebody went to the witness box and said, "We cannot understand this man, because the day his mother died he was seen in a disco in the evening this man, dancing with a girlfriend. Now, that is not right. Your mother has died; at least you should not dance in a public place with your girlfriend."

The judge said, "Is it true?"

And the man said, "I want to ask one thing: If my mother dies, have I to dance ever after that or not? What does it matter whether I dance after six hours or six days or six years? -- it is always going to be after. So I decided that it is perfectly okay. Why waste time in waiting? And what is

the demarcation line -- after how many days can you dance, and what is the criterion?"

He was asked, "You killed the man. Ordinarily, anybody murdering would have escaped, but you were just standing there with the knife in your hand. You did not escape."

He said, "To tell you the truth, it is that before my death I wanted to do a decisive act. In my whole life others have been dictating to me, `Do this, do that, go to this school, study this subject.' I have never been given any chance to decide anything on my own. I had decided to commit suicide, but suicide is criminal, and this society is insane. If you fail in committing suicide and you are caught, then they crucify you. Because you were committing suicide, as a punishment they crucify you. Great logic. I wanted to commit suicide. I said, `This is the best way -- first commit a murder.' At least I can say that I have done one thing in my life fully on my own, a decisive act. And there was no need to escape because now I want you to crucify me."

A disciple comes to a state where he feels that either he has to commit suicide or he has to change his whole life so that there is some significance, some fragrance, some beauty, some individuality, some decisiveness, something that you have done. Your birth you are not responsible for, your death you will not be responsible for -- two of the most important things in life are not in your hands -- but you can commit suicide; that is a decisive point.

To commit suicide is to accept failure, is to accept that you are defeated. But it is only in such a situation of the mind that a man starts looking -- perhaps there are ways of living other than how he has lived up to now, perhaps there are alternative styles of life. This search for an alternative style

of life.... Because he can see all around -- everybody is miserable, sad, feeling lost. Knowing not what he is doing, why he is doing it, where he is going, why he is going there, everybody is just being pushed by the crowd. And everybody goes on like a sheep -- not like a man, not like a lion.

A disciple is one who is in search of an alternative lifestyle. One lifestyle is that of the sheep and the other lifestyle is that of a lion. The disciple is trying to find his voice, his roar. He is trying to find his authentic being -- who he is.

A disciple is in the process of transformation.

The society has failed him, the society has deceived him. The education has not been of any help. The leaders -- political, religious, social -- all have been just cheating, and nobody has been of help so that he can be himself.

A disciple is a seeker of truth.

The word `disciple' comes from the same root as `discipline'. Now he is going to discipline himself in a totally different way than the society wants, than the religion wants, than the parents want.

He is going to discipline himself with his own signature. It is a rebellion.

A disciple is a rebellious spirit.

Question 6

BELOVED OSHO,

IS THERE ANY GOLDEN RULE FOR THE DISCIPLE?

Narendra, there is only one golden rule -- that there are no golden rules.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #21

Chapter title: Only the real can meet the real
8 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
BEING WITH YOU IN INDIA IS MUCH STRONGER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD. SITTING WITH YOU IN DISCOURSE FEELS LIKE BEING IN THE VERY HEART OF THE WORLD. SOMETIMES JUST SITTING IN THE HOTEL ROOM, CLOSING MY EYES, I FEEL THAT YOUR HEARTBEAT AND MINE ARE BEATING IN THE SAME RHYTHM.
WAKING IN THE MORNING, LISTENING TO THE SOUNDS AROUND -- THEY PENETRATE MUCH DEEPER THAN IN ANY OTHER PLACE. IT FEELS LIKE MEDITATION IS HAPPENING HERE NATURALLY, AND WITHOUT ANY EFFORT.
IS YOUR WORK DIFFERENT IN INDIA, OR IS THERE SOMETHING HERE LIKE A NATURAL BUDDHAFIELD?

Latifa, India is not just geography or history. It is not only a nation, a country, a mere piece of land. It is something more: it is a metaphor, poetry, something invisible but very tangible. It is vibrating with certain energy fields which no other country can claim.

For almost ten thousand years, thousands of people have reached to the ultimate explosion of consciousness. Their vibration is still alive, their impact is in the very air; you just need a certain perceptivity, a certain capacity to receive the invisible that surrounds this strange land.

It is strange because it has renounced everything for a single search, the search for the truth. It has not produced great philosophers -- you will be surprised to know it -- no Plato, no Aristotle, no Thomas Aquinas, no Kant, no Hegel, no Bradley, no Bertrand Russell. The whole history of India has not produced a single philosopher -- and they have been searching for truth!

Certainly their search was very different from the search that has been done in other countries. In other countries people were thinking about truth; in India, people were not thinking about truth -- because how can you think about truth? Either you know it, or you don't; thinking is impossible, philosophy is impossible. It is absolutely an absurd and futile exercise. It is just like a blind man thinking about light -- what can he think? He may be a great genius, may be a great logician -- it is not going to help. Neither logic is needed nor genius is needed; what is needed is eyes to see.

Light can be seen but cannot be thought. Truth can be seen, but cannot be thought; hence we don't have a parallel word in India for `philosophy'. The search for truth we call darshan, and darshan means seeing.

Philosophy means thinking, and thinking is circular -- about and about, it never reaches to the point of experiencing.

India is the only land in the whole world, strangely, which has devoted all its talents in a concentrated effort to see the truth and to be the truth.

You cannot find a great scientist in the whole history of India. It is not that there were not talented people, it is not that there were not geniuses. Mathematics was founded in India, but it did not produce Albert Einstein. The whole country, in a miraculous way, was not interested in any objective research. To know the other has not been the goal here, but to know oneself.

For ten thousand years millions of people persistently making a single effort, sacrificing everything for it -- science, technological development, riches -- accepting poverty, sickness, disease, death, but not dropping the search at any cost... it has created a certain noosphere, a certain ocean of vibrations around you.

If you come here with a little bit of a meditative mind, you will come in contact with it. If you come here just as a tourist, you will miss it. You will see the ruins, the palaces, the Taj Mahal, the temples, Khajuraho, the Himalayas, but you will not see India -- you will have passed through India without meeting it. It was everywhere, but you were not sensitive, you were not receptive. You will have come here to see something which is not truly India but only its skeleton -- not its soul. And you will have photographs of its skeleton and you will make albums of its skeleton, and you will think that you have been to India and you know India, and you are simply deceiving yourself.

There is a spiritual part. Your cameras cannot photograph it; your training, your education cannot capture it.

You can go to any country, and you are perfectly capable of meeting the people, the country, its history, its past -- in Germany, in Italy, in France, in England. But you cannot do the same as far as India is concerned. If you try to categorize it with other countries, you have already missed the point, because those countries don't have that spiritual aura. They have not produced a Gautam Buddha, a Mahavira, a Neminatha, an Adinatha. They have not produced a Kabir, a Farid, a Dadu. They have produced scientists, they have produced poets, they have produced great artists, they have produced painters, they have produced all kinds of talented people. But the mystic is India's monopoly; at least up to now it has been so.

And the mystic is a totally different kind of human being. He's not simply a genius, he is not simply a great painter or a great poet -- he is a vehicle of the divine, a provocation, an invitation for the divine. He opens the doors for the divine to come in. And for thousands of years, millions of people have opened the doors for the divine to fill the atmosphere of this country. To me, that atmosphere is the REAL India. But to know it, you will have to be in a certain state of mind.

Latifa, because you are meditating, trying to be silent, you are allowing the real India to come in contact with you.

Yes, you are right; the way you can find truth in this poor country you cannot find anywhere else. It is utterly poor, and yet spiritually it has such a rich heritage that if you can open your eyes and see that heritage you will be surprised. Perhaps this is the only country which has been deeply concerned with the evolution of consciousness and nothing else. Every other country has been concerned with a

thousand other things. But this country has been one-pointed, a single goal: how human consciousness can be evolved to a point where it meets with the divine; how to bring the human and the divine closer.

And it is not a question of one person but millions of people; not a question of a day or a month or a year, but thousands of years. Naturally, it has created a tremendous energy field around the country. It is all over the place, you just have to be ready.

It is not coincidental that whenever anybody is thirsty for truth, suddenly he has become interested in India, suddenly he has started moving towards the East. And it is not only today, it is as old as there are records.

Pythagoras, twenty-five centuries ago, came to India in search of truth. Jesus Christ came to India.

In THE BIBLE there is no record about Jesus between the ages of thirteen to thirty -- and that was almost his whole life, because he was crucified at thirty-three. So from thirteen to thirty, seventeen years are missing. Where had he been, and why are those days not recorded in THE BIBLE? They have been dropped deliberately, because that would have exposed the fact that Christianity is not a new religion, it is not an original religion -- that whatever Christ is saying he has brought from India.

It is tremendously intriguing. He was born a Jew, lived a Jew, died a Jew. He was never a Christian, he never even heard the words `Christian' or `Christ'. Why were the Jews so much against this man? Christians don't have an exact answer; neither do the Jews have an exact answer why -- because this man had done no harm to anybody. He was as innocent as you can imagine. But his crime was very subtle.

The rabbis, the learned Jews, saw it clearly -- that he was bringing ideas from the East which were not Jewish. He was bringing something foreign, strange.

And if you look from this angle you can see why he says again and again, "It has been said to you by the prophets of old that if somebody is violent with you, angry with you, then you have to be ready. Your answer has to be a stone for a brick, an eye for an eye. But I say unto you that if somebody hits you, slaps you on the face, give him the other side of your face too." This is absolutely un-Jewish. He has learned it from the teachings of Gautam Buddha and Mahavira.

When he came to India -- and there are records still available of his visit -- Buddhism was still very alive, although Buddha was dead. Jesus came five hundred years after Gautam Buddha, but Buddha had created such a great storm that the whole country was drowned in it, was drunk with his idea of compassion, with his idea of forgiveness, with his idea of love. Jesus says, "It has been told by the old prophets" -- and who are the old prophets? -- they are all old, Jewish prophets: Ezekiel, Elijah, Moses -- "that God is a very violent God, that he never forgives."

They have even put words into God's mouth. In the OLD TESTAMENT God says, "I am not your uncle, I am not a nice man. I am very jealous and I am very angry. And those who are not with me are against me."

And Jesus says, "I say unto you that God is love." From where did he get the idea that God is love? Nowhere in the world has there been any record of God being love, except in the teachings of Gautam Buddha.

For those seventeen years Jesus was wandering through Egypt, India, Ladakh, Tibet. And that was his crime -- that he was bringing strange ideas to the Jewish tradition. And they were not only strange, they were absolutely against it. You will be surprised to know also that finally he died in India, and Christian records are simply avoiding the fact. If they are right, that he was resurrected, then what happened after resurrection? Where is he? Because there is no record of his death.

In fact, he was never resurrected. He in fact never died on the cross, because the Jewish cross is the most crude way of killing a person. It takes almost forty-eight hours to kill a person, because the hands are nailed, the legs are nailed, and just drop by drop the blood goes out. If the man is healthy -- there are records that people have survived for more than sixty hours -- forty-eight is average. Jesus was brought down from the cross after six hours. Nobody has ever died on a Jewish cross in six hours: nobody can die.

It was a conspiracy with Pontius Pilate. He was not a Jew, he was a Roman viceroy, because Judea was under the Roman Empire. And he was not at all interested in killing this innocent young man. He was feeling guilty that he was playing a part in this ugly and cruel drama; without his signature this man could not be killed. And it was a political thing, because the whole Jewish majority was madly after Jesus -- he should be crucified. Pontius Pilate was in a dilemma: if he leaves this man alone he makes an enemy of the whole country, which was Jewish. That would not be diplomatic. If he kills this man, he will have the support of the whole country, but in his own conscience it would be a wound: an innocent man who has done

nothing wrong is being killed just because of a political situation.

So he arranged with the disciples that the crucifixion would be delayed as long as possible on Friday. Because Friday evening, as the sun sets, Jews stop all kinds of work. Then on Saturday nothing is done, that is their holy day. The crucifixion was to happen in the morning on Friday, but it was delayed -- and bureaucracy can delay anything.

Jesus was crucified in the afternoon. And before sunset he had to be brought down alive, although he was unconscious, because blood had gone out of his body and he was weak. And then the guard at the cave in which his body was put... The Jews were going to crucify him again after their holiday was over, but the guard was Roman -- and this is how it became possible for the disciples to take Jesus out, and out of Judea.

Why did Jesus want to come to India? -- because in his youth, for years he had been in India. He had tasted the spiritual, the cosmic, the ultimate so closely that he wanted to go back there. And as he was healed, he returned to India and he lived one hundred and twelve years.

His grave is still there, in Kashmir. The inscription is in Hebrew... in India there are no Jews. The inscription says Joshua. That is Jesus' name in Hebrew; Jesus is Greek for Joshua. "Joshua came here" -- the time, date -- "a great master, lived with his disciples in silence, lived long, one hundred and twelve years, and used to call himself The Shepherd." Hence the place itself became known as "the village of the shepherd." You can go to the village, it exists still -- Pahalgam; that is the Hindi translation of `the village of the shepherd'.

He wanted to be here so that he could grow more; he wanted to be here with a small group so that they could grow, and silently. And he wanted to die here, because to live here has a beauty if you know how to live, and to die is also tremendously significant if you know how to die. Only in India has the art of dying been explored, just as the art of living has been explored; they are both part of one single process.

And still more surprising is the fact that even Moses died in India, and the graves of Moses and Jesus are in the same place. Perhaps Jesus had chosen the place near to the great master Moses. But why did Moses die in Kashmir?

Moses had taken the Jews out of Egypt to find the land of God, Israel. It took forty years, and when they reached Israel he proclaimed, "This is the land, the promised land of God. I am too old, and I would like to retire. You, the young generation" -- because since he started from Egypt almost all the people of his generation had died. New children had been born, the young had become old; the original group that started was no more. Moses was feeling almost like a stranger.

He gave the power to rule and to manage to the young people, and he disappeared from Israel. It is strange: Jewish scriptures don't make any mention of his death, of what happened to him. But we have the grave. Again the inscription is on the grave in Hebrew, and for four thousand years a Jewish family has been taking care, generation by generation, of these two graves. Why did he want to come to India -- just to die? Yes, it is one of the secrets: If you can die in a buddhafield, in a field where the vibrations are

not only human but divine, your death itself becomes a celebration, a liberation.
And down the centuries, seekers have been coming to this land from all over the world. The country is poor, the country has nothing to offer, but to those who are sensitive it is the richest place on the earth. But the richness is of the inner.
Latifa, you are right. Just be more open, more relaxed, more in a state of let-go, and this poor country can give you the greatest treasure that is possible for human beings.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
BEING WITH YOU IN THESE DAYS HAS BEEN LIKE A SHOWER OF LOVE, GRATITUDE, LIKE AN OPEN OCEAN. BEING AWAY FROM YOU HAS BEEN SOMETIMES SO HARD AND SO DEEP AT THE SAME TIME.
CAN YOU PLEASE SAY SOMETHING ONCE AGAIN ABOUT THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MASTER AND DISCIPLE?

Not only once again, but I will say a thousand and one times, again and again, something about the relationship between the disciple and the master. Because there are so many aspects, and whenever I say something, it covers only one aspect.
One thing, the most important to remember, is that it is not a bondage, a contract, that basically it is a meeting of two free individuals, a meeting out of freedom.

If at any point you start feeling that it is a bondage, you have gone astray. It is simply two fellow travelers walking on the road with no bondage, with no promises, with no expectations.

One knows the road -- he has walked down the road, up and down many times -- sometimes alone, sometimes with others. He can walk on the road with closed eyes, he is so much acquainted with the path.

The other is new, he is not acquainted with the road.

The only thing that exists between these two people is a certain kind of love, trust. And that too is based on experience -- because the disciple can see that the master is always right. There are so many crossroads, but he is always finding the right road; there so many pitfalls, but the master is always making him aware that a pitfall is ahead -- "Be a little more alert." Slowly slowly, walking with this man, a trust grows. It is not a belief, it is based on experience.

He has seen again and again that if this man were not there he would have gone somewhere else. There were so many beautiful paths, bypaths; the desire to move on them was there. But this man is not only aware of the path, he is also aware of the desires of the fellow traveler. He goes on telling him, "No, don't think that way, that desire will be disastrous." So many chances to see the validity, the clarity, the experience of the man, create trust. So it is not simply a belief, it is not faith. It is existential, it is experimental, it is scientific.

The relationship between the master and the disciple is one of the most existential relationships -- not based on imagination, not based on fiction, not based on opinion, not

based on what others say but based on what you see, your experience. And it goes on deepening. A moment comes when to doubt this man becomes impossible -- not that the master says, "Don't doubt." On the contrary, the master says, "Don't miss any opportunity to doubt because that is how you are going to sharpen your intelligence. Doubt, and doubt totally." And the master can say it because he knows that doubt is meaningless against truth.

Against fiction, doubt is dangerous; doubt can kill the fiction -- but doubt only enhances the true.

The relationship between a master and disciple is of immense intelligence. It is not as people ordinarily think -- that they will become slaves, mentally dependent, that they will lose their individuality; that they will not be allowed to doubt, that doubt will be prohibited and belief will be nourished, no. With a real master, the situation is totally different. Doubt is nourished, because the master is not afraid -- you can doubt as much as you can, but you will have to accept the truth in spite of your doubts. It is not spiritual slavery, but independence.

The master's effort is to give you more individuality. Yes, he takes away your personality. You have to understand the distinction clearly: individuality is your self nature, and personality is just a mask. And the mask has to be removed, your original face has to be discovered. If you are unreal, you cannot reach reality.

Only the real can meet the real.

You want ultimate freedom? Then your first step has to be freedom; the last step can be freedom only if the first step was freedom. If the first step was not freedom, it is

impossible for the last step to be freedom -- because it is the same thing growing.

The relationship between the master and the disciple is a scientific lab in which the false has to be burned and the original has to be discovered. And it is the original that we are all missing. That is our misery, that is our pain, that is our anguish -- that we do not know who we are. All that we know is so stupid.

A Sufi story will help you.

A Sufi mystic comes to a great fair. All the caravanserais are full; he goes from one place to another, it is becoming midnight, he is tired. One manager of a caravanserai has compassion for him and says, "I can arrange something, but I cannot give you an individual room. In one of the rooms one person is there; he is well known to me, so I can persuade him just to let you also sleep there. Now, where will you go? If you are willing, I can ask."

The mystic was so tired. He said, "Anywhere, just let me lie down. The whole day I have been walking. Give me something to eat, and ask your friend."

The friend said, "I have no objection." A bed was brought in. When the mystic came in, the man looked at him and he felt he was a little bit of a strange type of man -- he was going to bed with his shoes, hat, coat, everything on him. But it was not right to interfere with a stranger, so he kept quiet. And then the mystic was tossing and turning, sleep was difficult. How can you sleep with shoes on, and your hat and coat on? And because of his tossing and turning, the other man was also not able to sleep.

He said, "Listen, neither are you sleeping nor are you allowing me to sleep. And the simple reason is -- just take

those shoes off, take your hat and your coat off. Relax, then you can sleep. This is not the way to sleep."
The man said, "I know, but the difficulty is that these are the things I am acquainted with. If I see my face in the mirror in the morning and the hat is missing, a doubt may arise -- `Who is this man?' These are my symbols. And the trouble is... if I was alone in the room, I would have locked the room from inside and taken everything off and gone to sleep. But the trouble is, you are also here. Things can get mixed up, and in the morning it will be difficult for me -- who is who? You are simply sleeping naked" -- it was a hot country -- "and I would also like to sleep naked. But two naked persons in the morning -- how are you going to make the distinction who is who?"
The other man laughed. He said, "You have a real problem, but I will suggest a solution to you. Somebody who must have been staying here before us, their child has left a small balloon, so I will tie the balloon on your leg. You can sleep naked -- just remember that the balloon is tied onto your leg, so in the morning when you see the balloon, you will know perfectly who you are."
The man said, "Simple solution, good." He undressed, took the balloon, tied it to one of his legs, and went to sleep. They both slept.
The other man, just before morning, took the balloon away from the mystic and tied it on his own leg and went back to sleep. Then a servant knocked on the door for breakfast. The mystic looked at his leg. He said, "My God, it feels as if I am myself, but what about the balloon?" And then he looked at the other man; the balloon was there.

He shook the man and he said, "What I was afraid of has happened -- the balloon is on your leg, so certainly you are me. Now who is going to tell me who I am? And deep down I know, that balloon or no balloon, I am the same man. But now there is great confusion!"

Our identities are no more than that balloon -- a certain name which has been given to you, a certain respectability which has been given to you. You are a husband, you are a wife, you are a father, you are a brother, you are this, you are that. All these identities are different balloons hanging around you, giving you a certain feeling that you know who you are. But if all these balloons are taken away then do you know who you are? You will feel you are yourself, but who are you?

The master's whole function is to take away balloons, one by one, from your personality, and still not let you fall into a confusion. The moment all balloons are taken away, people go mad because they don't know who they are. What is insanity?

I had gone to see one madhouse, and one man was just going right, left, right, left, right, left. I asked, "What is he doing?"

They said, "He used to be a captain in the army. The whole day he is just going right, left, right, left -- a desperate effort to remember who he is. He wants to find his identity."

It is certainly a tremendous anguish not to know yourself. The whole function of the lab that exists between the master and the disciple, the whole craftsmanship of the master, is that he should take your false identities with such articulateness, with such art, that you don't fall into

insanity. On the contrary, rather than falling below mind into madness, he helps you to go beyond mind into meditation.
Madness and meditation have a similarity:
One is below mind, the other is above mind.
Both are out of the mind.
One is a breakdown, another is a breakthrough.
Without the master there is every possibility you will go into a nervous breakdown if you lose your identity. The master goes on supporting you, goes on taking your personality layer by layer. And you allow him to take your identities away because of his love and trust; you know that he cannot harm you. You are ready to risk.
The master's art is to prepare you to risk. And once you have risked, once you have become naked of personality, a pure individuality -- and still can retain your intelligence, your sanity -- the dark night of the soul is over, the morning is very close. Soon you will see the dawn.
Go on asking me again and again, because the relationship has so many aspects I cannot cover them in one answer.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU ARE THE WILD, RAGING FALLS THAT POUR FROM THE MOUNTAINS. YOU ARE THE SUMMER RAINS THAT FALL FROM THE SKY.
OSHO, MY BELOVED, YOU ARE THE CURRENTS OF THE OCEAN. AND I AM HERE, BUT A TEACUP, AVAILABLE TO YOU.
TO LOOK INTO YOUR EYES AND TO WATCH YOU SMILE TO SIT IN YOUR PRESENCE AND TO BATHE

IN YOUR GRACE.... I CAN'T TAKE MY EYES FROM YOU, OSHO I WANT NOT TO MISS ONE GESTURE, ONE LOOK I WANT NOT TO LOSE ONE WORD, ONE SMILE.
THANK YOU, OSHO, FOR THIS MOMENT WITH YOU THANK YOU, EXISTENCE, FOR THIS MASTER WITH ME.

This is not a question, this is an answer.
If you can feel thankfulness towards existence, nothing else is needed; you have known the very essence of prayer, the very juice of all meditations.
Just two tears fallen in deep gratefulness are enough.
The journey is not long; it is long because we never take the first step. An ancient Chinese saying is, "One step is half the journey. In two steps the whole journey is over."
And what is that first step? -- gratefulness.
And see the beauty of the word and the reality behind it, of gratefulness. It is neither Christian nor Hindu nor Mohammedan; it is neither male nor female, neither white nor black -- just a sheer joy that we don't deserve.
And so much is given by the unknown, and it goes on giving to us. Not to take it for granted is the beginning of religion. And to start being grateful is the first step towards the temple.
The second step is not even possible to translate into language. It comes automatically after the first. Thousands of efforts have been made to give it some word, some definition, some explanation; all have failed.
One great mystic, Rinzai, was sitting by the riverside on the sand. A man approached who had been looking for him. He

had gone to Rinzai's place and they said, "You may find him somewhere by the side of the river. This is the time he sits there."
The man reached, he asked Rinzai, "I have come from a long distance to know -- in short, because I am not a scholar and I am a simple man. Just give me the essential teaching."
Rinzai closed his eyes and sat silently.
The man said, "Have you heard me or not? I have asked a question, and instead of answering me you have closed your eyes."
Rinzai said, "That was the answer, the shortest: just close your eyes and be silent -- you wanted the shortest answer."
The man said, "This is too short. Just a little longer will do."
So Rinzai wrote on the sand with his finger, "Meditation."
The man said, "That does not help much, it is the same. Again, close your eyes and sit silently -- that is the meaning. Can't you give me a little more?"
Rinzai wrote in big capital letters, "Meditation."
The man said, "Are you crazy or what? -- because it is the same thing."
Rinzai said, "If I do anything more than that, I will move beyond the limits of truth. Then it will be a lie. If you want lies, I can elaborate, but truth is finished. The moment I sat silent with my closed eyes, that was all."
So the first step is gratitude, and the second step will be an absolute silence -- not even gratitude, because that too is a subtle disturbance.
Just nothingness is the second step, and you have arrived.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
IT FEELS TO ME LIKE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF BEING WITH YOU AND WORKING, RIGHT THIS MOMENT THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT TO RELAX AND LET LIFE TAKE OVER. IS IT SO -- OR AM I JUST GETTING LAZY?

It is both. It is so, and you are getting lazy!
But to be lazy is my whole teaching.
I am the lazy man's guide to enlightenment.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #22

Chapter title: A journey without end
9 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
I HAVE DONE NOTHING TO DESERVE YOUR INFINITE LOVE AND COMPASSION, AND THEREFORE NO ACT OF MINE CAN BE APPROPRIATE TO EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE TOWARDS YOU.
I PRAY TO YOU, MY LORD, PLEASE GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO FIGHT THOSE UGLY AND INHUMAN PEOPLE WHO, WITH THE HELP OF THEIR BRUTAL POWER, ARE DREAMING OF DESTROYING YOU.

Ashok Saraswati, there are many things to be understood. One -- the most fundamental -- is that love is not deserved. There is no way to deserve it. It cannot be earned, you cannot do anything to be worthy of it. It is a sheer gift. This is one of the reasons why love is so scarce in the world, because we are expecting that people should deserve it, only then can they get it. And it is something which is not a commodity. It is a value which is not of this world. You love someone, you cannot say why. You cannot answer, you can simply say "I love." There is no rationality in it.

So don't feel in any way unworthy that you have not done anything active for me, yet my total love is there for you just to take.

This has to be remembered not only in relation to me; this has to become your deep insight into the very phenomenon of love. Love people not for any reason at all -- just loving is so good, so beautiful, so intrinsically blissful that it is not a question whether the person who is loved deserves it or not. You are in love just like a raincloud -- so full of rain, ready to shower. You cannot bother whether the rain falls on rocks or on the thirsty ground, it is not your concern. Your whole concern is, you are so full and overflowing that you have to share; otherwise it will be such a burden. The same thing that by sharing becomes bliss can become a burden if it is not shared.

And always be grateful to the person who receives your love. Don't expect him to be grateful -- these are the wrong attitudes, this is how we have made this world loveless. We expect the loved person to be grateful, which is absolutely wrong, because he could have rejected your love; you have

to be grateful that he received it, opened his heart, was available to you. What more worthiness is needed? Ashok, as you are, to me, you deserve my love, my compassion. Just by being receptive, you have earned it. Just by being open, you have deserved it. And now you deserve it even more, because you are feeling grateful.

The second thing: you are concerned about my safety, about the people who want to destroy me. Your concern is natural, but remember one thing: However powerful the inhuman forces may be, however powerful the cruel, the ugly and the animal in man may be, it cannot destroy the higher values of life. It cannot destroy love, it cannot destroy compassion, it cannot destroy truth. It can destroy, at the most, the physical body.

And here with me, the basic lesson to be learned is that we are not bodies, that we are immortal souls. The house can be burned, the body can be burned, but the consciousness will remain unaffected.

And by these acts of violence, the inhumanity, the cruelty goes on condemning itself. Each time a Socrates is poisoned or a Jesus is crucified or a Mansoor is killed, nothing is lost; only the inhuman part becomes weaker, starts feeling guilty, becomes criminal in its own eyes.

I am reminded of Judas. Judas betrayed Jesus, sold him into the hands of the enemies for only thirty silver pieces. But at the moment Jesus was crucified, Judas was standing in the crowd. And when Jesus said, "Father, forgive these people because they know not what they are doing" -- a great shock; Judas could not live more than twenty-four hours. He committed suicide within twenty-four hours. Within twenty-four hours he was hanging from a tree on the

mountain. He killed himself, those thirty silver pieces lying on the ground.
The ugly cannot be victorious. It is not power that wins; it is peace, it is love, it is consciousness which goes on winning.
Look at the whole history -- the powerful have not been of any importance in human growth, and they have not been able to hinder anything that is of authentic value.
So don't be worried. All that you can do is be more loving -- because we have to fight nuclear weapons with love, bullets with roseflowers. And don't be worried about small battles. In a war you can lose small battles, that is not decisive; what is decisive is ultimate victory, and we are moving towards the ultimate victory. And each day in the life of humanity we are becoming closer to Gautam Buddha -- not closer to Genghis Khan, Nadirshah, Tamerlane, Adolf Hitler, Ronald Reagan. They may have power but the existence is not with them; the existence is absolutely supportive to consciousness and all that brings more consciousness into the world.
Existence is a tremendous experiment in becoming conscious, and man is the pinnacle of the experiment.
There are problems, and there are difficulties -- but they are the challenges, they keep us alert. They are not ultimately against us, but perhaps they are needed to keep us awake.
Existence has staked much on man; otherwise, man is just what the word means -- it comes from `mud'. `Human' comes from humus. What is the difference between mud and man? There is a difference which is not of quantity, but of quality. Man is not only alive but conscious too, and has the potential to become fully self conscious.

Feel compassion for those people who are still living in the dark, still crawling like animals, thinking in inhuman terms. Perhaps your compassion, your love may help them. Nothing else can help them.
But you can love them only if you don't condemn them. You can be compassionate only if you feel pity, if you feel a deep concern for their undeveloped souls. This is the only way to help them, and this is the only way to help my work.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
THE OTHER NIGHT IT FELT SO GOOD JUST SITTING AT YOUR FEET, FEELING MY HEART TOTALLY TUNING INTO YOU, AND THE MIND MORE AND MORE DISAPPEARING.
BUT SUDDENLY THIS RAMAKRISHNA STORY HIT ME LIKE LIGHTNING. IT FELT SO RIGHT, BUT IT IS SO PAINFUL.
ARE THE EMOTIONS FOR A MASTER, THE HEART-TO-HEART COMMUNION ALSO AN ILLUSION? IS BEING TOTALLY IN THE HEART NOT THE END OF THE JOURNEY?

There is no end of this journey.
There are overnight stops. To bring you from the mind, the heart is used. The heart is closer to your reality than the mind; the mind is the farthest, the circumference of your being. The heart is somewhere between the circumference and the center.

A master has to be alert not to give you impossible goals, because those impossible goals will make you feel, "It is not for me. It is too much, too big. I am too small."

A Taoist parable is: There is a statue of Lao Tzu, the founder of Tao. And a young man has been thinking for years to go to the mountains and see the statue of Lao Tzu. He loves the words, the way Lao Tzu has spoken, the style of life that he has lived, but he has never seen any of his statues. There are no Taoist temples, so there are very rare statues and they are all in the mountains -- standing in the open, carved out of the mountain -- no roof, no temple, no priest, no worship.

And years pass, and there are so many things always coming in between. But finally one night he decides that he has to go -- and it is not that far, only a hundred miles -- but he is a poor man, and he has to walk. In the middle of the night -- he chooses the time in the middle of the night so that the wife and the children and the family are asleep and no trouble arises -- he takes a lamp in his hand, because the night is dark, and goes out of the town.

As he comes out of the town to the first milestone, a thought arises in him, "My God, one hundred miles! And I only have two feet -- it is going to kill me. I am asking the impossible. I have never walked one hundred miles, and there is no road...." It is a small hill path, a footpath -- dangerous too. So he thinks, "It is better to wait till the morning. At least there will be light, and I can see better; otherwise I will fall somewhere off this small footpath. And without seeing the statue of Lao Tzu, simply be finished. Why commit suicide?"

So he was sitting just outside the town, and as the sun was rising an old man came by. He saw this young man sitting; he asked, "What are you doing here?" The young man explained.

The old man laughed. He said, "Have you not heard the ancient saying? Nobody has the power to take two steps together, you can take only one step at a time. The powerful, the weak, the young, the old -- it doesn't matter. And the saying goes, `Just one step by one step, a man can go ten thousand miles' -- and this is only a hundred miles! You seem to be stupid. And who is saying to you that you should go continuously? You can take time; after ten miles you can rest a day or two days, enjoy. This is one of the most beautiful valleys and the most beautiful mountains and the trees are so full of fruits, fruits that you may not have even tasted. Anyway, I am going; you can come along with me. I have been on this path thousands of times, and I am at least four times your age. Stand up!"

The man was so authoritative: when he said "Stand up!" the young man simply stood. And he said, "Give your things to me. You are young, inexperienced; I will carry your things. You just follow me, and we will take as many rests as you want."

And what the old man had said was true -- as they entered deeper into the forest and the mountains, it became more and more beautiful. And wild, juicy fruits... and they were resting; whenever he wanted, the old man was ready. He was surprised that the old man himself never said it was time to rest. But whenever the young man said it was time to rest, he was always willing to rest with him -- a day or two, and then they would start the journey again.

Those one hundred miles just came and went by, and they reached one of the most beautiful statues of one of the greatest men who has ever walked on the earth. Even his statue had something -- it was not just a piece of art, it was created by Taoist artists to represent the spirit of Tao.

Tao believes in the philosophy of let-go. It believes you are not to swim, but just to flow with the river, allow the river to take you wherever it is going -- because every river ultimately reaches to the ocean. So don't be worried, you will reach the ocean. There is no need to be tense.

In that lonely spot the statue was standing, and there was a waterfall just by the side -- because Tao is called the watercourse way. Just as the water goes on and on flowing with no guidebooks, with no maps, with no rules, no discipline... but strangely enough in a very humble way, because it is always seeking the lower position everywhere. It never goes uphill. It always goes downhill, but it reaches to the ocean, to its very source.

The whole atmosphere there was representative of the Taoist idea of let-go. The old man said, "Now begins the journey."

The young man said, "What? I was thinking, one hundred miles and the journey is finished."

The old man said, "That is just the way the masters have been talking to people. But the reality is now -- from this point, from this atmosphere, a journey of one thousand and one miles begins. And I will not deceive you, because after one thousand and one miles you will meet another old man -- perhaps me -- who will say, `This is just a stopover, go on.' Go on is the message."

To bring you down from the head, the heart is used; the master says that a heart-to-heart communion is needed. It seems possible, because the heart is not very far. And you have some experiences of the heart. You have loved someone -- you may be a mother, you may be a husband, you may be a brother, you may be a friend -- you know that there are things which are not of the head. The heart is not absolutely unknown.

The absolute unknown cannot be presented to the disciple -- not by the artful master -- but something that seems realistically plausible. That's why the master talks about heart-to-heart communion.

It is immensely deeper than the communication that happens between one head and another head. It is tremendously gratifying, but it is just an overnight stay. In the morning we go again, because your being is there. At just the same distance as the mind is from the heart, towards the periphery, the being is in the opposite direction, towards the center.

Once you have come to the heart -- known its joys, known its song, known its beauty, now you can be persuaded to go a little further. And the master who has brought you to the heart has meanwhile also created a trust that he knows what he is talking about, that he knows the way; that he was not simply a thinker, he was sharing his own experience. He has walked the path many times, each nook and corner is known to him. He says, "There is much more: being-to-being contact, and the communion becomes just as ordinary as communication was."

He allures you, persuades you; but the meeting with the master at the point of being is only one hundred miles. The

moment you have come to the being, then he says, "Now begins the real journey. Up to now we were only preparing for it; it was preparatory work."
From being to the universal consciousness...
And that journey is endless, but the ecstasy goes on deepening.
At each step, you are more; your life is livelier, your intelligence is aflame. And nobody stops. Once the seeker has reached to his being, he himself becomes capable of seeing what lies ahead -- treasures upon treasures.
Persuasion is needed only up to the point of being; those one hundred miles are the most difficult. After those one hundred miles, it may be one thousand and one miles or an infinity -- it makes no difference. Now you know that there is no goal in reality; the very talk of the goal was for the beginners, was for children. The journey is the goal.
The journey itself is the goal.
It is infinite. It is eternal.
You will find stars, unknown spaces, unknowable experiences, but you will never come to a point where you can say, "Now I have arrived." Anybody who says "I have arrived" is not on the path. He has not traveled, his journey has not begun; he is just sitting on the first milestone.
But each time it is painful too -- it is a sweet pain. You get to the heart and it is so beautiful, so lovely, one would like to remain. There is no point in going anywhere any more, it seems everything is achieved.
But you will have to leave it.
And the departure is a little painful, but the pain will be forgotten immediately -- because more and more blissfulness will be showering on you. And soon you will

learn this: that there is no need to feel pain when you depart from one overnight stay. You become accustomed, you know that the journey is endless. And the treasure becomes more and more, you are not a loser. Stopping anywhere will be a loss. So there is no stop, no full-stop, not even a semicolon....
You will have to learn to enjoy even the sweet pain of departing from beautiful spaces to more beautiful spaces.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY DO YOU ALWAYS SPEAK OF THE MASTER IN THE THIRD PERSON?

Because I am only a witness.
My function as a master is not my identity.
It is just like somebody is a plumber and somebody is a surgeon; I am a master -- but it is functional, it is not my reality. That's why I speak in the third person.
So I go on talking about the master as `he' -- I don't use `I' -- just to make you aware that I am more than the master, that I am watching the master. Just as you are watching him, I am watching him too. You are watching from one side, I am watching from another side.
But I am as different from it as you are different from it.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT SENSE DO ALL THE QUESTIONS HAVE? IN MANY OF THEM ARISING IN ME I CAN SEE MY

EGO AT WORK. SOME I CAN ANSWER MYSELF, AND MANY HAVE BEEN ASKED BEFORE.

Yashen, don't you see the same ego in this question? Don't you know the answer to this question? Don't you know that this type of question has been asked many times before? Then why are you asking the question?

First, you think that in all the questions that arise in you, your ego is involved -- but do you think that by not asking them your ego will disappear? If your ego is involved, then ask them so I can hammer your ego.

You say, "Many questions arise and I find that I know the answer already" -- but how do you know that your answers are right?

Ask them, so that you can know whether your answers are right or not.

You say many questions arise in you but they have been asked many times before. Does that help you? Many people have loved before -- are you going to love in your life or not? Many people have lived before and are living right now -- what are you doing? You need not live even for a single moment more, because so many people are living -- why repeat it? And so many millions of people have lived before. Wherever you are sitting, there are at least ten persons' graves exactly on that spot.

And I have always emphasized -- have you heard it or not? -- that I answer people, I don't answer questions. So it is possible that the same question may be asked a thousand times -- I will answer the question in a thousand different ways, because those people who are asking the question are

different from each other. Their questions cannot be the same; it is only the language that is giving us an illusion.
I love a beautiful story about Gautam Buddha. One morning a man asked him, "I am an atheist, I do not believe in God. What do you say about God?"
And Buddha said, "God exists, and God exists more than you exist." His disciples were shocked, particularly Ananda, who was always just by his side.
That very day, in the afternoon, another man came and said, "I am a believer, a theist. I believe in the existence of God. What do you say about God?"
And Buddha said, "There is no God, and there has never been any. God does not exist at all."
Now it was becoming more puzzling -- not to those people, but to those who had heard both answers.
In the evening a third man came. Only Ananda was present. The man touched the feet of Gautam Buddha, sat there, and said, "I don't know anything about God. Will you help me a little?"
Buddha closed his eyes, and sat silently.
Ananda was even more puzzled, because that man also closed his eyes and sat silently. One hour passed, and then the man opened his eyes and he said, "How can I thank you? I don't have any words. You have answered my question." With tears in his eyes of joy and gratitude, he touched the feet of Buddha, kissed the feet of Buddha, and went away.
Now Ananda was going mad! He was waiting for this moment, when there was nobody else. He closed the doors and said, "This is too much. You will drive us insane! To one man you say God exists. On the same day you say to

another man that God does not exist. And on the same day to the third man you don't answer, you simply sit in silence -- and he receives the answer, and with tears of gratitude he kisses your feet. What is going on? Where do we stand? What is our philosophy?"

And Gautam Buddha said, "Relax, it is time to go to sleep. And remember, none of the questions were yours. Why did you hear the answers? Can't you be a little more alert, that I am answering the question of this particular man in a particular context? You are not that man -- neither is the question yours nor is the answer for you. Why should you bother? It has nothing to do with you. And as far as I am concerned, I have been absolutely consistent all three times.

"The man who said `I am an atheist and I believe there is no God' needed a great hit, because his atheism is only a philosophical approach. He has been only thinking, and by thinking you cannot decide whether God exists or not. To demolish his idea... He had come for a different purpose -- he had come to get my support. He wanted me to say `Yes, you are right,' so his ego would be inflated more, and his mind concept -- that there is no God -- would become more rooted; and he could proclaim to other people that `Not only do I say so, Gautam Buddha also says there is no God.' He simply wanted my support. I cannot give support to any mind game, I had to shatter his mind. I had to shout at him, `God is! God exists, and he exists more than you exist.'

"The other man was a theist, but the same mind-game. He believes, he does not know. He believes that there is a god who has created the world. He has also come for the same purpose, to have my support -- because mind itself is

always doubtful and needs many props of other peoples' opinions. And if a man like Gautam Buddha can support you, then the idea can become very fixed. It is not a question of what the idea was; the question is that it was only a mind game. One was atheist, one was theist, but both were playing the same game. I had to shatter the game. And so to the second man I had to say, `There is no God, never has been.'

"The third man was a totally different story. He had no mind projection. He said, `I don't know anything about God.' He was absolutely clean and innocent, and he was ready to listen. He had not come to get support for his own idea. He came to be enlightened about the fact, about the truth -- `What is exactly true about God? I myself don't know anything.' There was nothing to shatter. So I taught him the real answer: to be silent. And when I became silent -- he was a man of innocence, just like a child -- seeing that I am sitting silent, perhaps this is the answer, he also sat in silence. And one hour of silence, with his innocence, gave him a clarity, an understanding, and he was full of gratitude. He received the answer although he had not asked the question."

Silence is God; or to be more exact, silence is godliness. Silence is divine.

You say that questions arise in you which have been asked before -- but not by you. They must have been asked by other people, and the answers were given to those people. Those answers are not for you. And when you are present here, don't be so stupid. When you can get an answer directly for yourself why take an answer which was given by me to somebody else? The context was different.

Yes, when I am gone then from books you will be reading answers given to others. But when I am here with you, missing the opportunity is sheer stupidity. Either you know -- then no questions will arise in you -- or you don't know. Then questions will arise in you. Then it is better to ask rather than to hide them thinking that they are ego trips. Looking at your question my feeling is that not asking is an ego trip, because to ask means you are accepting your ignorance. Not to ask you remain knowledgeable, you know. These are other fools who are asking.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
IS THERE A DIFFERENCE IN THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE MASTER TO HIS MALE DISCIPLES AND HIS RELATIONSHIP TO HIS FEMALE DISCIPLES?

All disciples are female.
All masters are male.
The very qualities of being a disciple are the qualities which are feminine -- receptivity, openness, trust, love, a deep surrender.
It is not a coincidence that there have not been many women masters, and those that have been were almost as male in their approach as any male can be. For example, I will give you few names -- because there are only few women masters in the whole of history. They can be counted on the fingers of one hand.
The most ancient is Gargi. She's reported in the VEDAS. One of the great kings -- five thousand years ago according to Christian scholars, and ninety thousand years ago

according to Hindu scholars.... And I have not been able to find any fault with the Hindu scholars. Their arguments are immensely valid, and the Christian scholars have not been able to answer them.

The Christian scholars have a difficulty, because the Christian ideology says that the world was created six thousand years ago -- so they have a problem. The problem is: everything has to fit into six thousand years. The frame is there, so they have to put everything into six thousand years' time. They cannot go beyond that, because there was no world.

But there is a difficulty about the VEDAS. One of the great scholars, Lokmanya Tilak, proved beyond any doubt that RIG VEDA is ninety thousand years old. It is now almost more than half a century that his argument remains undefeated, and I don't think there is any possibility in the future that his argument can be defeated -- because it is based not on logic, but on astronomy.

In the RIG VEDA there is a description of a certain constellation of stars that happened ninety thousand years ago. Now the Western astronomers have agreed: that certain constellation has not happened again. It has happened only once, and that was ninety thousand years ago. And it has been described in such detail that it is impossible -- if the RIG VEDA was written only five thousand years ago, then who was going to describe that constellation which happened eighty-five thousand years before that? And they did not have any modern equipment. Unless they had watched it with their own naked, bare eyes, there is no other way.

Gargi is one of the most ancient masters.

One of the kings had called a conference of all the great philosophers of his time. That was usual in India, that kings would call conferences of great scholars, philosophers, saints, to discuss problems. And for whoever was the winner there was a great prize. This time the king had offered one thousand cows, their horns covered with gold and diamonds; whoever won was going to get those one thousand cows with all their gold and diamonds.

One of the most important philosophers of those days was Yagnavalkya. He was so certain about his victory... he had his own small university, his own gurukula, the family of the disciples; he brought his chosen disciples with him to listen. And just in front of the palace were standing those one thousand cows, the most beautiful cows, their horns shining in the sun. He told his disciples, "You can take these cows to our gurukula. As far as the debate is concerned, I will win it -- why unnecessarily harass the cows in the hot sun?" He was so certain he was taking the reward before winning the debate.

And there were thousands of scholars gathered and none of them was courageous enough to say that this was strange behavior. They all knew that the man was going to win; it was better not to say anything.

But one woman stood up, and that was Gargi. And she said, "Stop. You cannot take those cows -- Gargi is still alive!"

There was a great silence in the conference hall. Even the king could not believe that Gargi would give the challenge.

And Gargi said, "Don't waste time with others. Let me ask a few questions, and if you can answer them you can take the cows. If you cannot, my disciples are going to take the cows."

And she really asked questions which are not answerable. She asked, "Who has created the world?"
And Yagnavalkya said, "This is not a great question. Everybody knows God created the world."
Gargi said, "It does not matter whether everybody knows or not. Do you know? The debate is between me and you -- do you know? Were you an eyewitness?"
Now, that is very tricky. If he says he was an eyewitness that means the world had already begun -- he was there. If he says he was not an eyewitness then on what grounds -- just public opinion? Is it a matter of public opinion?
Yagnavalkya remained silent.
Gargi said, "Okay. If you cannot answer that, the king should take note of it. I ask you, who created God? -- because it seems the logic is that everything that is, has to be created by somebody; otherwise, the existence needs no creator. If the existence needs a creator in God, then the same logic has to be applied to God also. Who created God?"
And Yagnavalkya became so angry. He forgot all his wisdom, proved that he was not a master but just a teacher. He said, "Gargi, if you say a single word more, your head will fall down on the earth" -- and he pulled his sword.
Gargi said to the king, "This is enough proof of defeat."
And she told her disciples to take the cows, and told Yagnavalkya, "Put your sword back into the sheath. It is a conference of wise people, not of warriors. Next time, come better prepared."
This woman is the first woman master, but her behavior shows that she is not feminine, not at all -- so courageous, so bold. She deserves to be a master, and she was a master.

The second great woman is one of the great masters of the Jainas, Mallibai. They changed her name to Mallinath so nobody would know that in twenty-four great masters of the Jainas, one is a woman. Even in statues, all twenty-four are male -- and Jaina tirthankaras are naked, you cannot hide the difference between a man and a woman.

I have been asking Jaina monks and Jaina thinkers, "How did Mallibai became Mallinath, and how did the body of a woman go through a transformation and become the body of a man?" Nobody has been able to answer. They simply said that it has been coming on for centuries; in the scriptures everywhere there is no other mention. But I know the answer; my answer is that Mallibai behaved like a man -- she was a master. And it is perfectly appropriate to change her name from Mallibai to Mallinath and to change her statue into a statue of a man. This is symbolic: even if a woman becomes a master, she will have to grow qualities which are basically male.

And if a man becomes a disciple, he will automatically grow qualities which are female. There is nothing wrong in it. Qualities are qualities, and all beautiful qualities are feminine -- love and trust and compassion and gratitude and surrender. All beautiful qualities are feminine.

The male has courage, perhaps guts to go alone on the path without following anybody; strong enough to risk, perhaps many lives. As a disciple he may have reached in one life, but he prefers the longer path -- stumbling, falling, going astray, but not asking for help. He is a warrior, and his path is that of a warrior. He is almost fighting with existence.

The disciple is not fighting with the existence. On the contrary, through the master he has made a deep communion with existence.

So as far as I can see, all disciples are female, all masters are male. And this should not be taken in terms of equality or superiority or inferiority. They are unique. Just as no man can be pregnant, he cannot be a mother -- that does not mean that he is inferior.

There are a few idiotic scientists who are trying to make men pregnant. This is bound to happen when ignorant people are doing all kinds of things. Now, wasting unnecessary energy... on the one hand we are teaching women birth control -- these idiots are trying to make men pregnant! They are thinking it is a great idea. And there are bound to be a few fools ready to be pregnant -- pioneers. But there is no need,

women are enough.

It is not a question concerned with your sexuality; your being a male or female has many dimensions. One of the dimensions is that there are qualities intrinsic to females which make them easily disciples. There are men who have those qualities -- those qualities are not the monopoly of anybody. There are men who are more soft than any woman, more loving than any woman, more grateful than any woman -- but the qualities are feminine.

You will be surprised to see that I have been asked again and again, why have so few women become masters? -- for the simple reason... why were all the great masters men? for the simple reason.... It has nothing to do with superiority.

To be a master needs different qualities than to be a disciple, and both together make a harmonious whole. So once a master and disciple have met, there is really one organic unity; otherwise the master is half and the disciple is half. Only when the master and the disciple are together and the harmony is complete, there is a mystery -- two bodies and one soul.
For this to happen these totally opposite qualities are needed, because these opposite qualities function as complementary qualities.

Question 6
BELOVED OSHO,
THE MORE I AM WITH YOU, THE MORE I REALIZE HOW LITTLE I UNDERSTAND OF THE SURRENDER OF THE DISCIPLE TO THE MASTER.
COULD YOU SAY SOMETHING OF WHAT SURRENDER MEANS?

It is not a question of understanding.
Forget the word `surrender'.
Can you love? Can you trust? Then surrender will come like a shadow, on its own accord.
Your difficulty is arising because you want first to understand intellectually what surrender is. Intellectually the mind, the ego -- both will say no. "Surrender? You are not going to be subjugated, enslaved by anybody" -- because the word `surrender' has been used with those connotations.
One country surrenders to another country in war. One wrestler surrenders to another wrestler in fight. The

surrender has lost its beauty; it has become ugly, vulgar, violent. Drop that word.
You simply think of love and trust, and if these two are possible, one day you will find that the surrender is happening.
And the surrender is not a kind of slavery. It is a freedom -- freedom from the ego. You don't surrender anything except your ego.
The master takes away only things which you don't have, but you think you have. And he goes on giving you things which you have, but you have forgotten completely that they are your intrinsic nature.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #23
Chapter title: `Nothing' is my sword
10 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
BEFORE I MADE MY APPLICATION TO TAKE SANNYAS, I HAD A BIG PROBLEM, THINKING THAT TAKING SANNYAS WAS RECOGNIZING THAT ONE IS ILL. I WAS SO CONFUSED ABOUT IT, AND I DIDN'T TRUST TELLING ANY SANNYASIN. I READ THAT YOU SAID IN POONA THAT WE ARE ALL ILL UNTIL WE ARE ENLIGHTENED.

CAN YOU TALK MORE ABOUT THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MASTER AND DISCIPLE, BETWEEN DOCTOR AND PATIENT?

Jean-Luc, the confusion is an indication of what I call sickness.
Clarity is health.
Have you ever heard of any madman recognizing that he is mad? If he recognizes it, that will be the beginning of sanity. But no madman ever recognizes that he is mad.
I am reminded of a few cases....
When Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was prime minister of India, there were at least one dozen people in the madhouses of India who thought they were the real Jawaharlal Nehru, and some phony man was ruling the country while they had been forced into the madhouse so that they could not expose the phoniness of the man who had become the prime minister.
In Bareilly, India has its biggest madhouse... and Jawaharlal was going to Bareilly. One madman was thought by the doctors to be cured; they thought it would be great -- Jawaharlal was going to visit the madhouse and this madman could be released from the madhouse by Jawaharlal himself. This man would rejoice, and it would enhance the prestige of the institution too.
The madman was brought to Jawaharlal. The first question he asked was "Who are you?" The doctors were a little nervous. This is not the way to talk to the prime minister of the country.
But Jawaharlal said, "My name is Jawaharlal Nehru."

And the madman had a good laugh. He said, "Don't be worried. Just three years it will take, and you will be cured just as I am cured. These doctors are great. When I came to this place, I used to think in the same way -- that I am Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Now you have come -- strange coincidence, that I am going out and you are coming in."

It has been happening in many instances throughout the world. During the second world war, Winston Churchill had gone for an evening walk. There used to be a certain fixed time that a horn would go off around the city. Everybody had to go inside the house, lights had to be dimmed, curtains had to be drawn. It was as if London had disappeared. But walking, and worried about the war, Winston Churchill forgot about the time and when he heard the horn he was miles away from his house. And it was a standing order that if anybody was found on the road after the horn stopped he could be shot, no questions would be asked. In a hurry, he knocked at the first door -- it was a question of life and death -- and a man opened the door. The man said, "Who are you?"

He said, "You don't know me? I am Winston Churchill, prime minister of this country, and you don't know me?"

And that man grabbed Churchill; Churchill said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "Come in, because there are three more Winston Churchills here -- this is a madhouse. Now all four of you decide who is the real one."

Churchill told him, "Listen, I am telling you the truth. I am the real one."

He said, "They all say the same thing, everybody is the real one. And we don't know any criteria to judge -- they are all fat like you, they all smoke cigars. They have been practicing being Winston Churchill for years. When you see them, you yourself will understand that you are not real; they are real."

Churchill said, "My God, I have knocked on the wrong door."

But the man was not going to let him go. He said, "Outside is death, inside you can wait. In the morning we will figure out who is the real one."

And when he saw the three others, he himself had doubts about whether he was the real one or these fellows were. They had the same kind of clothes, cigars of the same type. He introduced himself -- "I am Winston Churchill."

All three of them laughed. They said, "This is strange, now there are four. This country is going down the drain, all the prime ministers are inside the madhouse. At least one must be real."

Winston Churchill tried, "Can I phone?"

He was refused. "That's what they all ask: `Can we phone our secretaries, our ministries, cabinet people?' This is not allowed. Anything that you want to do, you can do in the morning. If you are really Winston Churchill, they will come. For these three nobody has ever turned up, now we have to wait for you. Just don't get mixed up."

No madman is ready to accept that he is mad.

Jean-Luc, what is your fear in becoming a sannyasin -- because I have said that unless a man becomes enlightened he is not truly healthy because he is not truly whole; he is a confusion? I am not talking about ordinary illnesses. I am

talking about the fundamental sickness of the soul, that you have forgotten yourself and you have become identified with things which you are not.

A few years ago it happened in America: they celebrated Abraham Lincoln's birthday on a large scale, for one whole year. A special drama was prepared about the life of Abraham Lincoln, and the whole of America was searched to find a man who looked like him. And they did find one man who looked like Abraham Lincoln; he was chosen. For one year he was using exactly the same clothes as Abraham Lincoln, speaking in the same way, walking in the same way. He was trained, because he would be going around the country with the drama for the whole year.

Abraham Lincoln stuttered a little, so he was taught to stutter. He was also a little lame -- walking, one of his legs was a little longer than the other. So great massage, traction was done on the poor man to make one leg a little longer. Obviously he started walking like a lame man, stuttering. Experts in voice training trained him to speak with exactly the voice of Abraham Lincoln. He was made into an exact carbon copy. And for one year continually, every night, he was performing. People loved him, loved his acting, loved it that even Abraham Lincoln could not do better.

When the year was finished he came home walking like Abraham Lincoln, lame, stuttering. At first the family thought he was joking, but he was not joking; it had become fixed in his mind that he WAS Abraham Lincoln. He used the same dress, which was no longer in fashion, and urchins would follow him on the street shouting, "Abraham Lincoln is coming!"

He was taken to a psychoanalyst. He entered his office... but it was no longer a part, it was no longer acting. He was so identified that he told the psychoanalyst, "You should be respectful to the president of the country." The psychoanalyst gave him many sessions, but even in the sessions he was stuttering -- and he had never stuttered in his whole life. The voice and everything that he had learned and practiced, and for one year continually had to do.... Finally the psychoanalyst called his family and said, "This man cannot be cured, because it is not an illness. He has taken a new identity, and unless he is shot just like Abraham Lincoln he is not going to listen to anybody else. But shooting this poor man will not be a cure; he will be finished, and he will die like Abraham Lincoln. That will be really the proof that what he is saying is absolutely right."

Your confusion is your sickness.

Your mind is your sickness.

Coming to a state of no-mind is health, wholeness.

That is what is meant by enlightenment. You are no more identified with the body. Have you ever thought for a single moment... you were a child, you became a young man, you became old -- which body is yours? And the first day, when your mother got pregnant, on that day also you had a body. If the picture is shown to you, it will be simply a picture of a small egg -- are you going to say that this is Jean-Luc? And if it is not Jean-Luc, then you cannot be Jean-Luc either because that small egg is the beginning, and then for nine months in the mother's womb you have passed through all the stages humanity has passed through its evolution. First you have been a fish; that's what has given the idea to

the scientists that life was born in the ocean. But scientists have come to this conclusion only just now. In India, for almost ten thousand years the idea has been prevalent that the first incarnation of God was a fish, matsyavatar. Strange that God should choose a fish to be his first incarnation -- but `God' simply means life and nothing else; it is just that one is a religious term, the other is a biological term. The scientists would say that life was born in the ocean, but they both agree that the first manifestation of life was that of a fish. And Charles Darwin came with the idea of a monkey but in India, for centuries we have worshipped the monkey-god Hanuman with great respect, because he is our forefather. Now scientists are agreeing, because the last stage in the mother's womb is that of a monkey -- the child looks like a monkey.

If all the photographs from the day you become part of your mother's womb to the day you come out of the womb are presented to you, you will not be able to recognize any of them as your picture, that it is your album.

Even after birth, if detailed pictures are being kept from his childhood up to the age of seventy, a person will not be able to recognize that at some time, some day he has been identified with all these bodies. He is still there, those bodies are gone.

Man is not a body. Man is not a mind either. A Hindu has a Hindu mind, a Christian has a Christian mind, a Buddhist has a Buddhist mind. Mind is given to you by the society. What you bring with you is only a brain, and that brain is a tabula rasa, nothing is written on it. You can write Hinduism, Buddhism, Sikhism, communism, or any nonsense. And you are not left in freedom to choose what

you would like to be written on your brain. Before you are aware, the society has already filled your mind completely with all kinds of superstitions. You are not a Hindu....
It was always a problem whenever there was census in this country. The officers would come to me with their forms, and in their forms it was to be filled in to what religion I belonged. And I said, "I don't belong to any religion."
They said, "Then you have to write that you are an atheist."
I said, "I don't belong to atheism either, because if there is no God I am not going to waste my time in denying something which does not exist. A few are worshipping him, a few are denying him -- and he does not exist at all. No, I am not an atheist."
But they would say, "This is not right, the form has to be filled in completely."
I said, "I am not here to fill in the form. You can take the form incomplete -- and anyway I am not going to vote, because it is so difficult to choose which idiot to vote for. I have never voted in my life."
They would take their registers and run away, and they would look again and again at me -- "This man seems to be dangerous. He will not fill in the form, and now he says `I cannot vote because the problem is how to decide which idiot is less idiotic, it is a very difficult psychological problem. You just take your registers and your forms. I am just myself.'"
You are not the body, you are not the mind -- these are your sicknesses, your false identities.
Enlightenment simply means coming home, coming to the center which you are.

Why are you afraid to tell others that you want to become a sannyasin, that you have filled in the form to become a sannyasin? -- because they will think you are sick. But the whole of humanity is sick.
They will not laugh at you. They will appreciate your courage, that you have accepted your sickness. This is the beginning of dissolving it.
The most difficult thing is when a person does not accept his sickness; then you cannot help him. He will throw away the medicine, he will shut the door in the face of the doctor.
I have heard that Mulla Nasruddin became old, very old -- and as people become old they become troublesome, they become more and more a nuisance. Children are a nuisance, but nothing compared to old people, because old people have experience -- their nuisance is supported by their experience, reason, logic; they have known the world. They will not let anybody live in peace.
And as people become older they cannot sleep, because the function of sleep is no more there. The child sleeps in the mother's womb for twenty-four hours a day, because he is growing so much that if he is awake it will be a disturbance to his growth. Nature does not allow him to be awake, but keeps him in a kind of anesthesia, fast asleep so he can grow. Scientists say that in these nine months a child grows as much as he will never grow again. In seventy years of life, he will never again grow with such speed.
After the birth, sleep starts being cut. Then the child is sleeping twenty-two hours, then twenty hours, then eighteen, then sixteen, then fourteen.... And then by the age of fourteen he comes to the average of eight hours. But as he goes beyond fifty, again less sleep -- because now he has

to prepare for death. In the mother's womb he was preparing for life; his body was growing, his brain was growing. It was a subtle process, a delicate process; it needed complete silence. Now everything is dying... so beyond sixty, people start becoming senile. Then they go on believing in their old memories, their golden days -- the future is dark. By the time they reach seventy, two hours of sleep is enough.

Mulla Nasruddin had reached ninety years. Now he needed no sleep! It would be okay if he kept quiet but he would not. He would wake up everybody, start giving sermons and great advice to everybody. And they told him, "In the day you can do everything...."

He said, "In the day you have to do other kinds of work, you have to live life. In the night you are all at home, and there is nothing to do." So he would gather everybody, wake everybody up and start giving great sermons which were all nonsense. But he was the oldest man in the town, the most respected -- what to do with him?

His sons, his grandsons were all in agony: "Every night the house becomes a church. Somehow we have to find somebody who can make him sleep." Many kinds of doctors were tried -- allopathic, ayurvedic, homeopathic, naturopathic, yunani; nobody succeeded. Finally they got hold of a hypnotist who said, "Don't be worried. This is my business, to put people to sleep."

Nasruddin heard that they were going to bring a hypnotist. He said, "Okay, let him come."

The hypnotist came with his bag. Nasruddin was lying down on the bed. And the hypnotist said, "Listen, it is very

easy to sleep. Just relax. I will give suggestions and you have simply to follow. First I will give suggestions to relax the body, each part of the body, so no tension remains. Then I will suggest that you are falling into sleep... deeper, deeper, deeper. Don't resist."

Nasruddin followed. His family was surprised, because he was not a man to listen to anybody -- perhaps the hypnotist had some power. And he started giving him suggestions. Nasruddin relaxed, and the whole family was very happy; they could see his whole body completely relaxed. And then suggestions for sleep... and even the hypnotist was surprised, because he was not only sleeping, he was snoring. The family was very thankful. His fee was ten rupees, but they gave him twenty rupees and they said, "You are the only one who has been successful."

And as they went out to take him to his car and came back in, Nasruddin opened one eye and asked, "Has that nut gone or not? Now everybody gather, and the sermon begins: You idiots, you should have given me twenty rupees and I would have been silent the whole night. Just give me twenty rupees each night and I will be silent. Don't waste money this way. Rather than talking business to me, you are bringing these idiots. I befooled him within seconds -- and he believed even the snoring. Who has ever heard that in hypnosis people snore? He does not know even the ABC of hypnosis."

Everybody is in confusion, young or old. Sick, sick unto death, but nobody is willing to accept it. On the contrary, he is throwing out the doctors, proving that "I am not sick."

Accepting your sickness is the beginning of gaining health. So don't be worried; tell sannyasins that you are joining them on the path. They will not laugh at you.

And it is not a question of one person; the whole world is in the same situation. Only once in a while a person becomes enlightened. It should not be so, but unfortunately this is the case. Everybody has the potential to be enlightened -- but the very first step and you don't have guts to say that "I am sick, sick of the mind, confused, split, schizophrenic. One moment I am feeling good, another moment I am feeling bad, and I don't know who I am, still I go on dragging. I don't know anything of reality, still I have beliefs about everything. All my knowledge is just a burden. My reality is that of a patient."

And you have put it rightly. What is the relationship between the master and the disciple? -- exactly the same as that of the physician and the patient.

I will tell you a small story.

Gautam Buddha came into a town. That town had a blind man who was a great logician, very rational, and the whole town had tried to tell him that light exists, but nobody could prove it.

There is no way to prove light. Either you can see it or you cannot see it, but there is no other proof.

The blind man said, "I am ready. I can touch things and I can feel them with my hands. You bring your light and I would like to touch it and feel it."

But light is not something tangible. They said, "No, it cannot be touched or felt."

He said, "I have other ways. I can smell it, I can taste it. I can beat it and hear the sound. But these are my only

instruments -- my ears, my nose, my tongue, my hands -- I am making available to you my whole personality. Should I listen to my own personality, or should I listen to you? I say there is no light; it is simply an invention, an invention of cunning people to deceive simple people like me so that you can prove that I am blind and you have eyes. The whole strategy is that you are not interested in light, you are interested in proving that you have eyes and I don't have eyes. You want to be higher, superior. Because you cannot be logically, rationally superior to me you have brought in something absurd. Forget all about it, you are all blind. Nobody has seen light because light does not exist."

When they heard that Buddha had come to the town, the people said, "It is a good opportunity. We should take our logician the blind man to Gautam Buddha; perhaps he can convince him -- and we cannot find a better man."

They brought the blind man to Gautam Buddha. They told the whole story that was going on: one blind man was proving them all blind, was proving that there is no light, and they were absolutely incapable of proving the existence of light.

The words of Gautam Buddha are worth remembering. He said, "You have brought him to the wrong person. He does not need a philosopher, he needs a physician. It is not a question of convincing him, it is a question of curing his eyes. But don't be worried, I have my personal physician with me." One of the emperors of those days had given his own personal physician to Gautam Buddha to take care of him twenty-four hours a day, to be with him like a shadow. He asked the physician, "You take care of this man's eyes."

The physician looked at the man's eyes and he said, "It is not a difficult case; just a certain growth is covering his eyes, which can be removed. It may take at the most six months."

Buddha left his physician in the village, and after six months the man opened his eyes. All his logic, all his rationality disappeared. He said, "My God, I was telling those simple people that they were cheating me, deceiving me. Light exists -- I was blind! Had I accepted the idea of my blindness before, there would have been no need for me to live my whole life in blindness."

Buddha had gone far away in six months, but the man came dancing, fell at Buddha's feet and said to him, "Your compassion is great that you did not argue with me, that you did not try to convince me about the light but gave me a physician."

Buddha said, "This is my whole work. There are spiritually blind people all around. And my work is not to convince them about the beauty, the blissfulness, the ecstasy of existence; my work is that of a physician."

And that is the relationship between a master and a disciple. The disciple comes, openly accepting that "I am sick, I need your help. I am blind, I need my eyes to be cured. I want to see what you have seen. I want to be what you have become."

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

HOW CAN I BECOME A DISCIPLE?

What is the need to become a disciple? Why should you ask such a question?
Do you feel your life is meaningless, that you need some meaning? Do you feel your life is empty and you would like fulfillment? Do you feel you are in darkness and you would like to be in the light?
The whole thing depends on you.
If you are contented as you are, if you are not missing anything as you are, there is no need to be a disciple. Why bother a master, and why go into an unnecessary search?
But if you have emptiness, meaninglessness, anxiety, anguish, confusion, darkness; if you feel your whole life is nothing but misery, then to become a disciple is very simple.
It simply means to contact someone who is fulfilled, who has no questions left, who is only an answer.
The disciple is a question.
The master is an answer.
And as far as I am concerned, there are no conditions on the disciple. Nothing is imposed on the disciple; on the contrary, he is helped to drop unnecessary luggage and be as light as possible.
Just be receptive to someone whom you feel is not miserable, whom you feel lives in ecstasy, radiates blissfulness, in whose presence you feel a silence descending on you. Then open your heart to him. You have nothing to lose except your miseries.
Karl Marx ends his COMMUNIST MANIFESTO with a tremendously important message, although in a different context -- but it is as useful to the disciple as he thought it was useful to the proletariat. He says, "Proletarians of the

whole world, unite! And don't be afraid because you have nothing to lose except your chains." It may not be correct in the context in which he was talking -- because communist revolutions have happened; chains have changed, freedom has not come. First there used to be bourgeois chains, now there are communist chains -- which are more up to date, stronger, more difficult to get rid of.
But in the context in which I am quoting it, it is tremendously beautiful: a disciple has nothing to lose except his misery. Because you don't have anything other than misery, but you go on hiding your misery as if you have a treasure.
And you are asking how to be a disciple.
Just drop your misery at somebody's feet in whose eyes you see some rays going beyond darkness, indicating a path to blissfulness and benediction.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
FOR MORE THAN TEN YEARS I HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING YOU FROM PLACE TO PLACE. I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT I AM BACK IN INDIA. AM I BRAINWASHED, ADDICTED, OR WHAT?

You are certainly brainwashed.
I use a dry cleaning machine, I am not old-fashioned. And naturally you are addicted. Who will not be?
Addiction is not always bad. If you are addicted to beauty, to poetry, to drama, to sculpture, to painting, nobody tells you to drop the addiction. Addiction has to be dropped only when it makes you unconscious. Alcoholics are told to drop

the addiction, but here my teaching is of consciousness -- be addicted to it more and more.

And what is wrong in being brainwashed? -- wash it every day, keep it clean. Do you like cockroaches? When I brainwash people, I find cockroaches. Cockroaches are very special animals. It has been found scientifically that wherever you find man you find cockroaches, and wherever you find cockroaches you find man. They are always together, they are the oldest companions.

What have you got in your brain? So just washing it is perfectly right. But people have given it a very wrong connotation; those are the wrong people.

Christians are afraid of somebody brainwashing Christians, because then they will not be Christians. Hindus are afraid because then those people will not be Hindus. Mohammedans are afraid, communists are afraid. Everybody is afraid of brainwashing.

I am in absolute favor of it.

There used to be an old saying: "Cleanliness is next to God." Now there is no God, so there is only cleanliness left.

Cleanliness is God.

And I am not afraid of brainwashing because I am not putting cockroaches in your mind. I am giving you an opportunity to experience a clean mind, and once you know a clean mind you will never allow anybody to throw rubbish and crap into your mind. They are the criminals. Brainwashing is not a crime -- who has made it dirty? Dirtying other people's minds is a crime, but all over the world all the religions, all the political leaders, are using your mind as if it is a toilet. These ugly fellows have

condemned brainwashing; otherwise, brainwashing is a perfectly good job.
I am a brainwasher.
And those who come to me should come with the clear conception that they are going to a man who is bound to brainwash, clean their minds of all kinds of cockroaches. Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian -- they are all against me for the simple reason that they go on putting in their cockroaches, and I go on washing people's minds.
It is just an up-to-date religious laundry.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
I EXPERIENCED SO MUCH ENERGY, INSIGHT AND EXPANDED AWARENESS WHEN I WAS A PATIENT OF RAJEN, TEERTHA, AMITABH AND SOMENDRA. NOW, EACH OF THEIR REACTIONS TO YOUR COMMENTS SEEM FULL OF THE EGO PROBLEMS THEY EACH POINTED OUT IN ME. IT IS AS IF EACH OF THEM SAW THEIR OWN PROBLEM IN ME, AND I ACCEPTED IT AS A CORRECT INSIGHT INTO MYSELF.
HOW CAN SUCH BEAUTIFUL MEN, WHO APPEARED TO BE SO FULL OF YOUR GRACE AND SO DEVOTED TO SANNYAS, ALSO BE SO DUMB?

Bodhicitta, it is a simple phenomenon.
The people who had allowed me their total receptivity had become my messengers, but their function was not more than that of a postman. When you receive a love letter, don't start kissing the postman!

But Bodhicitta himself is a psychoanalyst and he has developed a few techniques of his own, which may look stupid to you, but in America stupidity and spirituality are synonymous.

For example, Bodhicitta has developed a psychological technique called `hugging'; so the whole group of twenty or thirty people just go on hugging each other. It is good exercise, particularly in cold countries, but don't try anything like that here in Bombay. In Bombay only enlightened people can hug each other, and it is very rare to find two enlightened people.

You had seen those therapists who were working in the commune in Poona under me -- and they were going around the world, because I was not going anywhere. I had prepared them to be just a passage; that's why you felt that they were so innocent, such beautiful people.

And what has happened to them now? Just something natural.

There is a story: In Jagannathpuri every year the chariot of Jagannath, the lord of the world, goes around the city. Millions of people gather to see it.

Once it happened, a dog was moving ahead of the chariot and everybody was falling, kissing the earth -- and the dog was puffed up; he thought, "My God, I never thought that I am Jagannath, the lord of the world. Millions of people have come, and they are all bowing down to me."

The poor dog was not logically wrong; it was happening. He was not aware that they were touching the earth, doing their deep, respectful bowing down to the Jagannath in the chariot. All that he could see was that they were doing it to him.

The therapists who went around the world found sannyasins everywhere receiving them with as much love and respect as if I had come there. They had come as my representatives, they were sent by me. But what happened to those poor fellows? They started thinking that all this respect, all this love was for them. So when the commune was destroyed by the American government and there was a chaos, those few therapists started behaving as if they were enlightened, calling themselves enlightened.

I have received hundreds of letters saying that, "Osho, we don't find the same quality in these people as we used to find before. They are the same people, but Your presence is no more with them."

Even the participants in their groups have written to me, "Groups are the same, techniques are the same, but You are not there. And now we know that the miracle was not the technique but Your presence." Their groups are being deserted now; soon they will not find a single sannyasin going to them.

And if they have a little bit of intelligence, they will come back with a deep apology. They have betrayed. They were only mediums, they are not enlightened.

And this is the difference: You can know a technique -- but just to know a technique is one thing, to be a master is totally different. That is the difference between a scientist and a technologist. The scientist himself discovers -- it is his own discovery, it is his own authority. The technologist simply imitates. He can do perfectly well as far as the objective world is concerned, but as far as the subjective world is concerned it is not possible.

Only the master can bring the transformation. The mediums can simply spread his word. The moment they start thinking that the respect and the honor is being given to them, they are no longer mediums. Then a dead technique is in their hands, which is not going to help.

It happened in Rome -- each year there used to be a great competition of paintings. One year a painting was chosen, but one painter stood up and said, "There is something incomplete in it, it is not perfect. Whoever has done it is a technician but not a painter."

He was asked, "Can you make it perfect?"

He came..."Yes, not much is missing, but what is missing is the very soul." And he simply touched the lips of the painting with his brush. It had been looking sad and now it was smiling. And he said, "Now it is perfect. Whoever has done it should be given the award, but he is only a technician -- a perfect technician -- but he is not a master, because this smile is the soul of the whole painting." And because of that smile the whole painting was changed, the whole context was different.

One man in America purchased one of Picasso's paintings for one million dollars, but he was suspicious about whether it was an original or not -- because there are so many technicians who are copying great paintings with such perfection that it is impossible to make a distinction unless you are an expert. He took the painting to one of the greatest critics, and the critic said, "You need not be worried about this painting. This painting Picasso has done in front of me, I was staying with him."

But doubt is such a thing... it does not leave so easily.

The American then said, "I will pay the fare and whatever expenses. You come with me to Paris, and we have to ask Picasso himself -- and you be present. I want to be absolutely certain that it is a Picasso."
He said, "It is absolutely certain, you are unnecessarily wasting money. But there is no question, I am ready."
They reached Paris and they went to see Picasso. The painting was shown to him and the man asked, "Is it an original Picasso?"
And Picasso said, "No."
The critic said, "Are you mad? Have you forgotten that I was staying with you at the time you were painting this?"
Picasso said, "No, I have not forgotten that. You were staying here when I was painting this, but it is not an original."
The critic said, "What do you mean it is not an original? You painted it!"
He said, "You have to understand my definition of originality. I had painted the same painting before. And there was no new idea coming to my mind, so I repainted it. It was only a technical job, there was no mastery -- any technician could have done it. Does it matter that the technician is Picasso himself? It is not an original painting, it is a copy. And if you don't believe me you can go to the museum where the original is hanging."
They went and they could not make out any difference between the two. But one was an original idea and the other was only a carbon copy, done by the same man.
Bodhicitta, the therapists who are behaving in an utterly stupid way will have to return, because whoever has been with me cannot become a part of the world again. And once

the sannyasins desert them -- they are deserting them -- those therapists will find that their idea that the respect was given to them was wrong. But they have to learn it the hard way.

You are fortunate. You go on doing your hugging meditation -- in America; don't mention it in India. It works in America, because for hundreds of years Christianity has made people so conditioned, that even to touch somebody is a sin. If you see a beautiful woman and you want just to touch her face because it is so beautiful, you will find yourself in the police station. And you were not asking anything; you would have touched her face, thanked the woman -- and her husband -- and gone your way. And the husband should be proud that he has such a wife that wherever he goes people come to touch her face.

Christianity has made touching a sin. People have to be separate, particularly men and woman have to be separate. Even in the church they have to be separate, in the synagogue they have to be separate.

So your idea is perfectly good -- but in a cold country, where people are not perspiring. Let them do as much hugging as they want and they will feel great. Because touching each other's body is touching each other's energy, and if it is a group where friends are together it becomes a loving phenomenon. There is no harm in it.

But don't mention such a thing here.

He has opened an institute in Nepal. I was worried about him; this kind of psychotherapy in Nepal or India is not needed. California.... If you have got a crazy idea simply go to California -- any crazy idea and you will find followers, ready-made followers who were just waiting for some

crazy idiot to come. And now you have been in the East long enough; you will get a good following in California. But don't be worried about these therapists. They will disappear just like soap bubbles because there is no reality, of enlightenment.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
I HEARD YOU ONCE COMPARE THE WORK OF A MASTER TO THAT OF A SURGEON. IN THESE TERMS, BEING WITH YOU AS YOUR DISCIPLE, I HAVE EXPERIENCED YOU CUTTING VERY THOROUGHLY THROUGH WHATEVER MY MASKS ARE.
HOW CAN YOU ACTUALLY DO NOTHING, AND YET GIVE ME SUCH AN INDIVIDUAL SURGICAL TREATMENT?

`Nothing' is my sword; it is so thin you cannot see it. And the work is certainly so delicate, it cannot be done with crude instruments.
Do you see the sword of `nothing' in my hands?
It is there.

Question 6
BELOVED OSHO,
HOW MUCH LONGER WILL I HAVE TO RUN AFTER YOU?

It depends on you.

You can run by my side or you can even run ahead of me, but just don't run away.

Question 7
BELOVED MASTER,
LIVING IN THE MOMENT, MY MEMORY BECOMES WORSE AND WORSE. DOING NOTHING, MY BODY AND MIND ARE GETTING MORE AND MORE LAZY. CLOSING MY EYES, I SEE NOTHING BUT DARKNESS.
ALL IN ALL, I ENJOY THIS, AND FEEL CONTENTED AND THANKFUL, BUT ONE QUESTION DISTURBS ME: HOW CAN I KNOW THAT THIS IS NOT THE CONTENTMENT OF A DONKEY?

Niskriya -- it is really the work of a donkey, but you are not an ordinary donkey. You are a German donkey!
What do you call a donkey in German -- esel. You are an esel.
But German donkeys have always done great things -- two world wars, and without them the third is impossible. There are donkeys in every country but nobody can compete with a German donkey. There are Indian donkeys -- you cannot tell them "Sitting silently, doing nothing" because that's what they have been doing for centuries, and the grass has not grown yet!
For the grass to grow, a German donkey is needed. Because for the Indian donkey it is simply natural, there is nothing special in it; for the German donkey, sitting silently doing nothing seems to be impossible. And because it seems

impossible, if he can manage it, the grass will have to grow. So Niskriya, don't be worried. Be at ease.
And donkeys are not bad people... very philosophical.
It is not a coincidence that Germany has produced the greatest philosophers in the world. Donkeys are philosophical, they are continuously thinking. Just watch a donkey. You will never find a donkey UNthinking.
But the poor donkey has been condemned almost all over the world for the simple reason that he does not write scriptures, does not give sermons, does not get crucified. He is so utterly simple and lives so silently -- as if he is not. In this whole world, so much is going on, but for the donkeys nothing is going on; they live in a timeless moment.
So Niskriya, when I say you are a donkey, don't feel bad about it. Sitting in your room, just think of yourself as esel, and enjoy it. It is far better than insane human beings, far better than all kinds of sick souls. Have you ever heard of any donkey going mad, or any donkey going to a psychiatrist, or any donkey committing suicide, or any donkey committing a murder, or any donkey committing a rape? Such innocent people... I support them perfectly. So remember, even if the world condemns them, I am here in total support. Relax, however difficult it is.
But if a German decides to relax, he will relax. An Indian decides many times to relax, but he never relaxes.
I used to stay in a very rich man's house in Calcutta. His name was Sohanlal Dugad. He was a man of seventy-five or eighty years of age, but he loved me very much and he had taken a promise that I would not stay anywhere else as long as he was alive. I had with me a friend who was a

fanatic religious type. He was a celibate, and he was trying to renounce the world and become a monk. And in the night when we were sitting and gossiping, Sohanlal Dugad said, "In my life I have taken three times the vow of brahmacharya, of celibacy." My friend was very much impressed.

I said, "You idiot. For brahmacharya, for celibacy, one needs to take the vow only one time. Three times?"

He said, "I never thought about it. Yes, that is correct. We should ask what happened with the fourth time!"

I said, "That is an embarrassing question to ask an old man. He himself would have said that after the third time he recognized the fact that it was beyond his capacity. It is better not to bother about it." But he insisted.

Next morning he asked him, and the old man said, "The fourth time? Don't you think three times is enough? For a fourth time I could not gather the courage -- three times failing...."

The Indian decides to meditate, to relax, to become a sannyasin. But he is always having good thoughts....

You are fortunate, Niskriya, that you are German. If you decide to relax, it can be depended upon, reliable -- and it will not disturb your work, I know.

He is a master of his work, he is a great filmmaker in Germany but he decided to close the whole business and just follow me. You might not understand that he has closed a big flourishing business; he was earning immense money, and now he simply takes my pictures and nothing else. This decisiveness is of tremendous value. This decisiveness gives you a spine.

And you must see his work, with what concentration he looks after every minute detail. It takes him four hours every day to set up his camera here, and he must be thinking continually about how to improve -- because I go on seeing new improvements... these new umbrellas have appeared!

So many people have been making the films, and they all have been harming my eyes. He is the first man who has thought about my eyes first. That's why these umbrellas... my eyes are not affected at all.

But such minute concern, and a decisiveness to do something to its perfection -- the same thing can be turned into any dimension. If it becomes spirituality, it will be the same -- the same quality, the same determination, the same devotion.

So if you are feeling relaxed, it is not against action. One has to understand that relaxation is the very source of energy; it can be converted into action. In the night you go to sleep so that in the morning you are rejuvenated. The night has not been a wastage, the night has helped you to recover the energy that you have used before. Again you are young, again fresh.

In meditation, whatever happens is bound to be expressed in creativity. What you are doing is a creative act, and for your creative act you have renounced everything. For your love you have renounced everything. It will be appreciated by people when they come to know of it.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #24

Chapter title: Around me... something happens

11 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN I TOOK SANNYAS AND I FIRST MET YOU, IT WAS LIKE MEETING AGAIN WITH AN ANCIENT BELOVED, AS IF I HAD KNOWN YOU FOR A LONG TIME.
IS IT SO, OR IS EVERY MEETING WITH AN ENLIGHTENED BEING SO MUCH A REMINDER OF ONE'S OWN INNER SELF THAT IT FEELS AS IF ONE HAS MET BEFORE?

Purna, the experience of remembering as if you have been with me before in the past lives has two dimensions -- one, which you mention in your question itself.
Each meeting with an enlightened person is meeting with a mirror. You see yourself as in reality you are -- not the mask but the original face, not the personality but your universal being. The meeting with the enlightened person creates a resonance, a certain vibration that reaches to the very depths of your being. Because you don't know your self, it seems you have met this enlightened being before -- because you don't know your own enlightenment. It is your self nature. This is one dimension. But there is another dimension also. You have lived many lives, and it is impossible that you have not come across the awakened, the enlightened, the illuminated beings -- perhaps many times.

You have met these strangers, these outsiders, on different paths, on different crossroads -- the quality of enlightenment is the same. So if you loved me deeply enough, all those experiences -- which were momentary, because you never lived with an enlightened being long enough; otherwise you would not be here -- just passing moments, but even the shadows, the reflections, are revived again because the taste is the same.

Gautam Buddha is reported to have said, "You can taste the ocean from anywhere. It is always salty." It does not make any difference whether it is the Atlantic or Pacific. So is the case with enlightenment: it is an ocean of consciousness, and the taste is immensely sweet, fulfilling, enlightening. And the person who is before you is no longer important. What is important is the invisible experience that he is carrying within himself.

So if you have passed a Gautam Buddha on a crossroad, or a Mahavira, or a Mahakashyap, or a Kabir, or a Farid -- meeting me, all those momentary impressions on your being will be revived again and it will appear as if you have known me before, many many times in many many lives. But the very apparent meaning is not true.

I was not enlightened before this life. So even if you have met me, you have not met me -- it was just an unconscious being like yourself. And you have been meeting thousands of people. I may have been one of those thousands of unconscious people that you came across -- that is not significant.

The difficulty with enlightenment is that you can be enlightened only in one life, because that is your last life. Once you have become enlightened, you cannot come

again into the human body. You are released from the prison, from the pain, from the anguish, from the meaningless, miserable existence. You are no more confined in any form; you enter into a formless universal consciousness. Once enlightened, your death is going to be the last death. In other words, only enlightened people die. The unenlightened ... very difficult -- they go on coming back, they never die. Only the enlightened person can afford death; the unenlightened cannot afford it, he is not yet ready.

Life is a school, and unless you have learned the lesson you will have to come back again and again to the same class. Once you have learned the lesson, passed the examination, then even if you want to come back into the class you will find all doors are closed for you. You have to move higher, to a different level of being.

We have moved from one form to another form. Man is the last form. Beyond man is a formless, oceanic consciousness.

Gautam Buddha says, "I will be coming back after twenty-five centuries." He is simply giving a consolation. In his place I have come! But the taste is the same. He has not lied -- in a sense; in a sense he has lied.

Jesus says, "I will be coming back."

Krishna says, "I will be coming back."

No enlightened person can come back.

Then why are these people saying these things? They know they cannot come back. But people will be becoming enlightened -- and enlightenment has no name. Whether it is in the body of Gautam Buddha or in the body of Krishna or in the body of Jesus or in the body of anybody else, it is

the same phenomenon. So apparently they are lying, but fundamentally they are saying a very profound truth. Purna, that's what you experienced when you first met me. Yes, you have been meeting me before -- in other enlightened people. But if they can say that they will be coming ... and I have to come, then I can say I was there ... just lying backwards. When you met Gautam Buddha you met me. The experience, not the body; not the skeleton but the consciousness.

I was in Nagpur speaking in a Buddhist conference. I am not a Buddhist ... only Buddhists were invited to speak; I was the only one who was not a Buddhist. The president of the conference, Bhadant Anand Kausalyayan, was a little puzzled. I was just sitting next to him. He whispered in my ear, "Have you become a Buddhist?"

I said, "I don't need to be a Buddhist."

He said, "Then why are you here in a Buddhist conference?"

I said, "Because I am a buddha."

He said, "My God. Then you should be presiding."

I said, "That's true. Come down. You are only a Buddhist. And I have just come by the way after twenty-five centuries, to see how things are going."

But he could not absorb the shock of my saying that I am the buddha. In the night he came to meet me in the house of a friend, where I was staying. He was a common friend; he was his friend also. And he said, "I had to come, because since the morning I have not been able to drop the idea that a man can say with such authority that he is the buddha. I have been a Buddhist for fifty years, and I don't have the guts to say that I am a buddha; I am still a Buddhist, trying

to follow the principles of Buddha. And you don't seem to follow any principles at all."
I said, "Those principles are for Buddhists. Buddhas make principles, they don't follow them. And I can say it with authority because Gautam Buddha himself has said that he will be coming after twenty-five centuries. Do you think he was lying?"
He said, "No, I cannot think that way."
"Do you think he will come exactly in the same body? That body you have burned. Do you think he will be born as a prince? -- because now there are no kings. Where are you going to find a beautiful woman like Yashodhara for him to marry?"
He said, "My God, in all these details ... naturally they cannot be repeated, because to repeat all those details means to bring that whole century -- the kingdoms, the people ... because a single man is not an island, he is connected."
Now Buddha was the son of a king, Shuddhodhana. I said, "First you will have to find Shuddhodhana, and what about Shuddhodhana's father? It is going to be difficult. You will have to find Yashodhara. What about Yashodhara's father? "You will have to manage a son to be born, and on the night the son is born Buddha has to be exactly twenty-nine years old and he has to escape in a golden chariot. Where are you going to find these things? You can do it in a drama, but in reality ... Trust me, I am the buddha -- this time born to a different father, this time no Yashodhara, because last time it was enough. One has to learn from experience. This time no children, I cannot tolerate them; they are the nastiest people in the world."

He said, "My God. You have made the thing such that one wants to feel that perhaps you are the Buddha."
I said, "It is not a question of feeling. I don't depend on your feeling. I am the buddha, whether you feel it or not. There were many fools like you in Buddha's time who never accepted him as the buddha, the enlightened, the awakened. It is up to you to be wise or to be a fool."
Purna, you must have come across me many times -- not in this body, but you must have come across the same experience. Sometimes a Mohammedan, Farid; a weaver, Kabir; a shoemaker, Raidas. Sometimes a prince, Gautam; sometimes a businessman, Tuladhar. Sometimes a man ... sometimes a woman, like Rabiya al-Adabiya.
Enlightenment is simply realizing one's universal self. Whoever realizes it has the same taste -- his eyes radiate the same light, his gestures have the same grace, he has the same beauty.
If you are receptive, meeting one enlightened person, you have met all the enlightened people who have happened in the whole history of man; not only the past, but even those who will happen in the future.
In the enlightened consciousness the past, the present, the future are all dissolved into a single moment.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DEFEND YOU, AND EQUALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO DESERT YOU. I AM OVERWHELMINGLY AWARE OF HOW MUCH I OWE YOU AND HOW DEEPLY I LOVE YOU.

It is certainly impossible to defend me -- unless you become enlightened. That is the only defense you can provide to the world.
No logical, no rational, no intellectual argumentation can defend me; but you can become enlightened, which is far easier. Then you will be my defense -- the more souls are aflame, the more I am defended.
And you say, "It is also impossible to desert you."
That too is possible through the same method, enlightenment -- you will be able to defend me and you will be able to desert me. Once you are enlightened, I can say goodbye. There is no need to hang around me. Before that, you cannot defend me and you cannot desert me.
And the remaining question is absolutely absurd. You say you owe me so much -- all bullshit. You owe nothing to me unless you are enlightened. What do you owe to me? I just enjoy telling stories ... and you think you owe something to me? I just enjoy gossiping, telling jokes, talking about things which cannot be talked about -- just an old habit. You don't owe anything to me.
Yes, you will owe something to me when you become enlightened -- just a thank you. That too need not be said. I will understand it.

Question 3
OH MY MASTER,
I KNOW NOTHING, BUT I KNOW ONE THING -- THAT YOU LOVE ME. THANK YOU, OSHO.

Jaya, you know that I love you, I know that you love me; and really there is nothing else to say -- either from your side or from my side.
So we can take the next question.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
OFTEN MY FELLOW SANNYASINS ASK WHAT I THINK ABOUT A PARTICULAR EVENT THAT TOOK PLACE NEAR YOU, OR HOW I FEEL ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION AROUND YOU.
BEING HERE WITH YOU, I FIND MYSELF MORE INTERESTED IN THAT EMPTINESS WHICH YOU SPEAK AROUND, THAT SPACE FROM WHERE YOU COME.
OSHO, WILL YOU SPEAK TO MY FRIENDS ABOUT THE CRAZY EVENTS AND ACTIONS THAT ALWAYS SURROUND YOUR PRESENCE?

There are many things to be said about the question.
First, there is no organization around me. I am against organizations because each organization kills the truth.
The ancient story is that a little devil came running to the master devil and said, "Master, what are you doing here wasting your time smoking a cigar? There on the earth one man has found the truth. And if the people of the earth come to know about the truth, that will be a calamity to us. Hell will be deserted. There will not be a single newcomer anymore. Something has to be done urgently!"

But the old devil went on smoking the Havana cigar. He said, "Calm down, my son. You are new. I have made every arrangement."
He said, "But I am coming exactly from the spot! There is no arrangement!"
He said, "You don't understand. There are already organizers around the man -- priests, interpreters, organizers. A church is being made, and they are standing between the man and the masses. Whatever he says, they interpret it before it reaches to the people.
"This is my old strategy. Try it, and it always succeeds. That's how I have killed all the religions."
Truth has been found many times, but it has never been possible to make it available to the people. The organization becomes a wall -- power seekers, hierarchies, bureaucracies. And the man who has found the truth -- he is so alone in this crowd of scholars, priests, power seekers, interpreters; he finds himself absolutely helpless. Whatever he says they distort it. Whatever he says, something else reaches to the people.
There are others who are writing books, and these books will be worshipped, they will become holy books. Sculptors have arrived; they are making the statue of the man who has found the truth. Nobody is interested in the truth, everybody is interested in his own business. They worship the man, and worshipping is another form of crucifying.
If you are cultured, you worship; if you are uncultured, you crucify -- but there is no difference between the two.
The worshippers say, "You are God incarnate. We will remember you forever. Our children will worship you.

There will be temples all over the earth, your statues all over the world."
The scribes are writing books, the writers are making great systems of thought.
Nobody listens to the man. In fact, nobody is there to listen to him. Everybody is there to exploit him.
The priest says, "Ask me. He is so far above that without mediators, there is no possibility of any communication."
Just recently the pope declared that anybody who confesses to God directly, without the mediation of a Catholic priest, is committing a grave sin. Strange -- you cannot confess to God directly, it is a grave sin. First you have to go to the Catholic priest. Everything should move through proper channels; you have to tell the Catholic priest, and he will inform God, and God will inform him what punishment has to be given to you.
The old devil said, "You don't be worried. I have my popes, Ayatolla Khomeiniacs, shankaracharyas, Acharya Tulsi's -- and all kinds of idiots are there. We need not be worried; just take a Havana cigar, relax. You are just new and don't understand the business yet."
So the first thing: I don't have any organization. I don't have any holy book. I don't have any mediator. I don't have any interpreter. Whatever you see as organization is not organization, it is simply functional; it is just like the post office.
Now so many millions of people writing letters to each other ... some kind of arrangement has to be there; somebody has to sort out the letters, where they have to go. But the postmaster has not any authority, nor the postman,

nor the postmaster general. Who knows the name of the postmaster general? It is just functional work.
In a good world, you will not know the name of the president of your country -- it is a functional post. You will not know who is the prime minister -- there is no need, it is simply functional. They should be doing their work, and they are needed just the way shoemakers are need, scavengers are needed. The president is not needed more than the plumber; in fact, the plumber is needed more than the president. The president is simply sitting there in the capital doing nothing, and when something goes wrong in your bathroom -- which happens almost every day -- then the plumber is needed. But nobody honors the plumber; the plumber has no authority, he has no power. And bogus people who are not doing anything have power.
That is the miracle of organization: Organization creates useless people, but makes everybody feel that without them the whole society will collapse.
Stalin never took a single holiday in his whole life, and he was one of the men who ruled longest. And when his daughter, Svetlana once asked him ... He must have been in a very good mood, which was rare. Svetlana was married to an Indian. She has told the story to me herself.
Stalin said that he cannot take any holiday because the holiday will make the whole country feel that the country can go perfectly well without him. And the truth is, the country will go perfectly well without him. He has to remain in the chair to make the country feel that without him, everything is going to collapse.
The whole bureaucracy makes you feel that without them everything is going to be wrong. This is their way of

gaining power. And the people who are interested in power are the people who are the most empty, who are suffering from an inferiority complex. These are the most sick people in the world.

I don't have any organization. Just functionally, if only a hundred people can sit here and three hundred people come, then somebody has to prevent the two hundred, give them passes -- "You come tomorrow." But that does not make him powerful, so that you have to have his picture hanging in your house -- "This man is no ordinary man; this man passes out tickets, worship him." He is simply serving you, there is no question of power.

Secondly, you are not asking your question. You are asking questions that your friends ask you.

This is dishonest. You are allowed to ask your question. And I know it is your question, but you don't have the courage to say that "This is my question."

I used to live with a man for three years. He was an astrologer and a palmist. And it was an everyday experience that people will bring their own birth chart and will say, "This is my friend's birth chart" -- because if the man says something ugly nobody wants to hear it. If things are good it is good, if things are bad it is about the friend. But that man was very clever. He would say, "Good. Leave this chart here, and tomorrow bring your friend with you." Now, it was a difficulty -- where to find a friend? And who is going to be with him, to be unnecessarily in trouble?

I said, "Why do you do that?"

He said, "This is an everyday thing. They come about other people, and these are their problems. But a person who has

not the courage to say honestly that `This is my problem' will not be able to solve it."

"Your friends ask you about the organization." It is not true. It is your own question. There is no problem; why can't you say, "I have a question about your organization"?

"Friends ask about things that happen around You." Strange. Why don't those friends come themselves? All those friends have sent one representative.

Things happen.

Wherever there is silence, a certain magic prevails.

The more profound the silence, the deeper is the magic.

I have seen people changing so dramatically, so unbelievably -- one could never have thought before that this man can become so peaceful, so loving; that so many flowers can grow in his consciousness, so that he becomes almost fragrant; that his life becomes a song, a dance, a celebration.

It is simply a question of resonance. Great musicians know it. A great musician can play on his sitar, and can keep another sitar in an empty room far away in another corner. And there comes a moment when he is really lost in playing his sitar that the other sitar -- which is simply sitting there, nobody is playing it -- starts resonating the same tune, vibrating.

In the old days that was one of the most important things before a man was called a master musician -- if he could create resonance, only then was he a master; otherwise he was just an ordinary musician.

There are stories which look fictitious, but they are not -- because now we know something scientifically, that they are possible.

The Indian classical music has different ragas for different purposes. There are ragas which can create light, fire; just an unlit lamp suddenly becomes aflame. A certain resonance, a certain hit of the vibrations creates the fire, and the flame comes up.

Now -- scientists say, and it has been followed by military experts -- whenever soldiers pass on a bridge, their ordinary musical walk is broken. They are ordered not to walk the way they have been trained -- thousands of people raising their left legs at the same time, creating the same sound. Because it was found in the first world war that many bridges were broken -- and those bridges were able to carry bigger loads; just an army passing ... what happened? Just a certain rhythm of their legs falling on the bridge, and the bridge was gone, and the people were falling from the bridge.

First it was thought to be just an accident, but when it started happening on many bridges then things were looked into. It was found that it is the sound of their musical march that gives a nervous breakdown to the poor bridge.

You say, "Crazy things happen around You." That, too, is said by your friends. I have never seen any crazy thing happening around here. Yes, I have seen crazy people becoming sane; but in a crazy world to be sane looks like being crazy. Just go to a madhouse ...

It happened to a friend's father. He is a special kind of insane person: for six months he is insane, and six months he is absolutely sane; periodically his pendulum moves. While he is sane he is always sick -- this infection, that infection, and he is always going to the hospital, to the

doctor, and the whole family is troubled. And when the six months pass and he becomes mad, he becomes healthy; in those six months, no infection, no illness. His weight goes higher, he looks radiant.

At four o'clock in the morning he wakes up the whole village, "Come on to the river!" He drags people out of their houses; "It is time! Go to the river." Those six months when he is mad, he keeps the whole village taking a bath at least two times a day -- morning and evening. He purchases so many fruits -- because he has not to pay, his sons have to pay -- and distributes them to everybody. Vegetables, fruits, sweets ... the whole town is happy when he is mad. Only his family is sick, ill -- because he goes on taking money from the shop; even the small children of the house guard the shop and shout, "Mommy, father is taking money!"

And he will say, "Shut up! Am I your father, or are you my father? This is my shop." All that money goes in distributing sweets and fruits and things to anybody, whoever meets him on the way. But he is so happy, and the whole village is so happy. He disappears sometimes in those six months -- just by chance he reaches the station, and if the train is there he will sit on it. Once he disappeared. Much searching was done, and he was not found -- where he had gone, which train he had caught nobody knew.

And all the ticket collectors and ticket checkers, all know him, so nobody bothers to ask for the ticket.

He reached Agra -- it is so far away from my village -- he was feeling hungry.

He went to a shop. There is an Indian food, it is called khaja -- it also means "eat it."
So he asked what it was, and the shopkeeper said, "Khaja." He said, "Okay," and he started eating it. The shopkeeper said, "What are you doing?" He said, "Exactly what you said." And he was so robust ... And the shopkeeper said, "This is strange.
You ask the name, and you finish the whole thing! You will have to come to the court." A crowd gathered ... He said, "Listen, I am a stranger. I simply asked this fool what it is; he said khaja. I have eaten it, according to him. I am ready to go to any police station, to any court; such a name should not be given to a sweet. " In the court they found that he was out of his mind. They jailed him. He was sent to Lahore -- because in those days Pakistan was not divided; now Lahore is in Pakistan. Lahore had the greatest madhouse of those days. After three, four months, his time was over. He was periodically mad and periodically sane; he became sane. He went to the superintendent and he said, "This is the situation: I go mad for six months, and for six months I am sane. Now my madness is gone. Now I remember it was not right to eat that thing; it is the name of the thing, he was not meaning that I had to eat it. But I was mad; now I am perfectly sane. And now there is great trouble" -- because there were at least one thousand mad people in that madhouse. And he said, "When I was mad there was no problem -- somebody was pulling my leg, somebody was sitting on my head; it was all okay. For mad people nothing is wrong, everything is right. But now that I am sane, it is very difficult to live with these one thousand mad people. Somebody comes and starts pulling my nose -

- and I am not doing anything to anybody! Somebody is sitting on my head ... and whatsoever they want to do they do. Somebody is taking my shirt, and I have to fight, and you cannot fight because they are all mad. And my trouble is that when I am mad I have energy, and when I am not mad I am a very sick person. Please release me.

But the superintendent said, "We cannot do anything against the court. You have to be here for six months."

He said, "You don't understand. When I was mad, it was okay; but now I am not mad. I am the only person here who is not mad. You just live one day inside the madhouse and you will understand my situation." But nobody would listen to him. He was telling me, "In those two months of sanity in the insane house I suffered hell. But for four months when I was mad, it was heaven; it was such a joy to be with all those mad people, such a synchronicity -- everything was right, nothing was wrong. But for those two months everything was wrong, nothing was right, and I was the only sufferer."

Here, nobody goes crazy. My people are the sanest people in the world.

But the world is crazy, and my people are few. And the world is big -- they have the majority, they have the politicians, they have the governments, they have the churches.

They have everything in their hands, and they are not even alert that they are insane. To be in the mind is to be insane; mind is the place of insanity.

Only those people are really sane who have transcended the mind, who have gone beyond it into silence where no thoughts, no desires, no emotions, nothing exists. Only in

that peace is your real health. And that kind of sanity happens here.
So tell your fictitious friends that people are going sane; and if they want to be sane, bring them here. But before you bring them, at least you should go sane.
Mind is crazy.
This is the difference between the ordinary psychology and the psychology I teach: the ordinary psychology says that mind can be sane or insane; and I say mind can only be normally insane or abnormally insane, but mind can never be sane.
Sanity is always above mind, beyond mind. And only very few people in the world have been blessed enough to be sane. But the mad crowd has treated them really badly ... poisoning Socrates, who is one of the sanest men possible. But it is the insane people who decide whether to poison him or not. Al-Hillaj Mansoor was killed by the insane people. Sarmad, one of the sanest men, was beheaded in New Delhi. The insane crowd was immensely happy to get rid of these sane people. Where everybody is sad, don't rejoice; where everybody is miserable, don't look blissful; where everybody is living in hell, don't show your heart and the heaven that you have found there -- otherwise you will be punished for it. It is a strange world. Here, those who are sane, blissful, blessed, are punished; those who are miserable, mad, are rewarded.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO, IN POONA WHEN I FIRST TOOK SANNYAS, I FELT VERY YOUNG AND INNOCENT. I HAD A "YES" FOR EVERYTHING, AND WANTED TO

LEARN TO BE A "GOOD" SANNYASIN. WATCHING OTHERS, I WAS LEARNING WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE TO BE A DISCIPLE.
IN RAJNEESHPURAM, I FELT THAT AS LONG AS I WAS LOVING YOU, WHATEVER I DID THAT FELT APPROPRIATE WAS FINE -- THINKING THAT I WAS A DISCIPLE, AND THE IMPORTANT THING WAS TO COME FROM THAT SPACE. OSHO, NOW IT FEELS LIKE THERE IS NO "BEING" YOUR DISCIPLE; THERE IS ONLY A NEVER-ENDING PROCESS OF BECOMING. IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THERE IS NO SITTING BACK, HAVING ALREADY BECOME "OSHO'S SANNYASIN"; THERE IS NOTHING BUT TAKING EACH STEP ONE AFTER ANOTHER, WALKING THIS PATH, THIS ENDLESS PATH.
WILL YOU PLEASE SPEAK ON THESE CHANGES AND ON THIS JOURNEY WITH YOU?

Nityananda, you have described very accurately each step a disciple has to go through. This is the most important conclusion: that there is no question of just being a disciple, it is always becoming. You cannot come to a full stop; the journey is endless, and this is the beauty of the journey. From being to becoming is a tremendous quantum leap. If you look around in life, you will never find being anywhere; you will always find becoming.
The fallacy of being is created by language, it is the poverty of language. You see a roseflower ... you see it and you say, "What a beautiful flower." But the flower is continuously flowering, it is never in a state of stopping anywhere.The tree is continuously growing; the word `tree'

is not right. In existence there are no nouns, there are only verbs. It will be very difficult to make a language only with verbs, but the truth is, existence has no nouns.
A tree is in fact treeing, a river in fact is rivering. You are each moment growing -- either growing old, the ordinary way of the world; or growing up, the way of my people. Growing old, you have not to do anything -- you will grow old, biology will take care of it.
Growing up means a conscious alertness -- so that the body goes on growing old, but your consciousness goes on growing upwards, growing up. But it is always growing; even in death a conscious being is growing.
The whole existence is a great verb, not a noun -- not a stone, but a flower. And there is no end anywhere because there has never been any beginning. The very idea of beginning and end is just our mind projection. Otherwise, we are always in the middle -- never at the beginning, never at the end, always in the middle -- and we will remain always in the middle.
Gautam Buddha loved to say, "My path is the middle path, majjhim nikai" -- there is no beginning, no end. We are always in the middle, growing eternally, flowering, blossoming, finding new spaces.
You are blessed, Nityananda, to have felt the change from being a disciple to becoming a disciple.
Becoming is a higher stage.
In language it is not so, in existence it is so.

Chapter title: Listening lets the heart decide
12 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY CAN'T I HEAR YOU? AM I DEAF?

You are not deaf. And you also hear me, but you are not listening. And you don't know the distinction between hearing and listening.
Anybody who has ears can hear, but it is not necessary that he will be able to listen. For listening, something more is necessary than just having ears: a certain kind of silence, a serenity, a peace -- the heart standing behind the ears, not the mind.
It is the mind which makes you almost deaf, although you are not deaf -- because the mind is constantly chattering, it is a chatterbox.
Just sometimes sit in your room, close your doors, and write down whatsoever comes into your mind just to see what goes on in it. Don't edit it -- because you are not going to show it to anybody, so just write down exactly what comes to your mind. And you will be surprised: just within ten minutes you will see that you are not sane; your mind is the mind of an insane person. Just somehow you are managing, covering it up, not allowing anybody to know what goes on inside you. And you have become experts, so much so that it is not only that you don't allow others to know what goes on in your mind, you yourself don't see it. And it goes on, yakkety-yak, yakkety-yak.

Because of this constant mind, making noise... although you are not deaf, you cannot listen. You can hear. Listening needs a silent communication.

The words that I am speaking to you are ordinary words, you know them. I do not like to use any kind of jargon. But in another sense the words I am using are extraordinary because they are coming from a depth, from a space within me. And certainly they are carrying with them some perfume, some fragrance of that space. If you are silent, the word becomes inessential and the fragrance that it is carrying becomes essential.

If the fragrance reaches you, you have listened.

And the beauty of listening is that you don't have to think about it. If it is coming out of truth, it carries truth with it; you feel the truth. If it is just mind stuff -- not coming from experience, but just bookish -- you will not find the fragrance in it.

But you have to be so alert, so silent, that you don't miss that which surrounds the word. The fragrance is its validity, its logic, its philosophy. And if there is no fragrance, then it is just a dead flower like you sometimes find in BIBLES, in BHAGAVADGITA. People keep roses, dry roses in a BIBLE, with no fragrance, with no life.

When you simply hear, if one hundred persons are here there are going to be one hundred versions, because the mind immediately starts interpreting -- what does it mean? The mind is blind. It cannot see, it can only grope in the dark. Groping in the dark is called `thinking'. One hundred people sitting here will have heard one hundred meanings.

One English historian, Edmund Burke, was writing the history of the world. And his effort was to write a complete

history of the whole world since the very beginning, not leaving anything out. He had wasted almost fifty years writing it, thousands of pages, and one day suddenly in the afternoon when he was writing he heard a great noise behind his house. He opened the window and saw a crowd. He inquired, "What is the matter?"

Somebody said something, somebody else said something else... he came out. A man had been murdered, and there were as many stories as there were people present. Somebody was saying that he committed suicide, somebody was saying he had been murdered, somebody was saying it was just an accident; somebody was saying that he was a man with heart disease, that it was heart failure because twice he had already suffered an attack and this time he was certain to die.

Edmund Burke could not believe it, that just behind his house he could not be certain about a fact. The dead man was lying there, it was not fiction. But how the death had happened... perhaps it would never be decided. "And I am writing a book about thousands of years past, and trying to prove that it is factual."

It was such a revelation that he went in and burned all those thousands of pages.

His colleagues, his students -- he was a professor -- were all shocked. They said, "What have you done? Fifty years of such concentrated work!"

He said, "It was all just rubbish. If I cannot decide about something which has happened just behind my house, then deciding about Adam and Eve is just foolish." A great historian... but he dropped history, he resigned from his post. And he said, "All history is bunk."

One evening Gautam Buddha was speaking to his disciples... and this was his everyday evening sermon. After the sermon he used to say to his disciples, "Now, go; and before going to sleep, don't forget your real work" -- and that real work was meditation.

But that night one thief was there listening, one prostitute was there listening. The thief said, "My God, this man is dangerous. He is saying `Before going to sleep, don't forget to do your work.' It is time, I must go."

The prostitute thought, "I am sitting so far away, and how did this fellow recognize me... that my work starts in the night?"

The thief went to steal.

The prostitute went to her work.

The sannyasins went to meditate.

Buddha had said only one thing: "Don't forget the work," but the interpretation is going to be yours. The final decision is going to be yours. The word cannot decide for you; you have to decide what it means.

When you are only hearing, your mind is standing there scrutinizing, screening.... Now it is an established psychological fact that the mind only allows a certain percentage of information to reach you, there is a censor. And the mind has created very clever ways to censor things: it allows that which fits with your conditioning, and it simply does not allow that which goes against your conditioning. It makes you hear that which fits with you; it lets anything that is not fitting with your conditioning slip by, it does not pay attention to it. It does not take it in.

Hearing is not the right method to be with a master. It is good in a school, in a college, in a university; listening is

not needed. But to be with a master hearing is not needed, listening is needed. Your interpretations should not hinder what is being said from reaching your heart -- because those words are carrying delicate messages. Your interpretation is going to destroy that delicate message; you should not think whether it is right or wrong. I am not saying that you should accept it -- there is no question of acceptance. I am simply saying you should neither accept nor not accept. You should be just a mirror reflecting whatsoever is the case. The master is saying something; let it reach to the heart.

And let the heart decide, not the mind.

The mind is always wrong, and the heart is always right, because mind knows only logic, the heart knows love. Let love be decisive -- and love has never been wrong, and logic has never been right.

The father of logic, Aristotle, who created the whole science of logic, wrote in his book that women have less teeth than men. Because that was the prevalent idea in Greece. It was part of a bigger idea, that women cannot have anything equal to men. How can they have equal teeth? It was a natural corollary.

Aristotle had two wives... it would have been so simple just to say to Mrs. Aristotle I or Mrs. Aristotle II, "Please let me count your teeth." But logic is very prejudiced. He did not bother with that.

And strange... for a whole two thousand years in Europe the belief continued. There are so many women, almost equal in number... sometimes more than men. Because in war men are killed, armies are finished, so sometimes the number of women is more than men. But no man ever

bothered. And what is more strange is that no woman ever tried to count her own teeth and raise her voice that "This is nonsense! Men and women both have an equal number of teeth!"

Mind has no eyes; it simply lives in a dark hole -- groping, inventing, believing, but never coming to know anything. The heart has a totally different approach: it simply knows. Its knowing is intuitive, not intellectual. It cannot give arguments, it cannot give proofs. But when it knows, it knows absolutely; it can give for its knowledge its own life. No logician will be ready to be crucified for his logical knowledge. Have you ever heard of any logician being crucified? Have you ever heard of any philosopher being poisoned? He will change his philosophy, he will say, "Don't bother, I am ready to change my philosophy. It does not matter whether this philosophy is right or that philosophy is right."

But you cannot change Jesus, and you cannot change Socrates, and you cannot change Sarmad, and you cannot change Al-Hillaj Mansoor. They are ready to die -- because their knowing is of the heart, there is no question of its being wrong. There is no doubt anywhere, it is indubitable.

To be with a master, you need to learn how to listen. Hearing is not enough.

It is a mystery to open the doors for listening, because everywhere only hearing is needed. In the marketplace, in the universities, in the churches, only hearing is needed. Listening is something out of this world; only lovers know something of it, only poets know something of it. Only mystics know the whole miracle and the whole magic of it.

And the master is only a door. Once you have started listening to him, you will be able to listen to the sound of the running water, you will be able to listen to the wind passing through the pine trees. You will be able to listen to the music of silence in the dark night, you will be able to listen to the music of the birds in the early morning. You will start listening to so many things that you will be in a state of immense amazement that this world was available to you -- and so close -- but you were not available to this world.

As far as I am concerned, right listening is the only way to be religious because right listening makes you wonder about everything around you:

The whole existence becomes a mystery, a poetry, a song, a dance.

Gone are the days of misery, anguish, tension, death.

You have entered on the path of eternal benediction.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

THE OTHER NIGHT YOU TOLD THE STORY OF THE BUDDHA AND HIS DISCIPLE, ANANDA. ANANDA HAD THOUGHT THAT THE BUDDHA HAD GIVEN CONTRADICTORY ANSWERS CONCERNING THE EXISTENCE OF GOD TO THREE DIFFERENT QUESTIONERS. WHEN CHALLENGED ON THIS BY ANANDA, THE BUDDHA HAD RETORTED, "THE ANSWERS WERE NOT FOR YOU. WHY DO YOU LISTEN TO ANSWERS NOT INTENDED FOR YOU!"

BELOVED OSHO, WHEN WE SIT WITH YOU, WE LISTEN TO MANY ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS WE HAVE NOT ASKED. HOW SHOULD WE LISTEN?

There are a few significant things to be understood.
One: you may not have asked the question; still it may be yours. Because human beings are not suffering in unique ways -- their misery is the same, their problems are the same. Somebody has the guts to ask; somebody cannot gather the courage, because to ask means to expose your ignorance.
So when I am answering questions asked by someone, it does not mean that it is not your question. If I were in Buddha's place I would not have said to Ananda, "Why are you disturbed?" In fact, the very disturbance shows that those questions were also bothering him; otherwise, there was no need for him to be worried.
Buddha said to him, "Those questions were not your questions. Why did you listen?"
I would not have said that. That's where I differ from every master in the world. I would have said to Ananda, "All those questions were your questions. Those people were courageous enough to ask. And you are a coward; you have found a beautiful excuse. So without exposing your ignorance, you want me to answer your questions. You will have to ask."
And it is not that the atheist is totally atheist -- mind is never total in anything. The atheist carries the theist in him, the theist carries the atheist in him, and both are just believers. Neither of them knows exactly what is the truth.

In fact, as I see it there is not a single question which can be asked which is not yours too. Any question asked by any human being is going to be a question of all human beings, whether you are aware of it or not. You may be unconscious of it; perhaps it is not the right time for you, perhaps you may ask a year later. Perhaps you have repressed the question so deeply that you have become completely oblivious to whether it exists in you or not. But let me repeat: There is not a single question which is not yours too.

All human beings are part of a continent, nobody is an island. Maybe somebody has become conscious of a certain problem due to certain circumstances.

Gautam Buddha himself was not aware of life's basic questions up to the age of twenty-nine. When he was born, the astrologer said to the old king, Shuddhodhana -- Buddha was born in the king's old age -- "You have a rare son. Either he will become a chakravartin emperor" -- a chakravartin is one who rules over the whole world -- "or he will become a sannyasin. There are only two possibilities." All the astrologers were agreed on the point, and the king was very much worried.

The king said, "Then suggest to me how I can prevent him from becoming a sannyasin." Each father has the same problem, each husband has the same problem, each wife has the same problem.

Those astrologers said, "If you want him not to become a sannyasin then make arrangements... luxurious, comfortable, so that he never becomes aware that there is pain, there is anxiety. Fulfill all his desires so that he never comes across a desire which remains unfulfilled and creates

frustration. Don't let him taste despair. Bring all the beautiful girls of the kingdom, let him be surrounded by beautiful women so he is continually indulging in beauty, in luxury. Make beautiful palaces for him, different palaces for different seasons so he never comes to know that there is summer, that there are rains, that there is cold winter. "Never allow him to see any old man, any dead body. Even in his gardens, the dead leaves, dying flowers should be removed in the night so when he comes for a walk in the morning he never sees anything dying or dead. Because once he becomes aware of death, then the question can arise in his mind, that `If things die, one day I will have to die.'"

The king said, "Everything will be done. I have the facilities, don't be worried."

This advice was given by the so-called wise people. To me they are not wise, they are other-wise! It was because of their advice that he had to renounce the kingdom one day, because for twenty-nine years he was kept in such a controlled atmosphere -- not a dead leaf, not a withering flower -- that when he came to know... it was such a great shock.

He was going to participate in the youth festival; he had to inaugurate it. Roads were closed; whenever he had to pass, the roads were always closed. Traffic was stopped, nobody could pass. People had to keep their doors closed -- he should not see anybody who is ugly. But that day when he was going to inaugurate.... The story is beautiful.

The masters who have died were watching, and they saw that a great master was being prevented. Something had to be done. They were not real people who passed on the road;

they were dead masters, just playing a drama to wake up Gautam Buddha to the reality of life.
First he saw an old man coughing, his back bent.
Buddha asked his charioteer, "What has happened to this man?"
Now, another master had entered into the charioteer; otherwise, the charioteer would have lied. Rather than the charioteer, the master spoke: "This happens to everybody." And he waited....
And immediately Gautam Buddha said, "Is it going to happen to me too?"
The charioteer said, "I feel bad saying it, but I cannot say an untruth: you are not excluded. It is going to happen to you too."
Buddha became sad. He had seen only beautiful girls, flowers, music, dances, alcohol. He was kept drunk, enjoying for twenty-four hours a day.
And then another four people were carrying a dead body. And Buddha said, "What happened to this man, and why are they carrying him on their shoulders?"
And the master within the charioteer said, "This is the second stage, after the first one that you have seen just now. After that, one dies."
Buddha said, "My God, this too is going to happen to me?"
And as they were talking, another master came in beautiful red robes, a radiant face, a tremendous aura around him -- a sannyasin. And Buddha said, "Who is this man?"
And the master within the charioteer said, "This man is a sannyasin. He became aware before the first man did, that life is going to disappear into old age, old age is going to lead to death, and death to the funeral pyre. He became so

concerned that he left the world, went into silence in search of something which is deathless, which is immortal. And he has found it -- you can see it."

Buddha had seen the most beautiful women, the most beautiful young people, but this was beauty of a totally different order. It was not just physical; it was as if some rays were radiating from the man, as if he was surrounded by a cloud of light. And the way he walked, the grace... Buddha said to the charioteer, "Just turn the chariot back. I am no longer young and I am not going to inaugurate the youth festival. Any other idiot can do it. You just take me back. My whole life has changed. Unless I find the deathless, unless I find the eternal in me, I will not rest for a single moment."

That very night he escaped into the mountains in search of himself.

I said that those wise people were not wise, because if he had been brought up in the ordinary way -- as every child is being brought up -- he would not have been shocked so much. Then he would have seen from the very beginning that people die, that people are old, that people are ugly.

If the king Shuddhodhana had asked me, I would have said to him, "Keep him surrounded with old people coughing continuously, having tuberculosis, cancer. Open hospitals around him: find all the ugly women, and make them nurses. Train him -- make a funeral pyre near the palace and announce in the capital that nobody is to be burned anywhere else, everybody has to be burned here. So from the very beginning he would start seeing that people get old, then they die, then they are burned." He would have,

by the time he was twenty-nine, grown enough shock absorbers; that's how we all have grown.
Those so-called wise people gave great advice, but they had no understanding of psychology.
Buddha himself had the same questions. For six years he was going from one teacher to another teacher asking the same questions. But he was not an ordinary seeker. He was not satisfied by verbal knowledge; he wanted experience, and those teachers only gave him borrowed knowledge.
He went on and on, and finally he understood it: you cannot find the truth in this way, you have to look within yourself. Nobody else can give it to you.
He dropped all knowledge that he had learned -- that was his real renunciation. The first renunciation of the kingdom was not of much value. But even the Buddhists don't talk about the second renunciation -- when he dropped all knowledge, scriptural, holy, and just entered into his own aloneness.
Without any guide, without any map, he found himself. Hence, his first words after his enlightenment were appa deepo bhava: be a light unto yourself.
Ananda was suffering with all those questions, and when Buddha said, "They were not your questions; why should you have listened to them?" -- still the coward in him did not allow him to say, "They were my questions too."
Every question that I am answering may be asked by a particular person; it may be, in his context in this moment, significant to him; it may not be significant to you -- but it can be significant any day, any moment. It may be lying unconscious in you.
I am answering you all.

I am answering those questions which you are asking, and I am also answering those questions which you are not asking.
It is not a question of your asking.
I know what are bound to be, inevitably, the questions of an unconscious human being, because I have been through the same dark night.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
IN THE LAST COUPLE OF MONTHS I FEEL SO CLEARLY THAT NOT ONLY WE HAD TO MAKE AN INCREDIBLE JUMP, BUT I ALSO FEEL THAT A VAST AND INDEFINABLE CHANGE HAPPENED TO YOU.
IS THERE ANY TRUTH IN THIS?

Existence knows only one thing which is unchanging, and that is change.
I am alive.
Only dead people don't change.
I have been changing every moment.
Turiya, you were not perceptive of the change that is my very life because you were not changing, you were dead.
Now you have come alive; you have taken a quantum leap, and only now can you understand my continuously changing, riverlike existence.
I am not a lake, but a river.
But to understand anything, you have to be sensitive to it. I was changing before, too -- but you were dead. It is as if you are asleep here and I am walking in the room, and then

you wake up and you say, "Osho, a great change has happened in me, a quantum leap from sleep to wakefulness. And what I see is that not only have I changed -- you are continuously moving in the room."

I was moving, Turiya, even when you were asleep; but because you were asleep you could not feel my change. Now you know the taste of change, the beauty of change, the joy, the playfulness, the life, the dance of change. Because you know it, you can see it in me.

My whole approach is that existence is a constant change. All the religions of the world and all the philosophies of the world have been propounding a permanent god who does not change.

When I was a student in the university one of my professors, Doctor S.S. Roy... he was an expert, a world-famous expert on Bosanquet and Bradley and Shankara. His thesis on Bradley and Shankara was recognized and praised tremendously all over the world by the philosophers. Bradley and Shankara both agree on one point: that the ultimate, the absolute, the brahma is unchanging, it is always the same.

He had just received his doctorate, and he was so full of Bradley and Bosanquet and Shankara. The first day.... S.S. Roy was the person who invited me to his university, because he had listened to me in university debates and he had loved me for years. And he was saying to me, "When you have graduated, then you have to do your post-graduation at my university, wherever I am. I don't want to miss a student like you." And he made every arrangement for me -- a scholarship, all kinds of fellowships, he did everything that can be done.

But the very first day he got into a conflict. I said, "I cannot agree with this idea, because your `absolute' is dead."
He said, "What do you mean dead?"
I said, "If it is not changing, if it is not growing -- if nothing is happening anymore and will never happen anymore -- then can you say it is alive? New leaves will not come on the tree, new flowers will not come, new branches will not come, new foliage will not be there. Springs will come and go -- and your absolute is simply a dodo, not God. It has to change."
He said, "My God, I have written a whole thesis, devoted five years; it has been appreciated..." But he was a sensible man. He said, "I cannot deny your point. You give me time. Tomorrow I will answer you."
I said, "You can have as much time as you need, but remember: anything that is not changing cannot be alive. And I don't want an existence which is dead."
I told him that day, I remember... that once a beautiful woman -- a very rich woman -- asked Picasso to paint a portrait of her. And she was willing to give anything he wanted, money was no question at all. Picasso was always reluctant about portraits because his paintings are such that you cannot expect him to make a portrait. He can make a portrait but you cannot find where the nose is, and where is the mouth and where are the eyes; everything will be in a mess. But the woman was giving him so much money, so just for a change, he made a portrait -- only once in his life -- which was recognizable as a woman... and a beautiful portrait.
And when it was finished the woman came and she said, "I love it. The money you have asked of me is nothing. I will

give you double." And then she saw a picture of Picasso hanging by the side of the portrait, a photograph. She looked at the photograph... it was done by a great photographer, and she said, "This is your photograph? -- so beautiful."

And Picasso said, "No, this is not me because if it were me I would have kissed you. I am here on this side; that side is only a picture which is unchanging, which cannot kiss, which cannot come out of the frame, which will remain the same. I will grow old, I will die. This picture will remain there; it will not grow old and it will not die, because it is not alive."

I told Professor S. S. Roy, "Your absolute, Shankara's, Bradley's and all other philosophers' absolutes, and religious peoples' gods are just portraits, or photographs. Then they can remain static. If they are living, then spring will come, birds will sing, new leaves will grow, new flowers will blossom, and the river of existence will continue."

It has been thought that once you become enlightened then you have reached the optimum of your growth. I say to you, it is all nonsense. If people have stopped there, it was their fault. It is really a beautiful place to stop, and after a long journey it is a tremendous relaxation to stop -- but the road goes on ahead.

I have not stopped, I have gone beyond it -- perhaps the first crazy man to go beyond enlightenment. Because nobody goes beyond; at least in the past, nobody has tried. But to me, the journey itself is the end, so there is no stopping, no final stop, no terminus.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
MY MOTHER IS UTTERLY IN LOVE WITH YOU. MY FATHER IS REALLY JEALOUS BECAUSE HE IS AFRAID OF LOSING HIS SECOND WOMAN TO YOU. IN MY FAMILY -- WHICH IS REALLY HUGE -- THERE ARE SO MANY DIFFERENT OPINIONS AND FEELINGS ABOUT YOU, LIKE THE SHADES OF A RAINBOW. EVEN THOUGH I AM THE ONLY SANNYASIN, THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE PARTICIPATING IN YOUR LIFE, AND SO ENTANGLED -- WATCHING EVERY STEP AND WHAT IS HAPPENING NEXT.
OSHO, DON'T YOU HAVE MANY MORE DISCIPLES OR PEOPLE YOU WORK WITH THAN ONLY THOSE WHO TOOK SANNYAS?

Latifa, there are many grades. The sannyasins are the foremost, the spearheads.
There are semi-sannyasins who are a little wishy-washy: morning sannyasin, evening not. That's how the mind works, like a pendulum, from one corner to another corner they go on moving. But not for long -- sooner or later they have to decide.
And they cannot decide to remain not sannyasins, because one thing becomes certain to them: that they have been for their whole lives non-sannyasins -- what have they gained? And if they continue to remain non-sannyasins, they are not going to gain anything -- no ecstasy, no excitement. Just for a change it is good to give a chance to a new style of life; your old style has failed.

So it depends on their courageousness. If they are courageous, they decide soon; if they are not so courageous, they decide a little later -- but finally they are going to become sannyasins.

Then at the third grade are the sympathizers. They are in love with me, but they are so much involved in life and its entanglements that they feel that taking a jump into sannyas will be very disruptive, drastic. But in a way they are better than the second grade. They are not wishy-washy, their sympathy is solid. They are with me, and any opportunity... and there are opportunities every day. Somebody's wife escapes with someone, somebody's husband simply disappears. Somebody's father dies, somebody's mother is found to have cancer -- there are opportunities and opportunities.

They have to decide that death is not very far... and death gives you no information, no indication. It simply comes and takes you away. It does not even wait for you to complete your work -- "Then why should I wait if death does not wait?"

And sannyas is nothing but a struggle against death; it is a confrontation against death.

So those sympathizers, tomorrow or day after tomorrow, are going to take the drastic step of becoming sannyasins.

And then there is a fourth grade: semi-sympathizers. They are in real difficulty. Their heart is with me, their mind is not. They are suffering and split, and if they don't decide something they are going to be schizophrenic. And most of them, rather than being schizophrenic would prefer to be sannyasins; sannyas will make them whole.

So Latifa, in your family all these four grades are there, and you have to help all those poor fellows.
Your father is naturally jealous: his daughter is gone, now his wife is going. Just whisper in his ear, "Why don't you jump before her? That is more manly than to be jealous, that is a feminine quality. Just be ahead of her. And as far as losing women is concerned... don't be worried, because there are so many women that the men are afraid." Perhaps my people are the only people in the whole world where men are chased by women. This is great evolution! Everywhere else women are chased by men -- they enjoy the play -- and this has been always so. They never run so far, they are always within your grasp, but they keep you huffing and puffing.
But here the situation is totally different. Here, the women are watching... somebody will be huffing and puffing. Nobody is huffing and puffing; people are simply sitting, doing nothing -- they think that spring comes and the grass grows by itself. And it really happens: spring comes, women come by themselves. So why bother going here and there? Just sit silently! If meditation can bring you the ultimate, then just poor women....
Just whisper in your father's ear -- and he is a German, he will jump immediately. He has to be a sannyasin before your mother. Make it a point to him, "It will be a shame, a shame on the whole German race if you are behind your wife. Be ahead!"

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
IS YOUR BIG SMILE THE ONLY ANSWER?

I think you have found it!

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #26
Chapter title: The Master -- your death and your resurrection
13 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
THE MORE YEARS I AM WITH YOU, THE LESS I KNOW WHO I AM. AM I MISSING YOU?

Turiya, this is the way of getting me, and this is the way of getting yourself too.
You are not missing anything, but the mind will again and again raise the question, because mind needs information -- more information means you are getting it, you are becoming more knowledgeable.
Here, we are not concerned with information at all. My work is transformation.
The less information you have the better, because the more innocent you are. The moment you can say, "I know nothing" you have come very close. Remember, I am saying you have come very close; you have not got it yet- because to say "I know nothing" means at least you know this much, that you know nothing; there is still some information.

Let me tell you one beautiful story. I have loved many stories, but this is something that beats them all.
One of the greatest mystics India has produced was Bodhidharma. He was born fourteen hundred years ago. He went to China for a strange reason. When asked why he was going to China he said, "Because in India people know too much, and I need people who are innocent."
In China, he worked for twenty years. Now he was very old, nearabout ninety years. And he said, "It is time for me to go back to the Himalayas, because there is no other place in the whole world which is better as far as death is concerned- so silent, so eternally silent that you can receive death lovingly, meditatively, consciously. But before I go, I would like to give the mystery school that I have created in these twenty years to one of my disciples. So those who feel that they are capable of running my school should stand up."
He had hundreds of disciples. Only five persons stood up. He laughed. He said, "You are the ones who have missed me, so just get out of the school and get lost."
Then he went through the crowd of disciples, looking into each disciple's eyes, and he found four persons. He brought them out and he said, "I am going to ask a single question. The answer is going to decide who will be my representative when I am gone. What is the essence of my whole mystic approach? Just use the minimum of words."
The first man said, "It is meditation."
Bodhidharma said, "You have my skin. You have penetrated me only skin deep. Just get back to your seat."
And he asked the second man, "What is your answer?"
The second man said, "Enlightenment."

Bodhidharma said, "You have my bones; just get back to your place."
The third man said, "Master, I do not know."
Bodhidharma said, 'You have my very marrow. It is good, but not good enough; you still know something. Just go and sit down."
He looked at the fourth man. The man had just tears in his eyes, no words. He fell at the feet of Bodhidharma.
Bodhidharma said, "You have been chosen, you will represent me. You have my being. You have got it -- what they cannot say with words, you have said by your silence. What they cannot say... although one of them came very close when he said, 'I do not know,' deep inside himself he was full of the pride of not knowing, he was full of knowing that 'I don't know.' What he could not say, you managed to say loudly with your tears."
This man became the second patriarch of Zen Buddhism.
Bodhidharma, before leaving, advised him, "Take care. I have created so many enemies who would like to kill you. Those five who were the most knowledgeable scholars will take revenge. These three that have been rejected will turn sour against you. Protect -- because I am giving you my very heart."
Turiya, the more you come closer to me the less you will know. One day you will come closest, when you feel "I do not know." But even to be closest is as far away as the farthest star, because closeness -- even the closest point -- is a distant phenomenon.
The day you have become one, only then... but then there are no words left. Just gratitude, tears, a song, a dance -- things which are thought crazy in the world of the intellect,

but which are the only possible ways to express the inexpressible.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN I COME TO YOUR DARSHAN, I FEEL A FEAR, AS IF OF DEATH. BUT WITH YOUR PRESENCE, FEAR DISAPPEARS AND I FEEL LIFE.
OSHO, WHAT IS HAPPENING?

The ancient seers have a very strange statement. I have asked shankaracharyas -- because they are technically the representatives of those ancient seers -- but none of them has been able to explain even a simple statement. The statement is that "The master is nothing but death."
But it is only a half statement; the remaining half is that the master is a resurrection too.
Coming to me, you feel the fear of death. That is absolutely as it should be. I am going to be a death to you. My whole function is to kill you because whatever you are is not your reality. It has to be destroyed, dismantled, burned. So just like a phoenix bird -- out of the tire which is burning your old personality, a new being is born.
Hence, the master is also life. That's why when you are here you feel life. And naturally a confusion arises:
You were afraid of death, and here you feel more than anywhere else. Your life comes to its fullest expression; all the dust that you have gathered is gone, your mirror is absolutely clean.
The master is also the beginning of a new life -- the of an old, rotten personality and the beginning of a new, eternal

individuality. That is the mystery of the master, his contradiction -- that he kills you to save you, that there is no other way.

In the mystery school of Al-Hillaj Mansoor on the gate it was written: Unless you are ready to leave yourself outside where you leave your shoes, don't come in. You are welcome, but leave your rotten self, your mind -- which is nothing but rubbish -- with your shoes. And you will be fortunate if somebody steals your shoes and your personality too.

Another master, the master of Al-Hillaj Mansoor himself, Junnaid, had written a notice in front of the doors of his school: Unless you are willing to be killed, just turn back from the door; don't dare to come in."

And these people were saying something absolutely right. They were making it clear, so that you could not say later on, "You deceived us."

But those who entered their mystery schools came out with a new life, with an authentic life, with a joy that knows no ending, with a love that is eternal, with eyes which can only be called divine. And only then could they realize that what they had gotten is too much, and what they had lost was nothing but sickness, insanity, misery, death itself.

Both your experiences are correct. Now it is up to you to choose.

If you w ant life, abundant life, then be ready to die. Dying each moment so that each moment you are reborn is the whole secret of all religion.

Question 3

BELOVED OSHO,

THE MORE I AM WITH YOU, THE LESS I CAN SAY I KNOW YOU. IT STRIKES ME THAT IN BEING WITH YOU THERE IS NO RELATIONSHIP... JUST AN EXPERIENCE WHICH HAPPENS AFRESH EACH TIME I SIT AT YOUR FEET. OSHO, CAN YOU SPEAK OF THIS MYSTERY?

There is no mystery at all. It is simply a reality.
Every kind of relationship is in some way or other a subtle bondage of expectations, demands, which are followed by complaints, frustrations.
Each relationship ends in such bitterness that one cannot believe that this is the same relationship that had begun in such a sweet way.
It was a fragrance in the beginning, and slowly slowly it becomes disgusting. And the reason is not that somebody is responsible for it-the very nature of relationship turns every sweet experience into a bitter experience.
I have heard that a great surgeon -- one of the most famous of his country -- was retiring at the age of seventy-five. People retired at the age of sixty, but the surgeon was so valuable, and even at the age of seventy-five his expertise was so accurate... he had never failed in any operation. He was a brain surgeon. An exception was made, and he was allowed to work as long as he wanted. At seventy-five, he himself said, "It is now enough."
All his students -- and there were hundreds of students who learned surgery from him -- and all his colleagues gathered and they were celebrating the evening to say goodbye to him. They were dancing and drinking and singing, and suddenly somebody became aware that the surgeon was not

there. This was strange. somebody went out to look for him. The surgeon was sitting in the garden, under a tree, in darkness. They were old friends -- he asked, "What is the matter with you? We have all gathered to celebrate and you have left us, you are sitting here in darkness." He was one of the best attorneys in the country, and was also the attorney for the surgeon.

The surgeon said, "It is because of you that I am sitting here. You may have perhaps forgotten that fifty years ago, when I was only twenty-five and I had married just two years before... it was a love marriage, but within two years the love turned into hate. You were my attorney. I had come to you to ask, 'If I kill my wife what will be the consequence?' And you said, 'Don't do such a thing. You will spend at least fifty years in jail.'

"And I am sitting here thinking that if I had not listened to your advice, you idiot, today I would have been free. Just because of fifty years in jail, I thought it was better to somehow carry on as everybody else is doing-perhaps out of the same fear. The woman is doing it out of the same fear, the man is doing it out of the same fear. And I am feeling so angry with you that it feels like I should shoot you! You are responsible for spoiling my whole life, and you think you are a great law expert- all bullshit!"

Why does love turn into hate? Why does friendship turn into enmity? What goes wrong? It has nothing to do with individuals, it has something to do with the very fabric of relationship. Relationship depends on expectations. And man is not capable, he is helpless... neither is any woman capable of fulfilling anybody else's expectations. And when

those expectations are not fulfilled, frustration sets in; things start going wrong.

It is just because of the poverty of language that we have to use the word 'relationship' for the strange experience that transpires between master and disciple. It is not a relationship, not the relationship that you know. It is a category in itself. And you have understood it perfectly well -- it is a moment to moment experience, with no demands, no expectations.

The master is available, the disciple is receptive, and between this availability and this receptivity some miracle transpires; something happens for which no word exists. And because it is not a relationship, it never grows old -- it is always fresh, it is always young. Each time you come to the master, the experience is not a repetition.

It is not the same in your other relationships. But if you have learned the art in the presence of the master this can become your lifestyle: it can happen between you and your wife, between you and your child, between you and your husband, between you and your father, between you and your mother, between you and your friend. It is only a question of knowing that such a thing is possible, humanly possible. And if it is possible between the master and the disciple, why is it not possible between two lovers? -- that each time they meet it is not a repetition, it is not a memory. It is not some-thing that they have known before, it is utterly fresh, absolutely young, just born.

And if it can spread into all your relationships, you have brought magic to your life. That is my hope and dream: that my sannyasins will be able to bring this magic to their

lives, that their whole world of relationships will go through a total change.

Ordinarily if you ask a husband to be truly honest about how long it has been since he has seen his wife's face, perhaps he will say years have passed. Although they live in the same house, they fight in the same house, they produce children in the same house, they do all kinds of things in the same house, he has not looked at the face of his wife for years. So much dust of memories gathered that even if he wants to see, he cannot see her face -- so many faces, so many masks.

Neither can the wife say...

When two persons fall in love -- when it is not yet a relationship but only a dream, a beautiful hope -- they look at each other, they touch each other's hands, they feel the warmth, they see into each other's eyes. They have thousands of ways to relate, and there is no relationship. There is something poetic; life has not yet become prose. But let them get married, and marriage has a certain chemistry of its own: poetry becomes prose, everything becomes flat.

At the most, something of those beautiful days when they were not married hovers over them till the end of the honeymoon -- if you are fortunate. But very few people are so fortunate; otherwise, the people who go for a honeymoon with suitcases labeled "Just Married" come back home as if they are coming from Hiroshima, Nagasaki. A disaster has happened.

A newly married couple in a beautiful holiday resort, a full moon night... and the woman is Lying on the bed waiting for the husband. And the husband is sitting at the window;

she asks him again and again, "It is midnight. Are you coming to bed or not?"
He said, "You shut up and go to sleep. My mother has said to me, 'Don't miss a single moment.' It is a honeymoon night, and I am not going to sleep. The whole life is there to sleep -- you can go ahead."
This idiot is still listening to his mother's advice -- "Don't miss a single moment" -- so he is looking at the moon. Naturally, 'honeymoon' is concerned with the moon, not with the wife.
Now, their boat has already crashed on the rocks.
It is not just an absurd story. It has a whole psychology behind it, because every man is looking for his mother and he never finds his mother in the wife. It is very frustrating. Every woman is looking for her father and she never finds her father in the husband. It is a disaster. They have married each other for some unconscious reasons which they are not aware of. Each man has been jealous of his father from his very childhood. He wanted to possess the mother, and the father was the enemy. And each girl has been jealous of the mother: she wanted to possess the father but the mother was always coming in between. All those memories have gone deep into the unconscious mind. That's why when you fall in love with a woman or a man, you cannot say why, why this woman particularly -- because you are not aware. Your love cannot be a conscious decision; it is an unconscious phenomenon. You are just a puppet in the hands of the unconscious. And before the marriage, when you are meeting each other you are bringing your best mask, the most beautiful personality -- not only the best tie and coat, but your best personality-

and the woman is doing the same. There are four persons meeting... on Chowpati Beach, wherever you find two persons meeting, remember there are four persons. The real two persons are hidden behind; the unreal two persons are repeating dialogues from the films. Even the dialogues are not their own.

But once you are married, you cannot carry this burden. This is a very burdensome affair. You can manage it for one hour on Chowpati, but not for your whole life. You will have to put away the coat, the tie. You will have to be your real self.

One man got married. Before going to sleep, his wife was going to the bathroom. She said, "Turn the light off."

The man said, "But first you come out of the bathroom, then turn the light off. Turning the light off now, you may fall in the darkness. It is a new place, a new hotel, and you don't know where the furniture is."

The woman said, "Are you going to listen to me or not?"

The man said, "I am not worried at all about turning the light off -- in fact, I want to turn it off myself, but I am just being concerned for you."

The woman jumped immediately, "Why do you want to turn the light off?"

He said, "The reality is that my left leg is false. It is not real, it is wooden-but I can manage it in the darkness, there is no problem. And sooner or later you are going to know it, so it is better that you know it from the very beginning."

The woman said, "That is very good; that's why I was insisting that you turn the light off -- because both my breasts are false, just flat ground."

He said, "My God. Now I understand why you have a locket made of gold that looks like an airplane -- so it is the airport! But if anything else is wrong, just tell me it is better to be clear from the very beginning rather than to discover something every day and get shocks again and again."
She said, "Yes, my left eye is phony."
The man said, "Now I have to tell you the truth also: that all my teeth are false."
The woman said, "You think in this way you are going to shock me? I don't have a single hair. This is a wig."
They are both just... Now in reality, what is left?
So they said, "It is good, now we should go to sleep. Now? even to think of anything else just looks out of place -- lovemaking, et cetera, that is not for us. We are finished the first day; before it began it has ended."
But whether it ends the first day or the second or the third, it does not matter. Every relationship is going to be shattered, because you are always posing your personality, and sooner or later you will have to bring our individuality in. And that will be the point where... you may live together, but you are divorced.
The presence of the master has to be a living experience each moment. Neither does the master ask you anything... neither does he impose anything nor does he expect anything. He is happy and grateful that you have been trusting enough to be open and receptive to him. The disciple has to learn this: not to expect anything, not to demand anything, but just to wait and let things happen on their own accord.
Sometimes great statements can be dangerous.

For example, Jesus says, "Knock and the door shall he opened unto you." I cannot say that.
I will say: Wait, watch. The moment your waiting and your watching is complete, the doors open of their own accord. Knocking is aggressive, violent
Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given to you."
I say to you: Ask and you will be a beggar -- and it is ever given to the beggars. Do not ask. Just wait like an emperor, so centered in yourself, so full of trust in existence that there is no need to ask, existence is going to shower it on you.
Jesus says, "Seek and ye shall find it."
And I say to you: Seek, and you shall never find it. Where are you going to seek? It is in the seeker. So wherever you go, you will be going on the wrong path. Just sit silently, withdraw all seeking, all desiring. Become a pool of energy, unmoving, unwavering -- and you have found it. It is in the very center of the seeker.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
DURING THE DISCOURSES I FEEL MORE INTIMACY THAN EVER, AND IT FEELS LIKE YOU ARE TALKING NOW TO THE INDIVIDUALS WHO ARE THERE IN THE MOMENT WITH YOU. I NEVER HAD THIS FEELING SO STRONGLY IN POONA OR ON THE RANCH.
IS THIS PART OF THE MYSTERY SCHOOL, OR AM I JUST MORE OPEN TO YOU?

First, I have been talking on different levels at different times; it was an absolute necessity.
At first I had to talk indirectly because you might get scared. You have to be persuaded to die and to be reborn, but the new life is unknown to you. The old life is the only life you know of. So at first I was speaking very indirectly. For example, I was speaking on Kabir, on Meera, on Thomas, on Heraclitus, on Pythagoras. And in between, whenever I found a chance to hit you I would do it, but basically I would keep you engaged with Pythagoras, Heraclitus. I have been digging up graves and bringing dead people to life and keeping you engaged. So while you are engaged in listening about Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Shankara... just once in a while I will hit you to see whether you escape or you remain; otherwise, w hat to do? I have nothing to do with Heraclitus; neither had he anything to do w with me. He never spoke a single w ord about me, and I wasted years! But that was a device, needed. Then I dropped that device because I found that there are people who are ready to be talked to directly.
For three and a half years I remained silent because I was not interested in those people who were only intellectually interested in me, I wanted them to drop out.
In those three and half years they disappeared. Then only the people were left who were not concerned with Heraclitus or Pythagoras or Gautam Buddha or Mahavira or Krishna -- even if they all go to hell they don't care, nobody bothers about them. Now I can talk to you directly, and you are not intellectually oriented.
Those silent years disconnected me with the intellectually oriented people, because silence can keep people around

me only if their heart is beating in the same rhythm as my heart. Hence, the new phase.
Now it is a mystery school. And I can talk without any reservations, without bothering whether you will be hurt, wounded, brainwashed. Now you are my people, and you have opened towards me without holding anything back.
So you are right, it is a mystery school. To find it, I had to work for twenty-five years to find the authentic, the real, the genuine ones.
And it is also true that you are more open. That's why you feel there is a deeper, more individual contact -- as if I am talking to each individual directly, not to a crowd. There is no crowd here.
You have to be reminded that if your minds are chattering, there is a crowd; and if you are all silent then there is only one mind, one peace -- because there cannot be one hundred silences in this room. There can be one hundred insane minds, but there cannot be one hundred sane beings. Sanity joins you with the others, insanity keeps you away from others. So now I am not talking to a crowd, I am talking to each individual absolutely directly. But it all depends on your openness.
So both your feelings are right; your opening and the mystery school are simply two sides of the same coin.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
IN THE BEGINNING, I THOUGHT YOU KNEW EACH OF US PERSONALLY, EVEN THOUGH WE HAD NEVER MET, AND I REALIZED THAT I BELIEVED IT BECAUSE I VERY MUCH WANTED TO. LATER, I

THOUGHT I FOUND OUT THAT IT WASN'T TRUE, BUT I SOMEHOW ACCEPTED THIS TOO. NOW I DON'T KNOW.

AND ALSO, IS IT A NECESSITY IN THE MASTER-DISCIPLE RELATIONSHIP THAT THE MASTER KNOWS THE DISCIPLE PERSONALLY?

The master's function is to destroy your personality. He knows you as an individual, but he does not know you as a person.
Personality is something created, invented. Individuality is something born.
The master is deeply concerned with your individuality, just the way you were born, your self nature, uncontaminated, unpolluted. But he is not interested in whether you are a doctor, an engineer, a plumber, a president; whether you are successful in life or a failure, whether you are Hindu or Mohammedan or Christian, whether you have a black skin or a white skin. All these non-essentials make your personality. Only your consciousness makes your individuality. And as far as individuality is concerned, it is the same -- it is universal. This is the greatest mystery of life -- that the most individual thing in you is at the same time the most universal, because it is the same in everyone.
I may not be an engineer, I may not be a painter, I may not be a doctor. There are millions of ways to have a personality, but there is only one way to have individuality -- and that is a total silence. In that total silence you know

the individual that you are, and you also know the universal, because the universal is not different from you. You are just a dewdrop.
And as you meditate, the dewdrop starts slipping from the petals of the lotus towards the ocean.
When the meditation is complete, the dewdrop has disappeared into the ocean.
Or you can say, the ocean has disappeared into the dewdrop -- it is the same.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #27

Chapter title: You thimk this is a discourse. It is just adevice
14 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
IS IT TRUE THAT WHATSOEVER THE MASTER SAYS OR DOES IS SIMPLY A DEVICE TO TRANSFORM THE DISCIPLE?

Narendra, it is one of the most impossible things in the world to indicate, to explain the ultimate truth.
The experience is beyond words. And the difficulty is, we have nothing else to communicate with; words are our only means of communication.
But the ultimate has to be said, it has to be pointed at; it is an intrinsic necessity of the experience itself. The moment

you know it, at that very moment a great desire to share it arises too; they cannot be separated.
A small story will help.
Gautama the Buddha became enlightened. He came to know the very essence of reality -- not only to know, but to experience; not only to know... he became it. And the first question that arose in his mind was, "How am I going to express it? It is too vast. The whole sky... perhaps even the sky is not the limit, and the words are so small. It is so deep that even oceans are not so deep; and words... they don't have any depth. It is multi-dimensional. Words are linear, one dimensional. How to bring this strange experience to those who are groping on the path, just the way I was groping for millions of lives?"
It is natural that a compassion should arise, because those who are groping are not strangers, they are fellow travelers. You are blessed that you have found the door. Now don't be hard; somehow make the deaf listen, the blind see. Make the words dance and sing and express the ecstasy -- but how?
And there is a great dilemma: On the one hand there is compassion, pulling you towards the other seekers. And there is a diametrically opposite pull to remain silent because it is so beautiful to be silent, so blissful, such a benediction. The experience wants you to drown yourself completely in it and the compassion wants you to stay on the shore a little more and shout from the rooftops of the houses to those who are deaf. Perhaps somebody may hear.
For seven days Buddha remained silent. He could not decide what to do. It was easier to remain silent and enjoy the sweetness of the experience and not to bother about

others -- but it was cruel, it was violent, it was not right for a man of heart. But the trouble was, even if he should decide to express, there are no words in human language which can bring the ultimate experience. In communication, explanation, there is no argument to prove it. The only argument is to experience it. If you ask for proof before the experience, there is no way; it cannot be proved.

Puzzled, he remained silent.

The story is tremendously beautiful, but remember it is a parable, it is not history.

The gods in heaven....

Buddhism does not believe in A god because that is too much a fascist idea. Buddhism believes in gods, a more democratic approach -- and each human being ultimately has to become a god; that is the flowering of your potential. Those who have flowered before have become gods; there is no qualitative difference between you and them. They have not created the world. Once they were the same as you are, in the same way ignorant, the same way blind, but they have found their way and they have blossomed, their spring has come.

So in Buddhism the word `god' is simply an evolutionary term. Man evolves into a god -- not that God makes man; man is not a creation of God. God is the ultimate opening of the lotus of your being. Each being in the world is destined to become a god one day, sooner or later.

So the gods in heaven were waiting for seven days. They were the only ones in the whole of existence who knew that Gautam had come home, and they all wanted him to speak -- because rare is the chance, unique is the opportunity when

somebody comes to such a glory, such a blessedness. The flower should not disappear without leaving its fragrance all around. Gautama should speak.

But seven days had passed, and he was going deeper and deeper and sinking within himself. Afraid -- because it has happened to many; those who have known have never said a word... not to be hard on them, it is really difficult -- a few gods representing the whole galaxy of gods came down to Gautam Buddha.

I was sitting under the same tree thirty years ago, thinking about the story -- a poor place, a small river, the Niranjana. The place must have seen its golden time when Buddha became enlightened on Niranjana's river bank. And on the seventh day the gods came and prayed to him, "Please, remember your teachings about compassion. This is the moment to show compassion. Speak! Whatever you have experienced, give words to it, give wings to it, let it reach to those who are thirsty."

Gautam Buddha said to them, "These seven days I have been struggling, without coming to any conclusion. The problem is, even if I say it I know it has not been said. It is so vast -- language is so poor, and it is so rich. Now it is not my fault; even if something goes into the words it will not reach people. Their minds are so full of rubbish, they will interpret it. Who is there to listen? For listening, innocence is needed.

"Here, unfortunately, in this country everybody is so knowledgeable that you cannot find a single person in the whole country who can say, `I don't know.' He is willing to give a discourse on god, on heaven and hell... ten thousand years' knowledge has been gathering and being transferred

from one generation to another generation, layer upon layer. Every mind has become so full of knowledge that nobody is ready to listen."

So Buddha said, "It is better just to be silent."

The gods went into a nearby bamboo grove to discuss what to do. "What he is saying is right, but somehow he has to be convinced to speak, because one never knows when another person is going to become enlightened again. We can understand his difficulty, but we cannot allow him to remain silent. It is very, very difficult to find such a cultured, articulate individual who becomes enlightened. He will find some way."

They came back, and they found a little loophole in Buddha's argument. They said, "You are right as far as ninety-nine percent of people are concerned, or even 99.9 percent of people are concerned; you are right. But what about the .1 percent of people? You cannot deny that there may be one person who may listen to you. There may be one person in the whole world who may be transformed by your words, and if you don't speak, he will go on groping in darkness -- he is just on the boundary line, needs a little push. Don't be so hard. Just for a few individuals, speak."

Narendra, your question is: Are the words and the works of all the masters only devices?

Yes, they are only devices, devices to bring you closer to truth. There is no direct way to transfer it; hence, an indirect way has to be found.

That's what a device is -- an indirect way. You think you are doing one thing; the master is planning for something else to happen indirectly.

For example, I am speaking to you: you think this is a discourse. It is not -- it is just a device. While you are listening, I am doing my work. You are playing with words. You are so absorbed, so attentive that your mind is completely engaged, and I can have a heart-to-heart contact and the mind will not disturb it. The mind will not even know about it. That heart-to-heart contact happens simply in the presence of the master, but the mind has to be engaged in some toys.

Different masters have used different toys; they are devices. And later on, those devices become religions and people fight over those devices. They are not the real thing. The real thing dies with the master, disappears with the master. It was in his presence, it was in his silence, it was in his eyes, it was in his heartbeat.

And you can see the difference.

Gautam Buddha speaks; the same words have been repeated for twenty-five centuries by thousands of Buddhist monks, but those same words don't create the same impact. What is missing? If it was only the words, then whether Buddha speaks or Tom, Dick, Harry; whoever speaks, it makes no difference -- just a gramophone record, "His Master's Voice" -- the master is not there. But why don't those words create the same ringing of bells in your heart? When Jesus spoke, or Zarathustra spoke, the words were the same. Every day you use those words, but unless you have the experience your words are empty -- they may be scholarly, they may be that of a great pundit, they may be of a great rabbi.

This word `rabbi' always reminds me of rubbish; I cannot get rid of that.

They know the scriptures. Sometimes perhaps they are better orators than Krishna, Mahavira, Buddha; more trained speakers, with all the technological understanding. Still, their words are dead.

One great Christian theologian used to come to India often. His name was Stanley Jones. Generally he was the guest of the principal of a Christian college. The principal was my friend; that's how I came to be acquainted with Stanley Jones. He had written many beautiful books, very beautiful. He was a man of tremendous scholarship.

He used to give sermons, and he would keep fifteen or twenty postcard-sized cards; on each card everything that he was going to say was written in shorthand, so nobody would even know what was written on them. And he always used to speak standing, so the people could not see those cards either. He would speak; when the card was finished he would change the card to number two, to number three.

One day, before he was going to speak, he had arranged his cards and had gone just to get ready in the bathroom. I mixed the numbers -- the fifth was first, the first was fifth, the third was tenth, the tenth was the third. I just mixed them and put them back. He came out, took the cards -- I also went with him.

He started speaking. Looking at the card he could not understand, "What is happening?" -- because the card said something which it was not supposed to say -- "Where is the introduction?" He was almost in a nervous breakdown. And in front of a crowd of almost two thousand people, he started looking for the card with the introduction. He could

not find it so he tried to start on his own, but he had never started on his own in his whole life.
People were very much puzzled: they had never seen such a third-rate sermon from such a first-rate theologian -- and they had all heard him before. He was perspiring, and it was winter. Somehow he finished. Neither did he know what he was saying, nor did the people understand what he was doing, what was going on. It was all irrelevant, inconsistent, unrelated, upside down, the beginning coming in the end.... Finally the introduction came: "Brothers and sisters...."
He was very angry. Back in the principal's home he said, "I feel like killing you!"
I said, "You should feel like that. But I wanted to do it for a specific reason: do you think Jesus used to have these cards with him? You are more articulate than Jesus. Jesus was uneducated, he did not even know Hebrew. He only knew the local dialect, Aramaic, which only the laborers and poor people spoke. The learned and the cultured and the rich used to speak Hebrew; Aramaic was not for the cultured and the educated. Jesus had no way of carrying these cards because he could not write, but his words have a fire. And your words are the same, but there is no fire, there is no warmth. They are not coming from your heart, they are coming from a dead corpse. And you are functioning only like a computer -- you are not a theologian, just a machine."
Each master has to create devices according to his own talents, capacities, genius.
For example, one of the great Sufi masters, Jalaluddin Rumi, had nothing to say, he was not a man of words -- but he knew how to dance. His discourse was that of dancing.

He would dance, his disciples would dance, and a certain dancing which is called "whirling"... just standing on one spot and whirling. This dancing had made him enlightened, because he whirled for thirty-six hours, continuously, non-stop, till he fell down. But when he opened his eyes he was a totally different man.

Whirling still goes on. There are dervishes, Sufi followers of Jalaluddin Rumi, who still go on whirling -- nothing happens. It was only a device. With Jalaluddin Rumi it was alive; the man gave life to it. With him, dancing was not just dancing. Whirling with Jalaluddin Rumi, you were all slowly becoming stars circling in the sky, and with his grace, with his beauty and with his experience radiating. Truth is infectious, and there is no antidote to it yet.

For twelve hundred years, dervishes have been whirling; nothing happens. You can go on whirling, but you have forgotten that the whirling was significant because there was a man as a source of radiation -- while you were whirling, he was reaching to your hearts.

A story is that a few people had gone hunting and they came across the camp of Jalaluddin Rumi. Just out of curiosity they looked inside the doors. It was a walled garden, and nearabout one hundred disciples were whirling with Jalaluddin Rumi. Those people thought, "These are mad people. Who has ever heard that by whirling you can get truth? In what scripture, in what religion is it written? There is no record. This man is mad, and he is driving so many young people mad."

They went on. Hunting was far more significant. Obviously it was saner than to dance with Jalaluddin Rumi.

After their hunting, they went back. Just out of curiosity about what had happened to the whirlers, they again looked into the door. They were surprised: those hundred people were sitting under the trees in silence, with closed eyes, as if there was nobody -- absolute silence; you could hear the wind blowing through the trees.

Those hunters said, "Poor fellows... finished. This happens by whirling -- all energy lost. Now they are sitting like the dead; perhaps a few are already dead."

Do you think they started discussing amongst themselves whether these people had achieved truth? If sitting like this with closed eyes..."What was the need of whirling, you could have sat before." They went away.

The next month, they went again for hunting. Again, just out of curiosity -- "Now what happened to those people -- are they really dead, or still sitting, or gone, or what happened?"

They looked. There was nobody, only Jalaluddin Rumi was sitting there. They laughed. They said, "Everybody has escaped; they must have understood that this man is mad. He was almost killing them by dancing, whirling. He seems to be an expert, thirty-six hours non-stop... anybody would be dead by that time! No coffee break, no tea break, just continuous whirling...."

So they went in and asked Jalaluddin Rumi, "What happened to your disciples? We had come one month ago and there was a group of at least one hundred people."

Jalaluddin said, "They danced, they found, they absorbed, and they have gone into the world to spread the message."

"And what are you doing?" they asked.

He said, "I am waiting for the second batch. My people have gone out; they will be bringing them."

Yoga... are all devices; Tantra... all are devices, but only in the hands of the masters. Otherwise, everything becomes so ugly, stupid. Now yoga has become just gymnastics. And the government wants to introduce yoga in every school, just as an exercise. It is not just an exercise, it is not for the body; yes, the body is used, but it is to realize something beyond the body.

Tantra in the hands of those who don't understand becomes simply sexual orgies. Otherwise, it is one of the greatest devices to transform man's energy from the lowest chakras to the highest reach, the sahasrar, the seventh chakra -- where one comes to know oneself as part of the universal being.

Whether physical, psychological, verbal, any kind of device, the basic need is a living master. Without a living master, everything goes poisonous, dangerous.

I have developed meditations. If you are doing them on your own, they can be dangerous, because you don't know your unconscious mind, your collective unconscious mind, your cosmic unconscious mind. You have so much darkness inside, you can stir sleeping dangers in you. Only with a master is it possible not to fall into the darkness of the unconscious but to rise into the superconscious, into the collective superconscious, into the cosmic superconscious. But the way is always very narrow, a razor's edge.

You need someone who knows the way not only intellectually, but existentially.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,
YESTERDAY I SAW YOU AGAIN AFTER SO MANY MONTHS -- ALL MY QUESTIONS DISAPPEARED BY SEEING AND HEARING YOU. TELL ME WHAT IS REALLY THE SECRET OF THIS HAPPENING -- BECAUSE WHEN I AM ON MY OWN AGAIN, MY MIND STARTS DOUBTING AND WONDERING AGAIN AND AGAIN.
HOW CAN I MAKE THIS LITTLE CRAZY MIND OF MINE MY FRIEND? I HAVE TRIED FOR SO LONG NOW.

The effort that you are making is basically wrong; hence, the failure.
And it is so obvious that just being here, all your questions disappeared, your doubts evaporated -- you were no more a mind, you became a meditation. You became a silence, a loving, peaceful serenity. And you had not done anything; neither have I done anything.
Without my doing anything, without your doing anything, what has happened?
Seeing me after a long time, listening to me, you became so totally attentive that there was no space for any questions to arise. You became so intensely aware that doubts died.
Now, this can give you the clue: what you are doing alone on your own is a fighting; you are fighting with the mind. You will never win, because the mind can be overcome only by a total awareness, watchfulness, witnessing -- but not by fighting.
Don't call it crazy, don't condemn it -- because that's how you get engaged in a quarrel. Just stand aside, by the side of

the road, and let the whole traffic of the mind pass without any judgment. Your only work is, nothing should pass without your consciousness. You just be conscious and see. A small story may help.

Gautam Buddha told Ananda one afternoon, as they were walking towards a village, "I am feeling very thirsty. You just go back. We have passed perhaps two miles back, a beautiful small stream of crystal-clear water; so take my begging bowl and fill it with the water. I will rest under a tree." He was growing old.

Ananda went back, but as he approached there, a few bullock carts passed through the stream. The crystal-clear water disappeared. It became all muddy, dead leaves that were lying on the bottom started floating on the surface; it was not worth drinking.

He went back. He told Buddha, "That water, we missed. Just as I was reaching, a few bullock carts passed and they disturbed the whole water and its purity. It is now all mud, dead leaves; it is certainly not for you. I have not brought it. I will go ahead because I know there is a bigger river ahead, and I will bring the water from there."

But Buddha was very persistent. He said, "You should go back. I don't know your river, but I have seen that crystal clear water. You just do one thing: if it is not yet clean, sit down by the side till it is clean again."

Now there was no other way for Ananda. He had to go back, reluctantly, unwillingly, thinking that Buddha was being too stubborn -- "This is not right, that water is not going to be crystal clear again."

But when he reached the stream he said, "My God, he was right." The mud had settled, and the leaves had gone down

the stream. The water was far better than when he left the last time, although it was still not drinkable. He sat by the side, and within an hour it was again crystal clear.

He took the water and he gave the water to Gautam Buddha and he said, "Please forgive me, because I was angry on the way; I was thinking you were stubborn. I had gone unwillingly -- I feel so sad that I did something unwillingly. And now I know it was not only a question of water, because water could be brought from the river too. You were teaching me a method. Sitting by the side of that small stream I learned....

"Because as the stream was getting clearer, there was nothing else to do. Suddenly the parallel came to my mind: perhaps the mind is also in the same situation. You have just to sit by the side and let the mind settle down. It settles, but not by fighting. To fight with the mind is to give energy to it; to fight with the mind is to keep it alive."

Just sit by the side -- no judgment, no appreciation. Do not say anything about the mind: that it is crazy, that it is ugly, that it is disturbing my peace, that it is the only barrier to my spiritual growth. Don't say a single word; just watch -- that is the key, the secret, golden key. Whenever you can, sit silently and watch the mind... and soon a few things will start happening.

One will be that you will see that you are not the mind, you are the watcher. Naturally the mind cannot watch itself, and the moment you realize that you are separate from the mind, it is almost half the victory. And let the mind go on -- it is its old habit; maybe for hundreds of lives you have trained it in that way. So don't be in a hurry, and don't be impatient.

Rejoice in watching. See the mind more playfully -- not seriously, but just like a drama on the screen... all kinds of stupidities your mind is full of.
And this simple process of watching will bring you to the same state that you have felt here. Soon the mud will settle down, the dead leaves will be gone down the stream and there will be a crystal clear consciousness. And to achieve it is the most precious thing in life; from there begins the real pilgrimage towards the divine.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
IN ALL THE YEARS WITH YOU I FELT MEDITATIONS SIMPLY `HAPPENED' TO ME. THEN IN THE LAST TIME WHEN I WAS AWAY FROM YOU I FELT THIS WAS NOT ME, BUT YOUR GRACE OVERFLOWING TOWARDS ME.
FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW THAT I NEEDED TO GIVE MEDITATION A PRIORITY IN MY LIFE OR IT WOULD NOT HAPPEN. NOW, MELTING IN YOUR PRESENCE AGAIN, EVERYTHING I COULD EVER DESIRE IS HERE.
OSHO, WHAT HAPPENS TO THE DISCIPLE WHEN ONE IS WITHOUT THE MASTER?

There are only two possibilities when the disciple is not with the master.
One is that he goes back to the zero where he had been before he met the master.
The second is, seeing that if without the master things that were happening in his presence are not happening, it simply

means that his presence has not become an intrinsic part of your being.
The master need not be outside you.
In fact, he is always inside you, and if you can remember it -- "The master is inside me".... And the master is not asking much, just a small place, a small bedroom with an attached bathroom.
Once you start feeling yourself as carrying the master within yourself, everything that was happening in the presence of the master not only continues but grows a thousandfold. Because it was the master outside, there was a distance. Now there is no more distance; even the distance has disappeared. You are not alone.
It is only a question of how much you love, of how deep is your devotion, of how great is your disciplehood.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
WHENEVER YOU CALL YOUR THERAPISTS YOUR `MESSENGERS', I FEEL WEIRD AND EMBARRASSED. IT SOUNDS SO BIG -- AND I FEEL SO SMALL. THE ONLY REAL THERAPIST I'VE EVER COME ACROSS ANYWAY IS YOU.
I LOVED THE POSTMAN STORY, BUT THE POSTMAN THESE DAYS IS SOMEBODY TOTALLY ANONYMOUS; ONE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE HE'S BEEN THERE, ONE JUST FINDS THE MESSAGES.
I WISH I COULD BE A POSTMAN, BUT I'M NOT YET A NOBODY EITHER.
BELOVED MASTER, IS IT ALRIGHT FOR THE TIME BEING TO BE YOUR SINGING TELEGRAM?

The idea of being a messenger looks embarrassing because you have forgotten the simple fact that it is the message that is big; the messenger is nobody.

In fact, the messenger has to be a nobody; otherwise, the message is going to be distorted. The messenger will mix his own ideas into it, his own mind into it.

In India this has happened on such a grand scale that one cannot even imagine it. SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA has at least one thousand interpretations -- these are the well-known ones. Now, Krishna must have had a single meaning when he was talking to Arjuna. It is not possible that he had one thousand meanings; that will simply prove that he is insane -- and even if he is not, then Arjuna is going to be insane!

But his message down the ages has been carried by messengers who are interpreting according to their own prejudices, manipulating words to fit their own preconceived ideas. Nobody is concerned with the meaning of the GITA; everybody is concerned to find his philosophy in the GITA. And now the GITA is dead, it is up to you -- you can do any kind of intellectual gymnastics. The GITA has become secondary. The message is no longer important, the messenger has become important. Whenever this happens, you should feel embarrassed.

But if the message remains important and the messenger simply remains a carrier, a vehicle, a nobody, a hollow bamboo which can become a flute... but the song is not of the bamboo. The only beauty of the bamboo is that it is hollow, that it is not, that it gives way, that it does not

hinder the song. It does not distort the song, it brings the song in as pure a form as possible.
To be a messenger is really a device for you to make you a nobody. Don't become somebody. Don't think that you are the chosen few, that you have been chosen to be the messenger. It is simply a method to destroy your ego and to make a hollow bamboo of you.

And once you start feeling like a nobody, you will be surprised how tremendously the message comes, with what clarity, with what authority. The authority is not yours, the clarity is not yours. It is coming from beyond you.
My sannyasins, whom I have chosen to be my messengers, have to understand it: it is a device to make you nobodies. And once you are nobody, you are all. They are synonymous.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
THE FIRST DAYS I WAS HERE WITH YOU, I FELT ONLY SHEER DELIGHT, JOY, LOVE AND GRATITUDE. NOW A COOLNESS IS THERE THAT SCARES ME. FROM AN ATTITUDE OF WANTING TO JUMP UP AND DOWN AND CLAP MY HANDS IN DELIGHT, I NOW FEEL LESS EXCITED.
OSHO, MY BEAUTIFUL MASTER, I DO FEEL MY HEART BEATING WITH YOURS -- AND I FEEL SEPARATE. HOW CAN I LET YOU PENETRATE ME MORE, BECOME EACH BREATH THAT I TAKE, PART OF MY VERY CELLS? HOW CAN I OPEN MORE TO YOU SO THAT YOU CAN PENETRATE MY

BEING TOTALLY, SO THAT I CAN TASTE MORE OF YOUR SILENCE?
OSHO, JUST WRITING NOW, THERE IS NO COOLNESS, ONLY TEARS IN MY EYES, LOVE IN MY HEART, AND ANGUISH.

It is something to be understood by all, that excitement is not the goal of spiritual growth.
Excitement cannot be eternal, it will be tiring. Whenever something new happens there will be excitement because it is new, but the excitement has to disappear into a calmness, coolness. Coolness can be eternal because coolness is rest.
But there is some fear attached with the word `coolness'. It reminds one of coldness. Coolness is not coldness.
Languages develop in different geographical regions, so remember it. In the West, a warm reception seems to be perfect, but not in Bombay -- here a cool reception with cold drinks will be more appropriate.
In our minds these connotations of words cling.
Excitement seems to be equivalent to ecstasy; it is not. Excitement is a state of tension; it feels good because the old is disappearing and the new is coming in. A new breeze, a new experience -- it is good to welcome it with an excited heart. But jumping up and down continuously, the guest will think you are mad; that much excitement is found only in mad asylums. When the guest comes it is good -- one jump, a good hug -- but continuously jumping and hugging, the guest may run out of the house shouting, "Save me, I have entered in a wrong house! Is that man mad or what?"

Excitement is only a welcome, but the welcome is not the whole story. Then coolness has to come, and coolness is far deeper, far more valuable than any excitement can be.
So jumping up and down has to stop.
Sit silently, be calm and cool.
Ecstasy is coolness, it is not excitement.
If you accept coolness, then only will the deeper experience of coolness give you the experience of ecstasy.
It will be full of life, but not childish.
It will be full of joy, but with a deep contentment.
The joy will not be against sadness, the joy will be beyond sadness.
But in the beginning this kind of thing happens to everybody. When you enter meditation it is great excitement. And then things start settling -- which is natural, that's how it should be. When they start getting natural and settled, you can be worried that perhaps you are losing -- where is that excitement?
A few people are running after excitement. One wife will not do; get a divorce. For a few days the second wife will be an excitement, but only for a few days. Even if it is a few days, it is more than enough. Yes, somebody else's wife is always an excitement. If you want excitement then always look at somebody else's wife -- just don't torture your wife. With your wife learn to be calm and quiet and cool, which are deeper and more valuable experiences.
Excitement is childish.
Be more mature. Be a little more alert, centered, and your coolness will become ecstasy. But wait; waiting is the price one has to pay for it.

Otherwise, people are living in excitement -- from this film to that film, from this circus to that circus, from this teacher to that teacher, from this religion to that religion. So for a moment there is excitement.... It is something like itching: it feels good, but don't scratch too much; otherwise you will bloody yourself.
But the whole world has been trained for excitement, because excitement is a commodity which can be sold; more exciting things can always be brought to you.
Coolness is not a commodity. Excitement is a commodity, a very cheap thing. And those who are with me should be aware to drop all cheap things.
Live the precious, the valuable, the eternal.
Coolness is perfectly good, far better than your excitement. And if you can remain cool then coolness will deepen, and the depth brings ecstasy. That is a totally different dimension.
Never misunderstand excitement for ecstasy. Ecstasy is absolutely cool, eternally cool, abysmally cool.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #28

Chapter title: If you swim, you miss
15 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT CAN WE DO FROM OUR SIDE TO SURRENDER THE EGO, WHEN THIS WANTING TO SURRENDER IT IS, IN ITSELF, AN INTRINSIC PART?

Latifa, the ego is a puzzle. It is something like darkness -- which you can see, which you can feel, which can obstruct your way but which does not exist. It has no positivity. It is simply an absence, an absence of light.

The ego does not exist -- how can you surrender it?

The ego is only an absence of awareness.

The room is full of darkness; you want the darkness to leave the room. You can do everything in your power -- push it out, beat it out -- but you are not going to succeed. Strangely enough, you will be defeated by something which does not exist. Exhausted, your mind will say the darkness is so powerful that it is not within your capacity to dispel it, to expel it. But that conclusion is not right; it is German, but it is not right.

Just a small candle has to be brought in. You don't have to expel the darkness. You don't have to fight with it -- that is sheer stupidity. Just bring in a small candle, and the darkness is not found anymore. Not that it goes out -- it cannot go out, because in the first place it does not exist. Neither was it in, nor does it go out.

The light comes in, the light goes out; it has positive existence. You can light a candle and there is no darkness; you can blow out the candle and there is darkness. To do anything with darkness, you will have to do something with light -- very strange, very illogical, but what can you do? Such is the nature of things.

You cannot surrender ego, because it does not exist.

You can bring a little awareness, a little consciousness, a little light. Forget completely about the ego; concentrate totally on bringing alertness into your being. And the moment your consciousness has become a flame, concentrated, you will not be able to find the ego. So you cannot surrender when you are unaware and you cannot surrender when you are aware. The ignorant cannot surrender. And the wise man cannot even think of surrendering it, because it does not exist.

Ego is a mirage -- it only appears to be. And when you are fast asleep spiritually, it is tremendously strong; naturally it creates problems for you. Your whole misery is created by it, your tensions, your anxieties. Your ego brings the whole hell into your life. Naturally you want to surrender it. And there are religious priests, teachers all over the world telling you how to surrender it.

Anybody who tells you how to surrender the ego is an idiot. He does not know anything about the nature of the ego, but he will look rational to you; he will be convincing. He will be appealing because he is speaking your own thinking aloud. He is your spokesman -- this is what your mind says. He is more articulate than you are, and he brings all kinds of supportive arguments and proofs and quotations from scriptures, and they all say, "Unless you drop the ego you cannot attain to self-realization." Naturally, nobody objects to such people.

But I say unto you that the reality is just vice-versa: it is not that you surrender the ego and the self-realization happens, no. The self-realization happens first, and then you cannot find the ego.

That is its surrender.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
AFTER EIGHT YEARS AS YOUR DISCIPLE, I FEEL THAT THE TIDE IS BRINGING ME TOWARDS THE SHORE. I CAN'T SWIM, BUT IN I COME; AND THERE YOU ARE ON THE BEACH WATCHING ME. IS IT TIME I LEARNED TO SWIM?

My God! This is the time... even if you know how to swim, forget it! The tide has brought you to the shore; where are you going by swimming? Are you going to swim in the sand?
You are fortunate that the tide has brought you to the shore. Now don't be stupid. If you start swimming you will be swimming against yourself, you will undo what the tide has done.
There are things which only happen, which cannot be done. Doing is the way of very ordinary things, mundane things. You can do something to earn money, you can do something to be powerful, you can do something to have prestige; but you cannot do anything as far as love is concerned, gratitude is concerned, silence is concerned. It is a very significant thing to understand that doing means the world, and non-doing means that which is beyond the world -- where things happen, where only the tide brings you to the shore.
If you swim, you miss.
If you do something you will undo it; because all doing is mundane. Very few people come to know the secret of non-doing and allowing things to happen.

If you want great things -- things which are beyond the small reach of human hands, human mind, human abilities -- then you will have to learn the art of non-doing. I call it meditation. It is a trouble, because the moment you give a name to it, immediately people start asking how to do it. And you cannot say that they are wrong, because the very word `meditation' creates the idea of doing. They have done their doctorate, they have done a thousand and one things; when they hear the word `meditation' they ask, "So just tell us how to do it."

And meditation basically means the beginning of non-doing, relaxing, going with the tide -- just being a dead leaf in the winds, or a cloud, moving with the winds.

Never ask a cloud, "Where are you going?" He himself does not know; he has no address, he has no destiny. If the winds change... he was going to the south, he starts moving towards the north. The cloud does not say to the winds, "This is absolutely illogical. We were moving south, now we are moving north -- what is the point of it all?" No, he simply starts moving north as easily as he was moving south. To him, south, north, east, west, don't make any difference. Just to move with the wind... with no desire, with no goal, nowhere to reach -- he is just enjoying the journey.

Meditation makes you a cloud -- of consciousness. Then there is no goal. Never ask a meditator "Why are you meditating?" because that question is irrelevant. Meditation is in itself the goal and the way together.

Lao Tzu, one of the most important figures in the history of non-doing.... If history is to be written rightly then there should be two kinds of histories: the history of doers --

Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Nadirshah, Alexander, Napoleon Bonaparte, Ivan the Terrible, Joseph Stalin, Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini; these are the people who belong to the world of doing. There should be another history, a higher history, a real history -- of human consciousness, of human evolution: the history of Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Lieh Tzu, Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Bodhidharma; a totally different kind.

Lao Tzu became enlightened sitting under a tree. And a leaf had just started falling -- it was in the fall, and there was no hurry; the leaf was coming zig-zag with the wind, slowly. He watched the leaf. The leaf came down on the ground, settled on the ground, and as he watched the leaf falling and settling, something settled in him. From that moment, he became a non-doer. The winds come on their own, the existence takes care.

He was the contemporary of a great thinker, moralist, law giver, Confucius. Confucius belongs to the other history, the history of the doers. Confucius had great influence over China -- and has even today.

Chuang Tzu and Lieh Tzu were the disciples of Lao Tzu. These three people have reached to the highest peaks, but nobody seems to be impressed by them. People are impressed when you do something great. Who is impressed by somebody who has achieved a state of non-doing?

But Confucius had heard the name of Lao Tzu, and was interested -- "What kind of man is this who says that real things can be achieved only by non-doing? Nothing can be achieved by non-doing; you have to do, you have to become a great doer." And hearing that Lao Tzu was very close by in the mountains, Confucius went with his

disciples to see him. He had many disciples -- kings, princes. He was a great teacher. But he stopped everybody outside. He said, "Let me go inside the cave to see him, because as I have heard he is a dangerous man and I don't know how he is going to behave with me. You simply remain outside. If I call you in, you can come; otherwise, I will tell you afterwards what happened."

And it was wise of him not to take that whole group of disciples with him, because when he came back he was perspiring. And they said, "What happened? -- because it is so cold, and the winds are so cool in the mountains, and you are perspiring."

He said, "You should be glad I am alive. That man is not a man, he is a dragon. He is really dangerous. Avoid him!"

We don't know from Lao Tzu's side what happened in the cave, but we know what Confucius reported.

He said, "As I entered in, he did not even look at me. I went around him, but he did not take any note of me. Even that was enough to give me a trembling -- in that dark cave, that man sitting there so silent, as if he is not. Finally I had to break the silence, to break the ice, and I said, `I am Confucius.'

"And that old, dangerous fellow said, `So what? Remain Confucius.' And the conversation would not start because -- how to talk with this man? I said, `I have come here to talk with you.'

"He said, `Okay, you can talk. I have never prevented anybody from talking. Talk, but there is nobody here to answer you.'

"Gathering courage," Confucius said, "I asked, `But what about you?' And he laughed and he said, `About me! Yes, I

used to be, but it is for a long time that I have not been. The house is empty. There is no host here, but if you want you can be a guest.'"

Seeing that there was no way to have a nice, gentlemanly conversation with this man, Confucius said, "I have come from a long distance" -- thinking that he would feel a little compassion.
Lao Tzu said, "That shows that you are stupid. You don't know anything about me; otherwise, you would not have come. Now you are wanting some compassion from me. A man who is absent, how can he be compassionate?"
Confucius said, "At least give me some advice -- how to relax, to rest."
Lao Tzu said, "For that you will have to wait. Death will come, and in your grave you will relax and rest, not before that. Because if you want to rest before that, then forget that crowd that you have left outside. You remain here and I will go -- just a lion's roar and they will all escape, none will come back to this cave again. You rest and relax."
So Confucius said, "No, don't do that. They are my disciples. Some are kings, some are princes, some are great, rich people. I cannot afford it."
Lao Tzu said, "That's why I said that in life you cannot afford relaxation; only death can help. Those who understand can relax in life and rest in life. And the miracle is: for them there is no death, because they have already done what death does. Those who are stupid don't rest, they don't relax. Then nature has managed a device called death, so they can relax in their graves.

"Don't be worried. You will have a good marble grave with great inscriptions on it in golden letters: Here lies the great Confucius, the teacher of kings and emperors. But if you want to be with me, you have to understand: I am going to be a death to you. Without that -- unless I kill you, destroy you -- there is no way of saving you."

Confucius somehow said, "I will come again."

Lao Tzu laughed. He said, "Don't lie. You will never come again. This time you came because you had no idea what kind of man you were going to meet. But I enjoyed it. Now go and tell the crowd all the lies you want." So we don't know exactly what transpired in that cave. This much is from Confucius. Much more must have happened there, which needs guts even to report.

Lao Tzu's whole teaching was the watercourse way: just go with the water wherever it is going, don't swim.

You are blessed that the tide has brought you to the shore. But the mind always wants to do something, because then the credit goes to the ego. Now the credit goes to the tide, not to you. If you had come swimming to the shore, you would have come with a great ego, that "I managed to cross the English channel."

Feel humble. It is not a question of learning swimming; it is a question of understanding why you have asked this question. Your ego is feeling unfulfilled, you cannot take the credit; the whole credit goes to the tide. But why not give the credit to the tide, why not give the credit to existence?

Existence gives you birth, gives you life, gives you love; it gives you everything that is invaluable, that you cannot purchase with money. Only those who are ready to give the

whole credit of their lives to existence realize the beauty and the benediction; only those people are religious people. It is not a question of your doing. It is a question of your being absent, non-doing, letting things happen.

Let go -- just these two words contain the whole religious experience.

Have you sometimes seen people drowning in water? While they are alive they come up again and again and shout, "Help! Help!" And again they go down -- come up, go down -- and finally they don't come up.

But after two or three days they come up -- and then they don't go back down -- but now they are dead.

The village where I was born was by the side of a beautiful river, and I have seen a few people drowning in the river -- it was a mountainous river; in the rainy season it became miles wide, and the current was so strong that to cross it was just to risk your life -- but when they died, they suddenly came up, started floating.

In my very childhood I learned one thing: that there is something which dead people know and the living people don't know. Because the living shout "Help! Help!" and go down; and the dead simply come up -- no shouting, and they float so easily, and no drowning anymore. They must know some secret. I used to ask my father, "What is the secret that the dead people know?"

He said, "You are mad, and you will drive me mad. Now how am I supposed to know? They are simply dead, they know nothing."

I said, "I cannot trust that, because I can see them floating so beautifully -- there must be a secret that the living are

missing." And when I started swimming, I came to know the secret.

In the beginning, when you learn swimming it seems so difficult, almost impossible. You get so many times drowned -- water goes in the nose, in the mouth -- but just within three or four days you are perfect, as if you have been swimming for lives. And just within three or four weeks you can float like a dead man, without swimming, without moving your hands. You can just lie down, relaxed, and the river is no longer trying to drown you.

I told my father, "I have learned the secret. It is not a big thing, it is a simple thing: because the dead are not trying to swim, they are relaxed. They are not worried about drowning, they are already dead -- what can they do? They are in a state of non-doing. And the living are trying hard to save themselves. It is not the river that drowns them, it is their effort to save themselves that drowns them. Because now I know exactly how to be like a dead body in the water, I can lie there for hours and the river is not interested in drowning me. But it is a non-doing, I am not doing anything."

In life you are trying to do everything. Please, leave a few things for non-doing, because those are the only valuable things.

There are people who are trying to love, because from the very beginning the mother is saying to the child, "You have to love me because I am your mother." Now she is making love also a logical syllogism -- "because I am your mother." She is not allowing love to grow on its own, it has to be forced.

The father is saying, "Love me, I am your father." And the child is so helpless that all that he can do is pretend. What else can he do? He can smile, he can give a kiss, and he knows that it is all pretension -- he does not mean it, it is all phony. It is not coming from him. But because you are his daddy, you are his mommy, you are this, you are that.... They are spoiling one of the most precious experiences of life.

Then wives are telling husbands, "You have to love me, I am your wife." Strange. Husbands are saying, "You have to love me. I am your husband, it is my birthright."

Love cannot be demanded. If it comes your way, be thankful; if it does not come, wait. Even in your waiting there should be no complaint, because you don't have any right. Love is nobody's right, no constitution can give you the right of love. But they are all destroying everything -- then wives are smiling, husbands are hugging....

One of America's most famous authors, Dale Carnegie, writes that every husband has to tell his wife at least three times a day, "I love you, darling." Are you insane? But he means it, and it works; and many people, millions of people, are practicing Dale Carnegie followers. "When you come home, bring ice cream, flowers, roses, to show that you love" -- as if love needs to be shown, proved materially, pragmatically, linguistically; every now and then uttered again and again so nobody forgets it. If you don't tell your wife for a few days that "I love you" she will count how many days have passed, and she will become more and more suspicious that this man must be saying it to somebody else, because her quota is being cut. Love is a quantity. If he is not bringing ice cream anymore, ice cream

must be going somewhere else, and this cannot be tolerated.

We have created a society which believes only in doings, while the spiritual part of our being remains starved -- because it needs something which is not done but happens. Not that you manage to say "I love you" but that suddenly you find yourself saying that you love. You are surprised yourself at what you are saying. You are not rehearsing it in your mind first and then repeating it, no; it is spontaneous. And in fact, the real moments of love remain unspoken. When you are really feeling love, that very feeling creates around you a certain radiance that says everything that you cannot say, that can never be said.

I have been struggling from my very childhood on each and every point. I told my father, "I will not respect you because you are my father. I will respect you if you are respectable. Whether you are my father or not is irrelevant; it is of no consequence. I will love you if you are lovable, if you are loving; and remember that it is not because you are my father, it is just because you are a man worth loving."

I had to fight with my teachers, my professors: "I will respect you only if you are respectable. If you are not respectable, then don't ask me to show respect to you -- because that is what hypocrisy is. You are teaching me hypocrisy, and I don't expect any of my teachers to teach me hypocrisy."

There used to be a mock parliament in the university every year, just to give training to the post-graduate students, because a few of them might reach the parliament. And the vice-chancellor himself used to be the president. I was there as one of the members of a mock parliament, and I had to

address him. He had to be addressed as "Honorable President."
So I said, "Honorable President -- although he is not honorable, I am just fulfilling the formality, and anyway this is a mock parliament...."
He was very angry with me. He called me afterwards: "What do you mean that I am not honorable?"
I said, "Everything that the word means. I have not seen anything worth honoring in you -- you have not divorced your wife."
He said, "But is that dishonorable?"
I said, "Yes it is, because you don't love her, you love another woman. To be honest, you should have divorced your wife and married the other woman. But to save your hypocrisy, your respectability, you are playing this game -- and the whole university knows it, and you know that everybody knows it. So where is the respectability? Your wife hates you, you hate your wife; for years you have not spoken with each other. Why are you wasting her life? And I respect her more than I respect you, because although she hates you she has not said a single word against you to anybody; and you have been telling all kinds of lies against her just to protect your own dishonesty, insincerity. Do you want me to bring up other things also?"
He said, "Just wait. This is enough. But there was no need -- you could have come to me and told me."
I said, "That was the right moment. And anyway, it was a mock parliament. Even if I go to the real parliament I am going to do the same. Unless I feel honor for somebody, I have to make it clear that this honor is only formal. The other side is not worthy of it; the honor is being given to

the chair, not to the man -- so any man can sit on it, it doesn't matter, I will still call it `honorable.'"
We live without any rebelliousness -- and the ultimate result is that slowly slowly hypocrisy becomes our very characteristic. We forget completely that it is hypocrisy. And in the mind, in the being of a man who is a hypocrite, anything of the world of non-doing is impossible. He can go on doing more and more; he will become almost a robot. His whole life is doing. Day and night he is doing, because everything that he has is an outcome of doing.
But if had you suddenly an experience of happening, take it as a gift from existence -- and make that moment a beginning of a new lifestyle. Forget swimming. Allow the tide to take you -- to any shore. Don't be worried, you will find me on any shore watching you. It is not that on this shore it was just a coincidence that you came on the tide and you found me, no. If you come on the tide, wherever you come you will find me.
But come on the tide.
If you come swimming, you will not find me on any seashore.
My whole approach is of non-doing.
Just allow a few moments in twenty-four hours when you are not doing anything, allowing the existence to do something to you. And windows will start opening in you -- windows which will connect you with the universal, the immortal.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,

YOUR SANNYASINS, WHOM I AM AROUND AT PRESENT, ARE GROWING AT AN IMMENSE RATE; ALL ARE IN DEEP GRATITUDE TO YOU FOR BEING TOGETHER, AND YET THERE IS NO ATTACHMENT OR LONGING TO BE CLOSE TO YOU.
WHAT IS HAPPENING?

It can create a question in anybody -- if sannyasins are growing in love, in awareness in my presence, then the natural thing should be that they start desiring to be closer to me, and an attachment is bound to follow.
But if there is no attachment and no desire to be close, I can see -- you are puzzled; why is it happening, what is happening?
It is something very delicate. You want to be attached to someone only when you feel that you are not close. All attachment shows a deep fear of losing, so we cling; attachment is clinging. And you want to be close only when you feel that you are missing something by not being close. If by not being close you are gaining more, if by not desiring attachment your growth is going at an unimaginable speed, you would not like to be close or to be attached. You would like to be more and more independent, more and more individual -- no attachment, no desire to be close. Because unless you accept your individuality with absolute love and respect, you are not going to grow to your ultimate growth.
There are teachers in the world who would force you to be attached to them, who would like you to be in a certain bondage, a contract.

Just the other day one sannyasin from Holland wrote to me, "There is a man here; many sannyasins are going to listen to him. Almost eighty percent of his audience is of sannyasins. Is it right? Can I also go to listen to him?"
I said, "It is absolutely right. My sannyasin can go to listen to anybody. My sannyasin can go to any well, can drink from any well. It does not take him away from me; in fact, it simply makes him more individual -- and that is my whole teaching, that he should be an individual, independent, not a slave." Otherwise, in the name of spirituality there are so many slaveries all around.
One man came to me and he said to me, "I have been wanting to come to you for two years, but I was going to a shankaracharya and he prohibited me: `If you go to see this man, you will see me dead.' I was so afraid -- if he dies, the whole responsibility will be on my head, so I had to wait. Now he is dead." Just the day before, he had died, and the next day the man was here. "Now I am free; otherwise, I was so afraid just to think that if I come -- he is old, and if he dies...." This kind of slavery.... But can you help these people to become real, authentic individuals? And if you are so afraid, you are also afraid about your teaching. You are also afraid about your being, about your experience. No, my sannyasins are absolutely free to go anywhere -- to any mosque, to any synagogue, to any temple, to any teacher -- because with me they have no commitment. It is a friendship completely born out of freedom.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,

WEARING THE MALA AND RED CLOTHES USED TO BE MY STATEMENT TO THE WORLD AROUND ME, MY REBELLION. NOW, WHEN I WEAR THEM IT IS OUT OF MY GRATITUDE AND AN EVER-DEEPENING LOVE AND TRUST.
OSHO, WHAT IS HAPPENING?

The two things are two aspects of one phenomenon.
In the beginning when I insisted that you should wear orange and the mala, it was for a particular reason. It was a statement to the world about your rebellion, that you don't belong to the old and the dead traditions; that you have found a new way of life, a new way of being. And it is not only your conviction; you are devoted totally to it, whatever the consequence.
Against the whole world, standing alone, it helped your courage, it helped your intelligence. It helped you to unburden all the past knowledge, traditions, religions. That phase is over. Now there is no need. The second phase of the work has begun.
I don't insist that you wear orange clothes or mala.
We have already made the whole world aware of the movement, of its philosophy, of its approach. There is no need to go on struggling with the dead forever.
Now, if you choose to wear orange and the mala it is not my insistence, it is your insistence -- then naturally its meaning and significance has changed. Now it is your gratitude, your love, your thankfulness for whatever has happened to you and is happening to you.
Now it is not a statement to the world, but an indication to me.

Now it is no more a struggle with the world, but simply a love affair
with me. First it was my insistence, now it is your insistence.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
THOUGHTS ARE MANY, QUESTIONS ARE NONE.
CAN YOU ANSWER WHAT I CANNOT ASK?

The mind is full of thoughts; it is impossible that you don't have any questions.
When you ask a question, be sincere. When the mind is full of thoughts, it is bound to have many questions. Perhaps the questions are so many that you cannot find what is truly your question -- but don't say that you don't have any question. This is one possibility.
So look again, and find out. In your so-many thoughts you will find dozens of questions, and don't be shy in asking them.
There is another possibility, and that is, perhaps you don't have any question. But then you cannot have any thoughts in the mind.
If you don't have any questions, then I am the answer.
You can choose; if really you don't have any questions, then I am the answer. So tomorrow you think again. You will have to take one position of the two: either you have to accept that you have thoughts -- then you will have to accept that you have questions; or you will have to accept that you have no questions -- but then it means you don't

have any thoughts. And a person who has no thoughts, for him, I am the answer.
No words are needed.
Then I come to him without any words.
Then just open your doors and let me in.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #29

Chapter title: Mysticism, the forgotten language
16 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO FIND ME?

Existence is always a mystery.
People fall in love; they cannot answer why, how they have found each other. And when they fall in love there is an absolute feeling that they are made for each other -- but how did they manage to find each other in such a big world?
Somebody is a born poet, somebody is a born painter. They cannot explain how they became poets, how they became painters, how they managed so that poetic visions happen to them. It simply happens; there is no `how' to it.
But our mind is a machine, it is not a mystery. And the mind always wants to know the how, the why. And because of this persistent inquiry about how and why, it goes on missing all that is beyond the boundaries of machines.
Life is beyond the boundaries of machines.

Why are you alive? Do you have any answer? Why in the first place are you born? How did you manage to be born? You have to simply accept the mystery of all that is alive -- either consciously or unconsciously.
Unconsciously you have been accepting many things: your birth, your life, your love, your death, the roses, the stars, the ocean, the rivers, the sun, the moon -- but you have been accepting them unconsciously. If you accept them consciously, you become a mystic. Then it is not a question that you are ignorant and that's why you don't know. It is not ignorance, it is the very unknowability of existence.
I don't know how I have found you.
Neither is there any need... it is enough that I have found you.
Just remember not to get lost.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE PURPOSE AND TASK OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF MYSTICISM?

Mysticism is one of the forgotten languages. It has to be revived, because in forgetting the language of the mystics, life has lost all color, all joy, all music.
Turgenev has a beautiful story: In a village a man comes to a sage and says to him, "Please help me. My whole village, and the surrounding villages too, think that I am an idiot. Whatever I say, however reasonable or rational it may be, they make a laughingstock of me. It has become a nightmare to me. If I remain silent, they condemn my silence saying, `What else can he do? He is such an idiot,

he cannot say anything.' If I say anything, everybody is there to laugh. My life has become so miserable that I feel to commit suicide. I heard that a great sage is passing by and I thought perhaps you can help me."

The sage said, "It is a very simple matter. Just do one thing: from tomorrow morning, whenever anybody says anything, immediately criticize it. Somebody says, `Look, what a beautiful sunrise.' You say, `What beauty is in it? Who says? And what is the proof, and what do you mean by beauty? Define what beauty is. On what authority are you calling the sunrise beautiful? It is not.'

"Somebody says, `Look, a beautiful woman is passing' -- condemn. Just remember one thing: don't assert anything on your own part. Only criticize, and particularly those things which cannot be proved -- beauty, love, truth, God -- things which everybody is talking about but nobody can prove, nobody can even define. And I will be coming back after one month. Then meet me."

After one month the man was totally changed. He had gone through a transformation. He was not looking sad. He was looking radiant, full of authority -- as if suddenly he had roots, had become grounded.

The sage laughed and he said, "So it worked?"

He said, "It worked tremendously. Now they all think I am the wisest man, just in one month. And they are making apologies that they used to think me an idiot; they are feeling very sorry for it. And I have not done anything other than what you suggested to me. I have not missed a single chance: anything, and I will pose a question and they cannot answer it. They feel embarrassed. Wherever I go people fall silent, they don't talk, because even to say a

word is dangerous. But they have started worshipping me, touching my feet; I have become a sage. You have done a miracle."

The sage said, "I have not done a miracle. This is a simple phenomenon: whatsoever is valuable in life is unexplainable, indefinable, and whatsoever is definable is worthless."

One of the greatest thinkers of this age, G.E. Moore, has written a book, PRINCIPIA ETHICA, and he deals only with one question in the whole book. The question is: What is good? -- and it is the most fundamental question. You are talking about morality, you are talking about character, you are talking about goodness, badness, virtue, sin -- they all basically need a clear-cut definition of what good is. In two hundred and fifty pages of very arduous, logical reasoning, approaching the question from every possible angle, he comes to the conclusion that good is indefinable. It took him two hundred and fifty pages -- one of the best minds of our century -- to figure out that good is indefinable. You can feel it, you can be it, you can live it, you can taste it, you can experience it, but you cannot explain it. As far as definitions are concerned, it is beyond definition.

There are thousands of books written by great philosophers in an effort to define beauty. The effort is as old as man himself, because even the first man must have felt beauty. It is impossible to conceive that the first man did not feel that the roses are beautiful, that the lotus flower is beautiful, that the starry night is beautiful, that the full moon is beautiful, that silent eyes are beautiful, that the face of a buddha is beautiful. It is impossible to conceive that the first man was not aware of beauty. But thousands

of years, thousands of efforts of aestheticians, philosophers, poets, painters -- all have failed to define a simple phenomenon which everybody experiences. It is not something that only very unqiue individuals experience; it is experienced by everybody in some way or other... such a vast and common experience.

But then the question arises -- what is it? When you try to pinpoint it, suddenly it disappears. You know it, but you cannot say.

A beautiful incident in Rabindranath Tagore's life....

He used to on his houseboat go deep into the rivers in the lonely silences of the forest. One full moon night, he was on his houseboat reading a book on beauty by a great philosopher... and they all start with great enthusiasm, as if they are going to define. And as you go deeper into the book the enthusiasm starts disappearing and you can start feeling their embarrassment that they have taken on a task which is intrinsically impossible. And as he closed the book, coming to the conclusion that beauty is indefinable....

He was reading the book in the candlelight, and because of the candlelight, the light of the moon had not entered through the windows of his cabin. He blew out the candle, he was going to bed, and suddenly from everywhere the moonlight came in, dancing.

He said, "My God, what a fool I am. Beauty is standing at the door, almost knocking! I am blinded by a small candle, and I am so much absorbed in reading the book -- which is nothing but empty words, which leads nowhere but into the desert of indefinability."

He opened all the windows, all the doors, and came out on the deck of the boat. He had seen many beautiful nights,

many beautiful full moons, but he had never seen such beauty, such silence. On the river, it was all silver of the moon. He remained silent, almost moonstruck.
In many languages the word `moonstruck' means madman. And certainly if you open your heart to the moon, it is maddening; it is so immensely beautiful that your mind stops its chattering -- you fall into a silence which we call meditation.
He wrote in his diary that night, "The beauty can be seen, can be felt, can be experienced; it can drive you mad, but you cannot define it. And I decide from today not to read any book which is an effort to define beauty, because no book can do it."
Mysticism is simply to bring into your life all those dimensions which are indefinable, and make you courageous enough to accept them, knowing perfectly well that definition is not possible, that reason is impotent.
Just because idiots have been asking questions -- How?... Why? -- slowly slowly the whole of humanity has dropped all those things about which they cannot give explanations. Life has become very mundane, profane; it has lost its sacredness, its divinity. It has lost its god.
To me, god is not a person. God is simply a symbol, symbolizing all those values which are indefinable -- available to experience, but not available to reason; available to the heart, but not available to the mind.
This adventure of creating a university of mysticism is to bring all those values back to humanity. This is not going to be an ordinary university. It is not going to teach all those subjects which are available to reason. It is going to help you to open yourself to all that which cannot be taught. It

will not have teachers, it will only have openers, masters. It will not be situated in a certain place, it will have schools all over the world -- I'm calling them mystery schools. All those mystery schools together will be the university of mysticism.

In true spirit it will be universal. A university has to be universal.

And its function is totally different: it is not going to teach you chemistry and physics, science and commerce and arts -- all that is done already by thousands of universities, and it is all worthless. This I can say because I have been a student in the universities, a professor in the universities; on my own authority I can say that they are engaged in mundane things. They create engineers, they create doctors, they create technicians. They are all needed. But they don't create poets; they kill the poets. They don't create mystics. They destroy the very roots on which a mystic can grow. The university of mysticism will be concerned only with the supra-rational, that which is beyond the mind. And there is so much beyond the mind that if it is not made available to you, your situation is such as it happened in the second world war....

A small airplane was left in the jungles of Burma when Japan was defeated; the Japanese left it there. The aboriginals who lived in the forest found it. They were really very curious, excited -- what is it? But seeing the wheels... they figured out that it is a kind of bullock cart, but some idiotic people have made it because this is not the way bullock carts are made. They started using that airplane, small airplane, as a bullock cart. Just by chance a

man, a hunter, saw them; he could not believe his eyes -- an airplane being used as a bullock cart!
He asked them, "Have you made it?"
They said, "No, we are not such idiots, why should we make it? We have found it. But we are enjoying it."
The hunter was from a nearby village where he had seen buses, cars. He said, "It seems to be a kind of car. It is not a bullock cart. You just wait; I will bring one of my friends who knows something about buses." He used to work for a bus transport service. So they brought some petrol, and it did work like a small bus.
And the people thought it was hilarious. They said, "So we were wrong, it is not a bullock cart; it is a bus. Great idea!" They enjoyed it.
And then the mechanic who had come said, "I don't know much about airplanes, but as far as I can see it is not a bus. I have seen airplanes only in the air. My village is small. Buses come up to my village and I have worked on the buses so I can help with this airplane -- but this is an airplane because you can see the wings. I know a man in the city -- I will find him and I will bring him -- who knows about airplanes."
And the man from the city came and he said, "What nonsense is this? You are using a beautiful airplane as a bus, and that too in the jungle where there is no road, nothing. You are just dragging it through muddy roads. It can fly."
The aboriginals said, "It can fly? Is it a bird?"
He said, "It is a bird -- have you not seen steel birds flying?"

They said, "We have seen, but we have never seen them on the earth."
The man managed... he took a few aboriginals with him and the airplane functioned as it was supposed to function -- it started flying. And the whole village was dancing, beating their drums, singing, "This is great! A bullock cart flying!"
Man is not just a mundane physical, material phenomenon. He is not just a bullock cart, but that's how we are using him. We are all using ourselves as bullock carts. We can be buses -- Suraj Prakash can help, he knows transport! -- but we are not buses either.
We are airplanes. I can help you to fly.
Man can exist on many levels. There are levels and levels above.
Mysticism simply means....
You are not using your potential in its totality; you are using it only partially, a very small part, a fragment. And if you are not using your potential in its totality, you will never feel fulfilled. That is the misery, that is the cause of anguish.
You are born to be mystics. Unless you are a mystic, unless you have come to know existence as a mystery -- beyond words, beyond reason, beyond logic, beyond mind -- you have not taken the challenge of life, you have been a coward. You have wings, but you have forgotten it.
The University of Mysticism is to remind man about the wings that he has. He can fly, and the whole sky is his.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,

EIGHT YEARS AGO YOU SENT ME ON THE JOURNEY TO GO AND LOVE MYSELF. THIS IS SOMEHOW HAPPENING: MY HEART SPACE IS GROWING. BUT SOMETHING IS MISSING SINCE I'M STILL LOOKING OUTSIDE FOR AN ANSWER, FOR THE OTHER.
PLEASE COMMENT.

Gunakar, love has three stages.
First you have to learn to love yourself, because only if you love yourself can you love the other. You have to love yourself so much that love starts overflowing. Perhaps that is where you are; you need the other. That is the second stage of love.
Loving the other is a difficult job. Loving oneself is simple. Because the other need not fit with you, need not fulfill your expectations; the other may start power trips, ego trips, all kinds of numbers. And you will need love enough not to be dominated, not to be destroyed by the other; otherwise, the other always destroys it.
Jean-Paul Sartre is not absolutely wrong when he says the other is hell. Alone you can be silent, peaceful. With the other everything becomes difficult, everything becomes a conflict. The very presence of the other makes demands on you. You have to be very compassionate, very kind, not to get caught into an intimate enmity; otherwise the other is going to become a hell to you.
It is not just a coincidence that all the religions of the world have been teaching celibacy -- it is just to avoid the other. Religions have been teaching you to renounce the husband, the wife, the children. Renounce the other; move to the

mountains, to the monasteries, be alone. Their anti-life attitude is really an anti-other attitude. They have burned their fingers -- but what they are doing is a reaction, it is not an understanding.

You have to be so loving that your love transforms the other, to such an extent that you can say the other is not hell. You have to be very articulate, very understanding. It is one of the greatest experiments in life. There is no other experiment which is bigger. You have to love in such a way that slowly, slowly it changes the other person, and the other person starts dropping the effort to dominate, the effort to manipulate. It all depends on your love.

In each case you should remember that you have taken the step. It is your experiment, and you have to be grateful to the other that he is participating in your experiment. If you want your experiment to be successful, then you have to go on loving in spite of the other, not bothering about small things.

Only when you can love the other person to such an extent that it becomes a transformation in him or in her does the third stage of love arrive. Then it is not a question of two persons loving each other; then it is love which engulfs two persons and the two persons become, in a certain deeper sense, one whole.

In India we have the statue of Aradhanishwar, half man, half woman. That is the third stage of love: when the man and the woman are no more two persons, they have become half and half into one whole. This third stage of love is, automatically, meditation. One who can reach this stage need not do anything else for meditation; this will be his mysticism. This was the whole approach of tantra, to reach

to the third stage of love; then no other religion, no other methods are needed. Love itself becomes your god, your ultimate experience.

But the second stage is really difficult; otherwise, for thousands of years people would not have escaped into monasteries. What was the fear? Why were they trying to hide in monasteries?

In Athos, in Europe there is a monastery which has existed for one thousand years. There are three thousand monks in the monastery even today. In Athos a man only enters; then coming out is out of the question. He comes out only when he is dead. And no woman has been allowed into the monastery in one thousand years, not even a six-month-old baby. People must be scared, must be living in great fear. Behind the great walls of the monastery, they have already entered their graves. Only the graveyard is outside the monastery, so when they die then they can be brought out. And in these monasteries they have been doing all kinds of austerities and they have been suffering all kinds of things imposed by themselves. Certainly the second stage of love must be a greater torture; otherwise why should these people choose this? And these are intelligent people, more intelligent people than average.

I have heard about a Trappist monastery. In that monastery, talking was not allowed. Every monk was given an opportunity, if he had something to say to the abbot, once in seven years' time.

One monk entered, renouncing his wife. Seven years passed. Those seven years were such a torture -- because the cell that was given to him was too small, and the glass of the window was broken so whenever it was raining, the

water was coming in. Day and night he was shivering; he could not ask for more clothes or blankets because speaking was not allowed. For seven years, he had to wait. Seven years he waited, and as the seven years were completed he rushed to the abbot and he said, "This is strange. My window is broken and water has been coming in continually. I was not expecting that I would be alive after seven years; somehow by God's grace I am alive. Please fix the window."

The abbot was very angry. He said, "It will be done, but remember a monk is not supposed to complain. That is not the attitude of a monk."

The poor fellow went back in his cell. They repaired the window, but in the seven years' time that the water had been coming in, his mattress had become a mess. Now he remembered but it was too late -- what to do with this mattress? Now he has to sleep on this mattress for seven years again. But he has accepted the austerities of being a monk. He remained -- although he was not silent, he was completely full of anger and wanted to kill the abbot -- "do something!" But it was not appropriate....

Again seven years passed, and the monk rushed... and the abbot said, "I know, there must be some complaint again." He said, "What to do? Complaint or no complaint, but that mattress is rotten. Seven years of water on that mattress... You just come and have a look."

He said, "There is no need. You just go, the mattress will be changed."

The old mattress was taken out, and the new mattress was brought in. It was too big. Again the glass was broken; while they were bringing the mattress in, the glass was

broken. He said, "My God, again seven years... the whole life is wasted." Again the water started coming....
After seven years, when he went to the abbot, the abbot said, "No more complaints -- you just get out of the monastery. I have not heard anything from you in twenty-one years except complaints, complaints, complaints -- and this is not the way of the monk."
But he said, "At least listen to my story."
The abbot said, "You just get out. You are not worthy to be a monk, just go to your wife."
He said, "My God, again to my wife... after twenty-one years she must be waiting to kill me! It is better that I go to my cell; anyway, in twenty-one years I have become accustomed. But to go back to the wife again...."
The second step is really difficult, and because of the difficulty all religions have chosen to escape from life. But escaping from life is not the answer, it is simply cowardice. Life has to be changed through understanding. And if you love, love has an alchemy of its own. If love cannot change the other person, it only means you don't know what love is; you must be misunderstanding something else for love, because love is absolutely capable of changing people. In fact, it is the only way to change.
And when Jean-Paul Sartre says, "The other is hell," it is Christianity that is speaking through him, it is not he. He is unconscious; he is not aware that what he is saying represents two thousand years of Christianity condemning the other. And then, when you come to the other, you don't have love -- naturally you are incapable of changing and the other is incapable of changing you.

There is no place where love is being taught. There is no place where love is being nourished. That is one of the functions of the mystery school: to make your love pure, pure of ego and power and domination -- just a sheer gift of joy, a delight in the being of the other person, just a sharing of all that you have, holding nothing back.

Love is the greatest magic.

Gunakar, don't be afraid of the other; let the other enter your life. I don't teach escapism. I teach you to go into the world, to transform the world, because only in that transformation will you be transformed. By escaping to the hills and to the monasteries you will miss transformation yourself. You will shrink, you will not expand. And if you cannot love a single person, how are you going to love the whole universe? And that's what prayer is -- loving the whole universe.

People feel that it is easier to love the whole universe, because there seems to be no problem -- the universe, the trees, the stars, the moon, the sun... they don't create any problem.

Gautam Buddha used to say to his disciples after each meditation in the morning, "The last thing before you get up from the meditation is to shower the whole world with the blessing that you have experienced in meditation. Don't keep anything for yourself."

One man approached Buddha and he said, "I can do it; just one small exception -- and I hope you will not object to it, it is such a small thing."

Buddha said, "What is that?"

He said, "I can share my love, my joy with the whole universe -- but not with my neighbor; that is impossible. That I cannot do."
Buddha said, "Then for you, forget about the whole universe. For you, this is the rule: after each meditation you shower all your joy and all your peace and silence on the neighbor."
The man said, "My God, what are you doing?"
He said, "I know what I am doing -- because the neighbor is the problem."
Even Jesus... in one statement he says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself" exactly as he says "Love thy enemy as thyself." I was talking to one of the Christian theologians and I said, "Perhaps both these persons, the neighbor and the enemy, are the same -- because where are you going to get the enemy? He is unnecessarily repeating the same thing; it was enough just to say `Love thy neighbor as thyself.' That was enough, because the neighbor is the enemy. Where else are you going to get the enemy?" It is easier to share your love with the whole universe.
No, first share your love with one individual, because he will give you real trouble. And unless you have passed that examination, you are not in a position to share your love with the universe. Then the universe is an empty word. Start by finding the person, the more difficult the better. It is a kind of asceticism, just a new way of being an ascetic -- finding a woman is far more difficult than going to the Himalayas and distorting your body and doing yoga exercises. That is nothing; even circus people are doing far better, but they don't arrive to any superconsciousness. Just

one woman, a real difficult woman, and she will open the doors to the whole universe.
Gunakar, it took eight years for you to love yourself; now, don't go on that way so slowly. The second part is the longest, but if you are determined.... And Gunakar is a German. If he decides, he will do it.
The other creates trouble because your love is not enough. If your love is overflowing, the other will be showered by it, cleansed by it. And instead of creating trouble for you, the other can become a tremendous help, a complementary part in the organic unity of your being, and can lead you to the third stage.
It all depends on how much you can love.
And I don't think that one should be miserly about love. It costs nothing. And it is not a quantity, that you have loved one kilo, so now there is one kilo less. It is not a quantity. The more you love, the more you have it.
The more you give, the more the universe goes on pouring into you from all sides. There are hidden springs, just as in a well.
It happened once that there were no rains for four years continuously, and of course the king closed his well to save the water. He himself started drinking from the public well because the palace was using too much water. And if the rains were not going to come for one year more, the public well would be dry, but then, at least the king and his family could survive. And the rains did not come. Then he opened his well, but strange... the water had disappeared. Every well is connected with hidden springs. When you take water out of the well, more water comes from those springs. When the water was not taken from the well, the

springs started a reverse journey. They started taking water to the public well -- and because they are underground you don't see them.

Love has an underground way of filling you, invisible. The only way to know is just give it and see -- you are always full. Don't give it, and one day you will find your well is dry.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
I SIT BEFORE YOU AND MY HEART ACHES TO KNOW YOU. THE GULF BETWEEN US SEEMS SO GREAT -- ALTHOUGH I FEEL THIS COMES ONLY FROM MY PART.
PLEASE, OSHO, HELP ME TO UNDERSTAND THIS.

There is no need to know me.
The need is to know yourself.
Your very desire is basically wrong; hence, the gulf. You cannot know me, and there is no need either. That is my work and I have done it. Now you do your homework. The day you know yourself, there will be no gulf between me and you. Knowing yourself, you will know me and you will know everyone else too.
The whole secret is within you, but you are looking the wrong way -- outside. Trying to know me means you are still looking outside.
Please close your eyes and look inside.

Your whole energy has to settle within yourself, in your very center. In that very settlement arises the knowing, the light, the flame.
And it is not that you know only yourself; you know the whole universe -- because we are made of the same stuff, the same universal consciousness.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
THIS MORNING MY BOYFRIEND WAS COMPLAINING ABOUT ME, SAYING THAT I AM NOT HONEST WITH YOU BECAUSE I'M SHOWING YOU JUST ONE SIDE OF MYSELF, AND THAT HE IS THE ONE WHO IS RECEIVING ALL MY BITCHINESS. IS IT TRUE THAT I AM HIDING SOMETHING OR IS IT THAT YOUR PHYSICAL PRESENCE IS PROVOKING SOMETHING SO DIFFERENT IN ME THAT MY DARK SIDE IS SIMPLY DISPERSING?

Latifa, this is a perfectly good arrangement!
I am your master; you cannot be bitchy with me.
And he is your boyfriend -- if you are not bitchy with him, what are you going to be with him? He will miss -- boyfriends need it. Unless they have found a good bitch, they are passing into great trouble.
This is perfectly right.
That's why I always want my sannyasins to have their boyfriends, their girlfriends -- so that I am left in peace!

Chapter title: The Taste of No-Mind
18 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
EACH TIME I COME CLOSE TO YOU, IT LOOKS LIKE MY MIND DOESN'T WORK ANY MORE. I CANNOT HOLD ON TO ANY CONCRETE THOUGHT; EVERYTHING DISAPPEARS AS IF IN A WHITE, LIGHT CLOUD.
ON ONE SIDE IT IS LIKE COMING HOME AFTER ALL THIS INTENSE LONGING, AND ON THE OTHER SIDE THE FEAR OF BECOMING CRAZY COMES UP.
IS THIS THE FEAR OF LOSING CONTROL, OR THE FIRST STEP OF BECOMING A DISCIPLE AND PART OF A DIVINE MADNESS?
AM I ON THE RIGHT PATH?

Kavish, the mind is the wrong path, and the no-mind is the right path.
Mind is basically mad, and sanity is possible only, blossoms only, in a state of no-mind. If this is remembered, then nothing else is needed.
Coming close to me, your mind is bound to disappear for the simple reason that I am not a mind. The closer you come to me, the more you will be filled with a silence, serenity, no-mindness.
It is also natural that you will feel a little tear, because you have lived your whole life with the mind. And in the world it is being taught to everybody that losing the mind is

madness. It is not the whole truth, because no madman ever loses his mind; in fact, the madman is lost in the mind -- his mind has become a jungle and he cannot find a way out of it. It is not that he has lost his mind, he is lost in his mind. He is more mind than he ever was before.

The madman has more mind than you have. Your mind is not so uncontrollable, not so big, not so vast; it is a normal size, manageable. The madman has lost himself in a vast, unlimited jungle of thoughts, desires, dreams.

So the maxim that "losing the mind is madness" is not right; it has to be changed. Losing yourself in the mind is madness. And if you understand this, then the definition of sanity is simple: coming out of the mind into the open, into the silence, where no thought, no desire disturbs you.

You are just a pool of silence, not even a ripple on it -- this is sanity.

But because you have lived your whole life in the mind, the first step out of the mind will look dangerous. You arc going, according to the world, into craziness. According to me, you are going into sanity. And you can be a witness to it, because when you are close to me and the mind disappears... are you saner or more insane than you usually are in your day-to-day life?

In the silence of no-mind, how you can be crazy?

Craziness needs contradictory thoughts, irrelevant thoughts, inconsistent thoughts dragging you in all directions, pulling you into pieces. You are somehow holding yourself together, but you know that if you drop control even for a single moment you will fall into pieces. And it will be impossible to put those pieces together again -- who will do it?

The mind is afraid.

But this is one part of being with a master: without your knowing, you have already come out of the mind for a moment. You have tasted, experienced that there is no fear of going crazy. And the farther you go beyond mind, the more intelligent you become.

Remember, intelligence is not part of the mind. Intellect is, but intelligence is not; hence, the intellectual is full of mind but in life he behaves very unintelligently. He has a certain expertise, he is trained intellectually to, do a certain thing, his mind is functioning like a computer. But life is not one-dimensional, you cannot exhaust it in one expertise; it is multi-dimensional.

It is a well-known fact that the great intellectuals of the world have all been found to be unintelligent outside their field of work. I will give you a few examples...

Karl Marx was certainly one of the great intellectuals. Now he rules over half of humanity, and perhaps will rule over the whole of humanity one day. He has defeated all -- Gautam Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, Moses. Now communism is the greatest religion in the world, and Marx is their god.

His expertise was in economics, particularly the economic divisions of society-the classes, the class struggle. He was tremendously accurate, very factual, very historical, and utterly scientific. He called his philosophy "scientific materialism."

He was a chain smoker, and he used to smoke the costliest and the best cigarettes. And he never worked, he never earned anything; he was talking about capitalism and against capitalism, and he was dependent on a friend who

was a capitalist -- Friedrich Engels, who was a great industrialist. Engels was supporting him throughout his whole life. And Karl Marx was living exactly the bourgeois life he was against: he was not producing anything, he was not creative, he was not a worker. He was not a member of the proletariat, and he was living luxuriously.

His wife was disturbed, his friend was disturbed, his doctor was disturbed -- this chain smoking was going to destroy his health. But he was incurable. He could not think without smoking -- there was a certain association, because he had always been smoking and thinking. The moment he would stop smoking, the thinking would also stop -- they had become associated, entangled in each other. To think, he needed to smoke.

One day... his wife could not believe it, he was coming home with big boxes full of very cheap cigarettes. His wife said, "But this is not your brand. This is the cheapest cigarette."

He said, "A great thought occurred to me when I went to purchase the cigarettes. Just as I was standing there, somebody was purchasing this brand of cigarette; I thought, 'My God, these cigarettes are so cheap that one cigarette of my brand is equal to six cigarettes of this brand. If I start smoking these cigarettes, I can save so much money... and the more I smoke the more I will save money!'" And he was smoking like crazy. He went into his study and started smoking... he was throwing away half-smoked cigarettes and burning new ones.

His wife thought he had gone mad. "How can you save money if you are destroying cigarettes like this?"

Theoretically, intellectually, he was right you smoke one cigarette and you have saved the cost of five cigarettes. But nothing is actually saved. His friend was called, his doctor... and he wouldn't listen to them: he said, "You don't understand economics. It is absolutely rational and logical what I am doing."

But the friend brought his servants together and said, "Take all the cigarettes out of the house -- and what nonsense is this economics you are thinking about? You will burn your lungs!"

Karl Marx said, "In my whole life I have found only one thing by which I could have earned some money, but strange... my wife is against it, my friend is against it, my doctor is against it, the neighbors are against it -- even my servants are against it! And nobody understands economics."

He was intellectual, but not intelligent. Intelligence is a totally different affair.

It happened after the Russian revolution... What is now the city of Stalingrad was called Petrograd before the revolution. It was named after Peter the Great -- "Petrograd." Just in front of the palace there was a big rock, a very beautiful rock. Lenin, the chief architect of the Russian revolution, wanted to remove that rock because the rock was not allowing modern vehicles, cars, buses, to move on the road; they had to go around and take a longer route. It was perfectly okay when there were no cars, but that rock was not needed at all there in the middle of the road. The rock was very big; engineers were called, all kinds of suggestions were made about what should be done. A poor man with his oxcart was standing there, looking and

watching what was happening. Finally he laughed, and Lenin asked him, "Why are you laughing?"
He said, "I am a poor man; I don't understand anything about what these great engineers are thinking. But it is a very simple matter... and they seem to be finding it almost impossible to remove it. There is no need to remove it. Just dig a hole around the rock; go on digging the hole and pulling out the mud. The rock will sit deeper in the hole and it won't be a barrier. You need not be worried how to take it out, there is no need. It can just become part of the road -- it is such a beautiful rock. But I am a poor farmer. I may be absolutely wrong, I don't know. But this is how we work in our fields if some problem arises."
Lenin has written in his diary, "That day I felt that to be intellectually trained is one thing, and to have intelligence is something else. That poor man had intelligence -- no training, no education, but a simple insight." And that's what has been done. The rock is still there; it has just been sunk into the road.
Mind, at its best, can be a great intellectual but it can never be a great intelligence.
Intelligence needs freshness.
Intellect can only do that which it has been trained for. It is just like a parrot; it can repeat exactly what you have taught it. It is a computer: First you have to feed it, feed it the information; then the computer has a memory system -- it keeps it, and whenever you need it the computer is ready to give you the information back. But don't ask any question which is new; the computer will not be able to give the answer.
It has no intelligence.

The same is the situation of the mind.
Have you observed it or not?
It can give answers which you are educated about, informed about, which you have studied, which in some way are stored in the memory bank of your mind. It can give them back to you whenever you need them. But if something new arises, it may be very small... the mind is absolutely impotent to find an answer for it, because the information is not there in the bank; it is not part of the memory.
Mind is memory, not intelligence.
Intelligence is when you encounter new things, new problems, and your being mirrors those new problems and finds answers for them. You have never been told about them, you have never studied them. Your memory is absolutely incapable of supplying an answer.
Great intellectuals find new problems, are always in difficulty. It is said that one day Albert Einstein, one of the greatest mathematicians of the world, entered a bus to go to the university and gave some money to the conductor. The conductor gave him the ticket and some money back, the change from the money that he had given. He counted the money and he said, "You are cheating me."
The conductor said, "Perhaps... just let me count again." He counted, and told Albert Einstein, "It seems you don't know figures; you don't know how to count. Just keep quiet and sit down."
He told his wife, "It was a very embarrassing situation; the whole bus laughed, It was good that there were. no professors or students; nobody knew that I am Albert Einstein and the conductor is saying, 'You don't know

figures.' And I have dealt with the biggest figures in the whole history of man, my whole work is figures. But I thought it was better not to make any fuss about it. You just count this money and see whether he was cheating me or I was wrong."

The wife counted it, and she said, "It is perfectly right. Looking at your ticket, your money and the money you gave him, it is perfectly right. And it seems that you DON'T know how to count! You have become so accustomed to big figures, figures with hundreds of zeros behind them, that just small figures you have forgotten. You should never say anything to anybody; if any such situation arises, keep quiet."

One of my friends, Doctor Ramamanohar Lohia, had gone to see Albert Einstein -- Doctor Lohia was educated in Germany. And he reached exactly on time. Albert Einstein's wife said, "You will have to wait a little. I cannot be sure how long, because he is in his bath and he never likes to be disturbed while he is in his bath. And one never knows how long he will take."

Doctor Lohia said, "I can wait." He thought maybe fifteen minutes, half an hour -- what more can one do in a bath? Six hours... the wife gave him breakfast, the wife gave him lunch... and he said, "My God, and he is still in his tub? What is he doing?"

The wife said, "In the beginning when we were married, I used to disturb him and that kept him angry the whole day. He would throw things, and he would make all kinds of nuisance and shout. He gets very much disturbed, because he has made all his discoveries about the stars in his tub, in his tub with a bubble bath. He goes on playing with

bubbles, soap bubbles... for him, those soap bubbles are stars. And he works out... I don't know how he works it out, but he works it out -- he has written all over the bathroom on the walls. I will show you his bathroom; it is all mathematics."

And after six hours Albert Einstein came out, and he said, "So you have come? You have come just at the right time. Just as I come out of the bathroom, you are sitting here."

Doctor Lohia said, "I have been sitting here for six hours!"

He said, "My God! But just forgive me, because when I am in my tub with the soap bubbles then I forget time completely. Then only stars and all the equations about new stars, their distances... you should see my bathroom."

And Doctor Lohia told me, "They both took me to the bathroom. All the walls had great equations" -- beyond his capacity because he was not a mathematician. He said, "You have made the bathroom your lab."

He said, "I have not made it, it has become a lab by itself. These soap bubbles somehow resemble stars."

Now, this man is one of the greatest intellects. But he was the cause of an unintelligent thing, an ugly and inhuman thing that happened. He was the cause of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, because he wrote a letter to President Roosevelt of America: "I can make atom bombs. And just that you have atom bombs will be enough, there is no need to drop them. Just having them will be enough for Germany and Japan to surrender." But this was an unintelligent thing to do.

Roosevelt allowed him, gave him all the facilities to make atom bombs. He made the atom bombs, and once they were made they were in the hands of the politicians. And he was

writing -- Roosevelt was no longer president, Truman became president, and he was writing to Truman -- "Those bombs should not be used. In the letter, that was my first condition." And Truman never replied. Who cares? You have done your work, you have been paid for your work. You are not the master of the bombs -- the bombs belong to the government.

And Truman dropped those bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki without any reason. Germany had already failed and accepted its failure. And Japan was ready any day... the experts say that at the most, one week or two weeks and Japan was going to surrender. Japan could not stand alone without Germany. And there was no need to destroy two cities of civilians who had nothing to do with the war -- children, women, old men, mothers, pregnant women, who have nothing to do with war. And not a small number -- each city was more than one hundred thousand people. Two hundred thousand people...

But Truman was interested to drop those atom bombs as quickly as possible, because if Japan surrenders then you cannot drop them. Then there is no change -- where to experiment? And he wanted to experiment.

This was an experiment.

Two hundred thousand people died.

And for generations the effect of those two bombs will continue, not only in human beings; in the fish, in the animals, in the trees -- everywhere, the radiation will continue.

At that time Albert Einstein was crying and saying, "I am an unintelligent man. I could not see a simple thing: that

once you give power to the politicians it has gone beyond your hands, you cannot do anything."

His dying words were, "I would like to be born in my next life as a plumber, not as a physicist, because I don't want to commit such murderous acts again. And it was my foolishness..." Although what he proposed was very intellectual, it was not intelligent: "Just the very show of power is enough."

But politicians are so hungry to show their power that without making it actually felt by the whole world... They will not be able to restrain themselves.

Have you seen two dogs fighting? Most probably they will bark at each other, jump at each other, and you will see that there is going to be a bloody fight -- but nothing happens. They judge and see who is stronger, and once it is accepted by both that one is stronger than the other, there is no need to fight. Then one dog simply puts his tail down, gives the signal: "Stop it. You are the winner, I am the defeated and we can still be good friends."

Dogs are more intelligent than politicians. This is an intelligent way to see it -- "What is the point now? It is so clear that I am weaker than the other; what is the point in unnecessarily getting fractured bones and blood? It can be decided just by shouting and jumping and making the whole show: it is going to happen, now it is going to happen..." But it never happens. One dog understands, and immediately he drops his tail.

You must have seen that if you approach a house and the dog is not aware whether you are a friend or a foe, he does both things: he barks at you, and he goes on waving his tail. One never knows which way things turn out -- if it turns

out to be a friend, barking will stop and he is already waving his tail, "Welcome!" So he is just waiting, intelligently, for the time when the owner of the house comes out. Then he can see whether this man is friendly or not. Before that, he is doing both things.

Now, dogs are not very intellectual, but they are intelligent. You will find intelligence in all the animals.

Now they even say that intelligence is in the trees -- and it has been found in strange ways. Now, trees are not intellectuals. You don't see them going to school with books or going to the library. No intellectual work is visible, but intelligence is there. It has been found that one tree the scientists were studying... there was no water near the tree, but there was a pipeline two hundred feet away. And the tree in some way found out, and all its roots went in that direction -- and it was a pipeline; it was not that water was available.

But those roots tied themselves around the water pipe so tightly that it broke, and they were getting a supply of water from two hundred feet away. And the tree remained green and was giving flowers. And when the scientists were digging, they were surprised: how did the tree roots find out that they had to go towards the north and not towards the south? They went right in the direction of the water, as if there was a subtle intelligence, a sensitivity. And they broke the pipeline and they managed to get the water which was not available from the earth.

And now they have found that trees and plants have intelligence in many ways -- such deep intelligence that perhaps we are far behind.

Certain instruments like cardiograms have been made, which are attached to a tree. and a woodcutter is told to go and cut a branch from the tree, and the woodcutter goes with his axe. As he is coming near the tree, the cardiogram starts showing that the tree is trembling with fear; the graph on the paper starts trembling. It had been going very symmetrically... as the woodcutter comes closer, there is more trembling, more ups and more downs -- and the woodcutter has not cut the tree yet.

It seems that the very idea in the mind of the wood-cutter is in some way being read by the tree -- a certain kind of telepathy, a certain kind of thought reading. And they have tried sending another woodcutter -- who is not going to cut, he is told just to pass by the side of the tree with his axe -- and the cardiogram remains symmetrical. Because there is no idea in the man to cut the tree; the tree is not worried, there is no fear.

Our minds are broadcasting every moment whatsoever is in our minds. Trees are getting it. Man seems to be dumb -- you don't know if somebody is coming to kill you or pick your pocket -- but the tree knows. A different way of knowing must be...

The man who goes beyond mind is not crazy, but enters into a different way of knowing, a different way of understanding the world, a different way of responding to reality -- more intelligently, more sensitively, more lovingly, more humanely.

Kavish, don't be worried about it. This is the first step, and this is the right step.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,
I GOT THE POINT NOW THAT BEING TOTALLY IN THE HEART IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, AND THAT THE JOURNEY IS NEVER-ENDING.
NOW SOMETIMES I FEEL THAT IN THE OLD POONA STORIES ENLIGHTENMENT WAS MUCH EASIER THAN WHEN YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT IT NOW. IS IT BECAUSE WE TOOK THE FIRST STEP, AND NOW YOU ARE SHOWING US THE NEXT ONE?

It is certain that in my earlier teachings to you, enlightenment appeared to be much easier. It had to, because I did not want you to freak out. Now I can trust that even if I say the truth you are not going to escape. Enlightenment is not easy.
But how to persuade people? They are so much engaged in futile things, and if you give them a very difficult idea, which becomes prohibitive, they simply say, "We will see. Perhaps in some life some time -- and what is the hurry? Eternity is available. The small things that we are engaged in doing right now will not be available for eternity, so let us finish them first."
And they will go on putting enlightenment as the last item on their list.
There is an old, ancient story in India about Kind Yayati. His death came; he was one hundred years old, he had done everything that you can do -- conquered lands, had beautiful wives, had one hundred sons from those wives, had all the treasure that one can imagine. But man's desire is inexhaustible. He said to death, "It is too early; I have not

yet completed my experiences on the earth. You will have to give me at least one hundred years more."
Death said, "I can give you one hundred years on one condition: if one of your sons is ready to die in your place. Because anyway I have to take somebody, I cannot go empty-handed. Bureaucracy is bureaucracy, nobody bothers there -- just somebody's body, and the register is marked that 'Yes, Yayati has died.' So if one of your sons... and you have one hundred sons..."
Yayati said, "There is no problem, my sons love me so much."
He called his sons... and his sons were not children. Somebody was eighty years old, somebody was seventy-five, somebody was seventy. They themselves were old, but nobody was willing to die. Just the youngest son, who was only seventeen, as yet unmarried, had just come from his gurukula, from his master's home -- he came forward and he said, "You can take me. If this can give my father one hundred years I will be immensely happy."
Even death felt tremendous compassion for the boy. Death said, "Can't you see your ninety-nine brothers? -- nobody is willing. They are coming close to their own death. There is not much to lose for the one who is eighty years old -- any day his own death is going to come. You are too young, you don't understand what you are doing. Think twice."
He said, "I have thought about it. Exactly the same reasons that you are giving me... my father has lived one hundred years and is unsatisfied; my ninety-nine brothers have lived and yet none is ready to die. That is enough proof for me that in this life, satisfaction is not possible. At least give me

this satisfaction, that I have given to my father what he has given to me; I give it back to him. It is useless, life." Unwillingly, death had to take him away.

One hundred years passed and death was back, and Yayati said, "My God, I forgot completely about the fact that after a hundred years you would be back again. Everything is incomplete."

And this went on happening. When Yayati became one thousand years old... Ten times death came, and every time the youngest son sacrificed himself for the father.

It has tremendous implications: The old mind is not ready to die; even if you give it one thousand years to live, it clings to life. only the youngest is bold enough to go into death without entering into the ups and downs, days and nights, summers and winters of life.

But after one thousand years when death came, Yayati said, "This time... things are still incomplete, but I have understood that they will remain always incomplete. You can take me. And I am ashamed that I did not understand at all. I have sacrificed my young sons -- who were innocent, but more intelligent; they had more insight. They could-see that satisfaction, contentment, completion is not possible here in this life." -- You are engaged in a thousand and one things, and you will have to leave them all incomplete -- houses half built, businesses half successful lives... yet asking for a little more time. You will die like a beggar, not like an emperor. You will not embrace death, you will be dragged by death unwillingly, reluctantly.

Here, if I say to you enlightenment is very difficult, you will put it down at the very bottom of your life. I have to say to people that it is very easy, it is easier than anything

else in the world, it is the easiest thing. And once you have become interested in enlightenment then, slowly slowly, I can tell you, "Don't be stupid." But I will say it only when the time is ripe.

It is the greatest challenge to those who really want to understand themselves and the existence surrounding them. However difficult it may be, it will remain their priority. Everything else is secondary, because nothing else is going to give you the taste of eternal life, of immortal being, of peace that passeth understanding. Nothing else is going to help you come out of the darkness in which you have lived for lives and lives -- groping, groaning.

It call bring you, in the darkest night of your life, the most beautiful dawn.

It is difficult in the proportion in which you demand it: if it is your first priority, it is not that difficult; if it is your last priority, it is very difficult, almost impossible. But you have come a long way, and even if I say that it is a journey that never ends you can understand its beauty -- you are not going to be afraid of a journey that never ends.

When for the first time railway trains started in London, the first train was going for only eight miles. But all the churches, the bishops and cardinals and the archbishop of England, were condemning the railway train, saying that God never made the railway train; if it was needed for human beings he would have made it himself. Such a clear-cut logic. It is certainly the devil's trick -- and the train also looks like a devil, particularly the old engines look like the devil. And they made people afraid -- "Don't sit in it." There was no ticket, and lunch was served free. But the bishops were saying to the people, "You don't know one

thing: it will start, but what is the guarantee that it will stop? And if it does not stop, then what? What will you do? Just one lunch -- finish! Just for one lunch the whole life is finished."

And certainly nobody had seen a train stopping. Never had a train started, never had a train stopped; there was no precedent. Nobody could say with any guarantee that it would stop. Even the engineers, the scientists, could not say it with a guarantee; they said, "We know it will stop, but a guarantee? How can we give a guarantee? We have to see."

With great difficulty... Only a few people went, half a dozen in the whole train, daredevils who said, "okay, if it doesn't stop that will do. If it is going to hell then we will go to hell -- but we will see what happens. But lunch we cannot... a free lunch we cannot pass up."

So only half a dozen... And people were trying, their families were trying to convince them, "Come down, don't go just for one lunch. Don't kill yourself! Can't you see the face of the train?" But the train stopped, and there was great rejoicing.

People are afraid of anything that is unending.

But those who know should be afraid of things which end. Unending things should be the great attractions.

So now I can say you are on an unending journey, where you will have overnight stops but you will never come to an end -- no terminus, no Victoria Station.

Question 3

BELOVED OSHO,

I AM NOTICING THAT THE QUESTIONS YOU ARE ANSWERING ARE ANSWERING MINE. BUT THE

QUESTIONS I HAVE BEEN SUBMITTING ARE NOT AS ARTICULATE AND SEEM TO BE LESS CLEAR THAN THOSE YOU ARE ANSWERING.
NOW IS THE TIME FOR US TO HAVE YOU ANSWER ALL OF OUR QUESTIONS.
WHAT SURPRISES AND SHOCKS ME IS THAT AT ONE TIME I CONSIDERED MYSELF ARTICULATE. NOW MY QUESTIONS ARE LIKE FLAMES IN MY HEART -- WORDLESS, BEAUTIFUL, BURNING.
OSHO, CAN YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE NECESSITY FOR A DISCIPLE TO BE ABLE TO ARTICULATE THE QUESTIONS THAT ARE BURNING WITHIN?

The disciple who has a burning question but is not articulate enough to put it into words is blessed. It is not something that one should feel sad about. It is something that should make one feel profoundly fortunate because to have a question which you cannot bring into words is to have a real question.
Real questions cannot be brought into words.
But real questions will be answered. Whether you can bring them into words or not, it doesn't matter.
In fact, I am taking care of all those questions which are in your hearts but cannot find a way into language. They are the most important.
So whatever questions you ask me, I use them as an excuse to answer many other questions which are not asked.
But remember: if you have a -- question, it cannot remain unanswered. I am here just for those questions.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
IN THE MAD GAME OF MASTER AND DISCIPLE, I REMEMBER HEARING YOU SAY IN POONA THAT THE MASTER CHOOSES THE DISCIPLE FIRST -- BEFORE THE DISCIPLE FEELS THAT HE HAS CHOSEN THE MASTER.
OSHO, DOES THE MASTER LEAVE THE DISCIPLE BEFORE THE DISCIPLE CAN BETRAY THE MASTER?

That's true. The unconscious disciple has no choice, either in choosing the master or leaving the master. It is only the conscious master who chooses the disciple, and if he feels that it is not the right time for the disciple, he drops him. But he drops him with such grace that the disciple always thinks that he has dropped the master.
While choosing also, the disciple thinks he has chosen the master. In your sleep you cannot choose who is going to awaken you. In your sleep you can only dream You cannot have any glimpse of reality on either end -- choosing a master or leaving a master.
The master chooses a disciple seeing some potential, some possibility of flowering. But there are disciples whose pace of growth is so slow that it may take lives for them; then it is better to leave them. Some other gardener will work on them. It is better not to start working on them, because leaving incomplete work is creating a difficulty for the disciple.
The master is not going to come back again in the next life. If I cannot complete your work in this life, I will not begin

it. Then it is better to leave you tabula rasa; somebody else somewhere in your future life may do the work. He will have his own designs, he will have his own devices.
Zunnun, one Sufi master, used to say to each new disciple that arrived, "Have you ever been a disciple to another master? If you have, then my fee will be double. If you have never been a disciple of any other master then my usual fee will do."
People were puzzled. They would say, "We thought that since we have learned so much from other masters and now we have come to you... You should not charge a double fee -- you should charge half of the fee or no fee at all."
But Zunnun said, "You don't understand: first I will have to undo whatever the other masters have done, because our designs are different, our devices are differ-ent, so my work is complicated. A person who comes fresh is simpler to work with."
So if I see-that a certain person is not going to develop, that whatever is done he is going to waste time, he is not in an urgency -- and I am in an urgency -- then it is better to say goodbye to him. But it will be hard on him to make him feel that he has been left out. The better way is to create a situation in which he himself leaves, feeling perfectly good that he has left.
He is given a false opportunity to think that he has chosen the master and he is given a false opportunity to feel that he has left the master. But on both occasions it is the master who is basically responsible.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,

WHEREVER YOU ARE, THERE IS A FESTIVITY AND CELEBRATION. WHAT IS THIS WONDERFUL PHENOMENON?

Narendra, festivity and celebration are our natural states; you have just forgotten them.
When you come to me, you suddenly remember that there is no need to be sad, no need to be miserable, that life wants you to sing and dance, that life is not serious, but playfulness.
The ancient seers used to call it leela; that word can only be translated as 'playfulness'.
It is God's playfulness.
You just have to be reminded.
Anybody who knows it... being close to him, you see your face in his mirror. And suddenly there is a remembrance, and your misery disappears -- because your misery is false, your sadness is false. Celebration is your truth. It has nothing to do with me; it is just that in my presence you forget for a moment your false mask of misery. Suddenly you-feel-a joy, a cheerfulness, a fragrance arising in you. It is not mine.
I am just a reminder, just a mirror.
Seeing your face, there is celebration.
You cannot see your face without a mirror, that is a difficulty.
I have heard that Mulla Nasruddin found a mirror on the road. He had never seen a mirror -- some traveler passing by the side of the village may have dropped the mirror. He looked in the mirror and said, "My God, this is my father!

And this old cheat used to have a photograph of himself and we never knew about it."

He took the mirror home. He did not want to show it to his wife because an unnecessary quarrel would arise -- any point was enough -- so he went upstairs. The wife was looking out of the corner of her eye... "That old fellow is certainly doing something, the way he has entered." And as he left the house, she went upstairs. He had hidden it inside a box underneath his clothes, but she found it. No husband can hide anything which the wife cannot find, it has never happened.

She looked into the mirror and she said, "My God, in this old age... and he is having a love affair. And with this old woman, rotten!"

It is the mirror.

Without the mirror you would not have been able to know how you look.

The mirror is certainly a great invention.

The master is also a mirror -- not for this body and this face, but for your original face, for your real being, for your inner flame. And the moment you see it, suddenly you feel all darkness, all misery, all sadness gone, and there is celebration.

Wherever the master is, there is Kaaba, there is Kashi, because there is a possibility to experience your authentic blissfulness.

Suddenly a song, a dance -- you are no more your old self. At least for the moment you are a new being.

And if you go on remembering this, then the need of the master is not. Whenever you remember yourself there will be celebration, there will be Kaaba, there will be Kashi.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #31

Chapter title: The greatest reality in the world
19 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
AS ONE PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES AFTER ANOTHER ARRIVES TO BE WITH YOU HERE, IS IT PERHAPS THAT YOU ARE SURROUNDED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY DISCIPLES WHO LOVE YOU AS YOU ARE, OR HOWEVER YOU WANT TO BE -- AND WHO ARE CERTAINLY NOT LOOKING FOR ANY GOODY-GOODY SAINT?

Amrito, the way of love is the way of no-expectation. Love exists only when there is total acceptance and no desire to change anything.
The moment you start thinking of how the other should be... whether the other is your lover, your beloved, your child, your master, your disciple... it does not matter who the other is. What matters is a total acceptance of the other As he is. Not tolerance -- tolerance is an ugly word. In the very word "tolerance" there is intolerance. The very word smells as if somehow against your will you are managing it: it is not a loving acceptance but an unloving tolerance.
It is true that it has taken me a long, long journey to find only those people who can understand me, accept me, love me as I am. I have never asked anybody to be somebody

other than who he is. But for thousands of years all the religions have lived in a nightmare, in a very strange and weird situation. The disciples were demanding how the master should be, the master was demanding how the disciples should be. One can understand the demand from the side of the master: you have come to him to be transformed, to be changed; it is understandable if he wants certain disciplines to be followed. But it is absolutely not understandable that the disciples, the followers, should also demand how the master should be. And the wonder of wonders is that the masters have been fulfilling the desires of those who are their followers. The leaders have been followers of their own followers. To remain in the dominant position of being a master they have compromised; it is a mutual compromise: "I will fulfill your demands, you fulfill my demands." And this has been going on for thousands of years.

A real master, an authentic master, a man who knows, is not going to accept any demand from those who do not know. He cannot fulfill your desires, your idea of how a master should be. But your so-called masters have been doing exactly that. If you wanted them to be naked, they remained naked; if you wanted them to fast, they fasted; if you wanted them to do certain yoga exercises, they did them. Whatever you wanted, they did, in order to remain in power, dominating you, dictating your life.

And of course the disciple was the loser, because these people managed to fulfill the demands of the followers... but the followers were not capable of fulfilling the demands of the masters, so they were condemned as sinners. All the religions created nothing but guilt in the human mind, a

deep feeling of inferiority, a sense of failure, a kind of hatred for oneself, one's weaknesses, frailties. They destroyed people's self-respect. And no crime can be greater than that, because once a person loses self-respect he loses his very soul; he loses his manhood, he falls into a subhuman existence.

It has been a very strange nightmare, tremendously painful to the whole of humanity. A few cunning people -- unintelligent but stubborn, stupid but adamant -- managed to do all kinds of irrational things, and because others could not do them, they became great saints.

I used to know one man... Mahatma Gandhi himself had praised the man as a great saint, and all that he had done was that for six months he continued to eat holy cow dung, drink holy cow urine. For six months he did not eat anything else, he did not drink anything else.

I was puzzled... certainly the man was crazy, needed psychiatric treatment. And he was a learned scholar, he was a professor; his name was Professor Bhansali. And Gandhi himself called him a great saint. He used to live in Gandhi's ashram, he was an inmate of Gandhi's ashram. Now what kind of saintliness is this? -- except that the man was utterly idiotic. But in India cow dung is really holy. And in the whole history of India Professor Bhansali is unique; no other saint has been comparable to Professor Bhansali.

Hindu saints eat a little bit of cow dung and cow urine during special holy festivals. They call it panchamrit, "five nectars." All five nectars have come from the cow: the cow dung, the urine, the milk, the curd, the butter. They mix them all and it becomes something divine, it becomes

nectar. They drink it. They have been drinking panchamrit for ten thousand years.
But nobody can beat Professor Bhansali.
Naturally the people who have been doing a little bit of saintliness accepted Professor Bhansali as a great saint -- unique, unparalleled, unprecedented. Even in Mahatma Gandhi's ashram nobody was capable of doing such a feat, so they all worshipped Bhansali. He became a great master to be followed, to be listened to.
Can you see any relevance in his eating cow dung, drinking the urine of the cow, to being a master and advising people how to achieve self-realization? But nobody raised a question, because to raise a question is not only going against Professor Bhansali, it is going against the whole Hindu mind.
And the Hindu mind has been conditioned for ten thousand years to accept such a man as a saint.
Now Bhansali is able to dominate, and he can call you all sinners, unvirtuous, non-religious, materialistic, unspiritual. He was almost dying when I met him. He was an old man by that time; in fact, he died three or four days after I met him.
And I told him, "Stop all this nonsense. All that you have done is that you have eaten cow dung for six months. That gives you no authority of any kind -- and you have gathered a following, you should be ashamed. First you did something stupid -- and these people are not so stupid, so they cannot do it. Now there are only two ways available to them: either to be stupid like you, or to be a sinner. It seems better to be a sinner than to eat cow dung for six months and then be a saint. And hell is far away, and who knows

whether it is there or not? But to eat cow dung for six months is to live in hell herenow. Except that, what kind of spritual quality do you have?"
He said, "It is strange. Even Mahatma Gandhi never asked me."
I said, "It was because he himself saw that he could not manage to eat cow dung for six months he was a little more intelligent than you are. He called you a saint, but that does not make you a saint."
People have been demanding, according to their conditioning, how the master should be: what he should eat, what he should wear, how he should speak, what he should speak about. Everything is controlled by the followers, and the followers are controlled by the master -- a mutual arrangement of enslaving each other and enjoying a beautiful feeling that you are on the path of spirituality.
I had to fight my way continuously, because people started gathering around me and then immediately they would start expecting. If I refused them, I was not a saint; they disappeared. If I had accepted their ideas, they would have been my slaves for their whole lives... and strange ideas, which have no relationship at all as far as spiritual growth is concerned.
I was staying with a family. An old man, almost ninety years old... he was the father of the woman in whose house I was staying. He had renounced the world, he had become a recluse. He used to live outside the city. In thirty years' time he had never come to see his daughter, but hearing that I was staying there he came to see me, because he was very much influenced by one of my books. He was praising me like anything. He said, "If it was in my power, I would

have declared to the whole world that `This is the man who knows. and he should be listened to, followed.'"
I said, "You don't know me; you just have read one book. Don't go that far, because then the return journey is painful."
He was a Jaina. And his daughter came and told me that I should get ready, take my evening bath, because my supper was ready. And in a Jaina family the supper has to be eaten before sunset.
But I said, "Today can be an exception. Your old father, ninety years old, has walked for miles and he has come to see me and I am talking to him. And it seems inhuman... I can eat a little later, don't be worried."
The man heard that. He said, "What do you mean by a little later? The sun is almost setting -- a little later? And I touched your feet, and you don't know even the ABC of religion -- after sunset nothing should be eaten."
Immediately everything changed -- I was no more the world teacher, he had immediately become my teacher. He had come as a disciple; he had touched my feet.
I said, "That's what I was saying, that you don't know me and the return journey will be painful. It is not my fault. You decided just by reading one book. I don't see that there is any problem in eating in the night.
"Mahvira had a problem because there was no electricity, and the people were poor. They used to eat in the dark. Even today in India, in the villages people eat in the dark, not even a candle light. And Mahavira was right, that it is possible that some insect might fall into the food and unknowingly you will be eating something living. and he was against violence.

"But today..." -- and we were sitting in an air-conditioned room; no flies, no insects, and more light than the sun brings into the room -- "you can bring as much electric light into the room as you want; now there is no problem. Now those who can afford light should be allowed to eat any time when they can afford light."

He said, "You are dangerous, and even to listen to your words is a sin. I am leaving utterly frustrated."

I said, "I am not responsible. You had expectations. I never promised that I would fulfill your expectations, I had no idea of you. If your expectations are not fulfilled it is your fault, it is your responsibility. Never expect again."

Leaving me he said, "But you have lost a great admirer."

I said, "I am going to lose millions of admirers. This is only just the beginning, you don't be worried." And I have been losing -- my whole art is how to influence people and create enemies. First they become influenced. Then they start expecting, and their expectations are not fulfilled; they become enemies. I have not done anything at all, it is all their doing -- their own minds, doing the whole game. Certainly many people have come to me and have had to drop me for small reasons, because those small reasons, to them, were very fundamental.

I had many followers of Mahatma Gandhi around me at a certain time. Even the president of the Congress, the ruling party, U.N. Dhebar, was coming to my camps... Shankar Rao Dev, one-time secretary general of the ruling party, and many imminent Gandhians.

I used to wear hand-spun clothes, and that is something very spiritual to the Gandhians. It was perfectly good in India's freedom struggle as a token of protest against

Britain, that we would not use clothes manufactured in Manchester, in Lancashire. And it had a certain logic behind it: before the British rulers came to India, India had such craftsmen that even today there is no technology to create such thin material as was spun and woven by the Indian craftsmen -- particularly living in Dacca and around Dacca in Bangladesh. Their clothes were so beautiful that Britain was at a loss as to how to compete with them in the market.

And what was done was so ugly: the hands of those craftsmen were cut; thousands of people lost their hands so that the beautiful clothes coming from Dacca should disappear. This is not human. It was good as a protest, that "We will not use clothes woven by your machinery. You have destroyed our people, for whom it was not only a living but an art, an art that they have inherited for thousands of years, generation to generation."

But now that the country is independent, that protest no longer has any meaning. After the country became independent, it was idiotic to make hand-spun clothes and the spinning wheel something spiritual. To protest against this, I had to drop those hand-spun clothes. Because now India needs more machinery, more technology; otherwise, the people are going to be hungry, naked, without any roof over their heads.

The moment I started using clothes made by machinery, I was no longer spiritual. All the Gandhians disappeared. U.N. Dhebar, the president of the Congress, told me; "You are unnecessarily losing thousands of followers. Be a little more diplomatic."

I said, "You are telling me to be a diplomat, to be cunning, to be an exploiter, to cheat people? Just to keep them following me I should fulfill their expectations? I am the last one to do that."
And this went on happening in small things, small matters. I am reminded of an old Tibetan story.
There were two monasteries: one monastery was in Lhasa, in the capital of Tibet, and one of its branches was deep in the faraway mountains. The lama who was in charge of the monastery was getting old, and he wanted somebody to be sent from the chief monastery to be his successor. He sent a message.
A lama went there -- it was a few weeks' journey by foot. He told the chief, "Our master is very sick, old, and there is every possibility that he will not survive for long. Before his death, he wants you to send another monk, well trained, to take charge of the monastery."
The chief said, "Tomorrow morning you take them all."
The young man said, "Take them all? I have come only to take one. What do you mean, take them all?"
He said, "You don't understand. I will send one hundred monks."
"But," the young man said, "this is too much. What are we going to do? We are poor and in those parts, the monastery is poor. One hundred monks will be a burden to us, and I have come here to ask only for one."
The chief said, "Don't be worried, only one will reach. I will send one hundred, but ninety-nine will be lost on the way. You will be fortunate even if one reaches."
He said, "Strange..."

On the next day, a long procession started, one hundred monks, and they had to go across the country. Everybody had his house somewhere on the way and people started dispersing... "I will be coming. Just a few days with my parents... I have not been there for years." Within just a week there were only ten people.

The young man said, "The old chief was perhaps right. Let us see what happens to these ten people.

Just as they entered a town, a few monks came and said that their chief had died: "So it will be very kind of you -- you are ten, you can afford to give one lama to us as a chief -- and we are ready to do everything, whatever you want."

Now everybody was ready to become the chief. Finally they decided upon one person and he was left behind.

In another city, the king's men came and they said, "Wait; we need three monks because the king's daughter is being married and we need three priests. That is our tradition. So either you come willingly, or we will take you unwillingly."

Three men disappeared; only six were left. And in this way they went on disappearing.

Finally only two persons were left.

And as they were coming closer to the monastery... it was evening and a young woman met them on the road. She said, "You are such compassionate people. I live here in the mountains -- my house is just there. My father is a hunter, my mother has died. And my father has gone, and he promised to return today but he has not returned. And I am very much afraid to remain alone in the night... just one monk, just for one night."

Both of them wanted to stay! The young woman was so beautiful that it was a great struggle. The young man who had come as a messenger had seen those one hundred people disappearing, and now finally... Finally they said to the woman, "You can choose either one, because otherwise there is going to be unnecessary fighting. And we Buddhist monks are not supposed to fight.

She chose the youngest, the most beautiful monk, and she disappeared into her house. The other monk said to the young man, "Now come on. That man is not going to come back; forget all about him."

The young man said, "But now, you remain strong -- the monastery is very close."

And just before the monastery, in the last village, an atheist challenged the monk: "There is no soul, no God. This is all fiction, this is just to exploit people. I challenge you to a public debate."

The young man said, "Don't get into this public debate, because I don't know how long it will last. And my chief must be waiting -- perhaps he may have already died."

The monk said. "This will be a defeat, a defeat of Buddhism. Unless I defeat this man, I cannot leave this place. The public debate will happen, so inform the whole village."

The young man said, "This is too much! Because your master said at least one would reach, but it seems that only I will reach."

He said, "You get lost. I am a logician, and I cannot tolerate this kind of challenge. It will take months. We are going to discuss everything in detail because I know, I have heard about this man. He is also a very intellectual, philosophical

man. You can go, and if I succeed in the debate I will come. If I am defeated, then I will have to become his follower; then don't wait for me."
He said, "This is too much."
He reached the monastery. The old man was waiting, He said, "You have come? How many had started?"
He said, "One hundred and one, including me."
The old man said, "That's perfectly good. At least you have come back. You be my successor; nobody out of those hundred is going to come now."
And the master knew it, that only one would reach.
It is an old proverb in Tibet that hundreds go but rarely a single individual reaches -- that too, rarely. Many have come into contact with me, have been deeply connected with me, have looked very devoted. But I knew that so many people could not stay with me. It is not a journey for all, it is a journey only for the chosen few. All their devotion will disappear like a dewdrop in the early morning sun. Just a small excuse is enough -- and they will find the excuse. And particularly around a man like me, who follows no scripture, who follows no tradition, who is a law unto himself. Only a very few courageous people are going to remain.
Amrito, now I am talking to those people who don't have any expectations from me. And they are perfectly aware that I don't have any expectations from them.
Now it is a pure love without any conditions attached to it. Only in this purity of love are miracles possible -- and they are happening.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,
SITTING AT YOUR FEET, FEELING ALL THESE MIRACULOUS THINGS HAPPEN WHICH I CANNOT PUT INTO WORDS. I WOULD LIKE TO WHISPER INTO YOUR EAR, "PLEASE OSHO, PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL ALWAYS KEEP ME BUSY TO BE WITH YOU, THAT YOU WILL NEVER LET GO OF MY HAND, WHATEVER HAPPENS!"
OSHO, IS THIS GREED OR A KIND OF DISCIPLEHOOD?

It is not greed because greed has its own symptoms, which are absent.
First, greed never exposes itself. It always hides itself in something else, it never comes in the open. It is ugly; it cannot believe that if it opens itself, exposes itself, it will be welcome.
Everything ugly in man always comes out with a mask.
It is not greed. It is a simple, innocent child in you.
Have you seen a child going for a morning walk with his father? The father is holding the hand of the child... and the father may have all kinds of worries, but the child is full of wonder. He has no worries; everything around him is a mystery -- a butterfly, a flower, seashells on the beach, anything -- all around, there are treasures and treasures. The child is not worried, because he knows he is secure; his hand is in his father's hand. It is enough security, he does not need any more security. Secure in love, safe from any danger -- that is his father's responsibility -- he is available to all that is beautiful, to all that is divine and spread all over, all around.

Your question has come from your very innocence. "Osho, just keep holding my hand."
You are not asking much.
It is not greed at all.
I promise: you can enjoy the ecstasies that existence makes available to you. I am your security; just leave all the worries to me. In fact, this is what surrender is.
People ask what surrender is, but when they ask it becomes very difficult to explain to them, because it is their intellectual question.
This is surrender.
You are simply asking, "Just keep my hand in your hand; don't let go of it." The path is lonely, the night is dark. But if your hand is holding my hand then everything is light. Then there is no night, there is no dark, and everything is beautiful.
This small thing I can do for you without any trouble.
I will keep holding your hand.
I have my own ways, my own strategies. Slowly slowly, it is not me who is keeping your hand, but you who is the one holding it, But that's a secret, I should not have told you!

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
SINCE I HAVE BEEN HERE WITH YOU IN INDIA, I FEEL THAT MOST OF MY ENERGY IS GOING MORE TO THE INSIDE THAN TO THE OUTSIDE. SO OFTEN I'M SITTING AROUND WITH THE FEELING THAT THERE IS NOTHING TO SAY; FEELING EMPTY MUCH MORE THAN I EVER EXPERIENCED

BEFORE. SO MANY THINGS ARE BECOMING EXHAUSTING, EXCEPT LISTENING TO YOU. OSHO, AM I CLOSING MY DOORS TO THE OUTSIDE, OR DOES THIS FEELING HAVE TO DO WITH THE SILENCE YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT?

The doors are the same, whether you open them for the outside or for the inside.

Whether you go out of your home into the world... it is the same door you open; or you come into the home... it is the same door again you have to open. The door is not different; your direction is just different.

When you are moving inwards -- that's what is happening to you -- the outside world is going farther and farther away from you. The doors are open, but your back is towards the outside world and your face is towards the inner. You are more ready to listen to the smallest sound inside than to all the noise outside. It is simply shifting your gear from outside to inside.

You will be surprised to know that when Ford made his first car it had no reverse gear; the idea had just not happened. And it was such a trouble: if you passed your house just by ten feet, you had to go around the whole town to come back to your house, because there was no reverse gear.

People said to Ford, "This is a very strange thing, and troublesome. You should make some arrangement so that the car can move backwards." Then the reverse gear was added.

You have a reverse gear in your consciousness, but you have not used it. You have always been going out, out, out,

with as much speed as possible -- not knowing where, but one thing is certain: you are going with really great speed. One wife was nudging her husband, "You should look at the map. You are going full speed, breaking all the speed laws and not looking at the map, at where you are going." The man said, "Shut up! It doesn't matter where we are going. What matters is what beautiful speed, just enjoy the speed."

I have heard that George Bernard Shaw was once caught traveling in a railway train without a ticket. The ticket checker said to him, "I know you; you are a world-famous man. But don't be worried" -- because he was looking for the ticket, opening this suitcase, that bag, this pocket, that pocket, and the ticket was not anywhere. And he was perspiring and getting very much disturbed.

The ticket checker said, "You forget about the ticket. I know you must have it, it must be somewhere. You relax, I will go, and no one will bother you on the way."

He said, "Who is bothering about the ticket? Don't poke your nose in my affairs. I am concerned about where I am going -- because it is written on the ticket, how am I going to know without the ticket?"

But everybody is in this position: speed, great speed, no ticket, no vague idea even where you are going and why you are going. Just because you have nothing else to do, so you are keeping yourself busy.

Once you understand that there is a possibility of going inwards too, that you can go to yourself, then the whole world is left far behind. Then the noise of the world will not reach you.

It is not that the doors are closed. It is simply the depth of your own being. The silence is so much that it is capable of absorbing all kinds of noise; it will not be disturbed.
What is happening, allow it to happen. Don't interfere. If you can help it, help. If not, then at least don't interfere. It is happening on its own. Soon you will start enjoying the flowers that grow only in the innermost core of your being, the fragrances that are only of the inner.
And when you are at the very center of your being, there is no world outside. That has all gone so far away that the mystics have thought that it is an illusion, it is a dream. It is not a dream; that is not true, it is not illusory. The world is real. But the mystic's feeling is also very authentic. His feeling that the world is illusory, maya, is because when he is centered in himself, the whole world disappears as if it has never been there -- just the way you wake up in the morning and the dreams and the whole world of dreams disappears.
That's why all the mystics of the world have agreed on one point, that the world is illusory. I do not agree with them. The world is not illusory, the world is very much real. Still, what the mystics say is an authentic feeling. The world goes so far away and you are so much immersed in silence and peace that as far as you are concerned, the world is almost illusory. But remember, I'm saying "almost illusory."
I teach a scientific mysticism. The old mysticism is one-sided: it takes account of the inner and condemns the outer as illusory. I don't say that the outer is illusory; neither do I agree with the materialist who says the inner is illusory. The inner is as real as the outer. But the materialist has a

point -- absorbed in materialism, the inner is so far away it is almost illusory.
To a scientific approach, both are real. The inner and outer are two aspects of the same coin. But the trouble is, you can see only one side of the coin at one time. When you see the other side of the coin, then the first side has disappeared, seems to be illusory. When you move around and come to the first side, the second side has become illusory. There is no way of seeing the coin with both sides together simultaneously.
But it does not mean that one side is illusory. Because if one side is illusory, then the other side cannot be real. Either both are unreal or both are real. And both cannot be unreal. The only possibility is both are real.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
IF EVERYTHING IN LIFE I SEE, I FEEL, I TOUCH, IS ILLUSION, WHAT KIND OF RELATIONSHIP DO I HAVE WITH YOU?

Who has said to you that everything that you touch and you see and you feel is an illusion? Just hit your head on a pillar and then you will know it is not illusory. And if any saint says so, just bring him close to a pillar and tell him, "hit your head."

Even the people who have been talking their whole lives -- the Vedantins who are the most fascinated with the idea of the world being illusory -- just watch them: they don't pass through the walls, they always go through the doors.

One shankaracharya was staying in the same temple where I was staying, and he was very insistent that everything is illusory. And he used to have a walking stick -- it was lying just by his side. I took the walking stick in my hands and I said, "I will hit you on the head."

He said, "What? Don't do that. I am an old man; you may break my skull."

I said, "It is all illusory -- the walking stick, the skull, the breaking."

He said, "It is... theory is one thing, but that does not mean that... "

I said, "Theory is one thing and life is another? That shows your insincerity."

Theory and life should be one.

That is what is meant by being authentic.

You must have been reading these so-called great saints who have been saying that the world is illusory. You know perfectly well that it is not.

Just don't eat one day, and in the night you will know that food is not illusory, hunger is not illusory -- and you will be found in the kitchen opening the fridge, knowing perfectly well that it is all illusory. Why are you taking such trouble to open the fridge and take out things which are illusory; unnecessarily eating things which don't exist?

Nothing is illusory. Everything has its own reality. There are realms of reality, levels of reality -- the spiritual is more real than the material -- but the material is not unreal.

You are asking me: if everything is illusory then what is the relationship between me and you?

If all is illusory, then I am illusory, you are illusory. And what relationship can happen between two illusions? Nothing is illusory.

And my relationship with you is more real than the reality of things, because love is more real than anything else in the world.

Poetry is more real than prose.

The inner experiences are more real than the outer experiences, because with the outer experiences there is a distance between you and that which you are experiencing. With the inner experience, you and the experience are one; it has more reality.

The greatest reality in the world is your realization of yourself.

And the relationship with me has a reality far greater than any relationship can have, because this is the relationship that is going to lead you to the ultimate reality, the self-realization.

But don't just bring questions from books, from listening to all kinds of idiots. They may be worshipped as saints, but if they are not practicing what they say, then they are not even sincere men -- what to say about their saintliness?

In my childhood, one of my father's friends was a great physician in that area, and also a very learned scholar. So saints, mahatmas, scholars used to stay in his home. And because of my father's friendship with him, I was allowed in his home, there was no barrier for me -- although whenever there was any guest he wanted me not to come. He used to say, "This is a strange coincidence, that whenever I want you not to come you immediately appear" -- because I was constantly watching from my house so that

if some saint arrived, then the second person to arrive would be me. And I found out from my very childhood... these people were almost all Vedantins, the philosophy that teaches all is illusory.
One of the famous Hindu saints, Karpatri, used to stay there. One day he was sitting; behind him was a door going inside the house. I simply dropped a book on his head. Now, a clean-shaved head... and the book was not just dropping, it was really hitting. And he said, "What are you doing?"
I said, "Nothing, it is all illusory."
The physician was not present.
He said, "Let the physician come. You should be barred from entering into this house."
I said, "Strange, you believe in the house? You believe in the physician? He is sitting there just in front of you."
He looked. He said, "There is nobody there."
I said, "It is illusory, how can you see illusions? I can see him perfectly well; he is sitting in his seat surrounded by his medicines."
He looked again.
I said, "It must be that you are getting old and you need glasses."
He said, "I can see everything else perfectly -- tables, chairs, the walls -- it is just the physician I cannot see."
And at that very time the physician came out, and he said, "Here is the physician!"
I said, "The whole day you are talking about illusion, illusion, illusion, but in your life I don't see any impact of your philosophy. And what is the point of having a philosophy of life which is just verbal, intellectual?"

Avoid these people.
In my childhood, when these people would be giving discourses in the temple, I used to stand up -- and this was one of the points I would make to them: "Don't mention that things are illusory. If you mention it, I will prove that they are not. And you know me perfectly well, because we have met at the physician's place in the morning. I have already proved it.
It started happening that they would avoid coming to my village. The physician told my father, "Saints used to come to my house. Your son is such trouble that when I go to the railway station to receive them they say, `We are not coming, because it becomes such an embarrassing situation: before thousands of people he stands up and he says he can prove... And he can prove, and we cannot prove, that is true. It is only a philosophy that the world is illusory.'"
Always remember that philosophies are worthless unless they can give you an insight, unless they can give you a new vision of life, unless they can transform you, unless they are alchemical.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY IS IT ALWAYS SO DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND YOU AND YOUR WORK?

Narendra, you must be really dumb, very thick. Whatever I am saying is so simple, so obvious. There is no question of understanding it; just listening to it is enough. And if it is difficult, that simply means you have not listened.

Forget understanding. Put your whole energy into listening, and understanding will come on its own accord, just like a shadow that follows you.

I am not saying anything difficult; I am not a philosopher. I am saying very simple things, so obvious that people have forgotten them. But I can feel your difficulty.

Narendra is a psychologist, more in the mind. His whole training is of the mind, and here the whole approach is to put the mind aside. The psychologist is really in a difficulty, because his whole training is of getting deeper into the mind, its mechanics. And here it is a question of getting out of the mind, forgetting all the nonsense that goes on in the mind. That must be your difficulty.

The difficulty is not in my teachings. It is in your training, in your education. You will have to unlearn your psychological training, because we are going beyond psychology. And if you cling to psychology, then anything that is beyond psychology will appear to be very difficult to understand.

Psychology is one of the professions in the world which is strange... Their effort is to help people, to bring people mental health. But more psychologists commit suicide than any other profession; more psychologists go mad than any other profession; more psychologists get into perversions, sexual and others, than any other profession. Something is basically wrong, and this is what is wrong: They have been told that man is mind and nothing else. There is no soul, there is no beyond. Mind is all, and with death of the mind everything ends.

This is a lie. Mind is not all; mind is only an instrument. You can use it rightly, you can use it wrongly. If you use it

wrongly then there are going to be perversions, murders, suicides, madness. If you use it rightly then you can step beyond it.
If you want to understand me, use your mind rightly. Meditate, step beyond it.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #32

Chapter title: The greatest gamble
20 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN THE COMMUNIST PARTY TELLS A LIE, WE KNOW IT IS A LIE. WHEN THE POPE TELLS A LIE, WE KNOW IT IS A LIE AND WE SAY THAT HE IS TELLING A LIE, BUT WHEN YOU TELL A LIE, WE ALWAYS SAY IT IS A "DEVICE."
I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY YOU TELL US SO MANY LIES-DEVICES. WHETHER I CONNECT WITH YOU AS A MASTER OR AS A FRIEND, IT IS STILL FOR ME A QUESTION OF TRUST.
OSHO, MY HAND, AND MY WHOLE BEING, IS TREMBLING AS I WRITE YOU MY FIRST QUESTION SINCE I HAVE BECOME YOUR SANNYASIN.
PLEASE MAKE IT CLEAR FOR ME ONCE AGAIN.
I LOVE YOU.

Prem Luca, the first thing that has to be noted is that you are a new sannyasin; you are not acquainted with my ways

or the ways of other masters. But your question is significant, and I would like to go deep into it from all possible aspects.

A stone on the path can either be a stopping stone, hindering the path, or it can be a stepping stone helping you to go higher on the path. The stone is the same, but how you use it all depends on your use.

Gautam Buddha has defined truth as "that which works" -- a strange definition, but immensely profound.

The question is not whether something is a lie or not; the question is whether the lie is an arrow pointing towards the truth or away from it. What is the direction of the arrow? For the seeker, the lie that becomes an arrow pointing towards the truth is as valuable as truth itself. And sometimes the reverse can happen: a truth may not lead you to the ultimate truth; it may lead you towards more darkness, more mortality. Then it is not worth choosing.

The Communist Party has nothing to do with devices; it has nothing to do with truth either. Its domain is that of facts, hence it is very easy to say what is factual and what is not factual. But the world the master deals with is not the world of facts.

You have to understand the difference between the fact and the truth: fact belongs to the material world; truth belongs to the transcendental. What is fact today may not be fact tomorrow. You are young today, it is a fact; but tomorrow you will be old, and the fact will no longer be a fact.

The truth is always the same -- today, tomorrow, for the whole eternity.

It is easy to find out if somebody is saying something against the factual reality; the lie is so apparent and so

meaningless. But about the transcendental world, all words are lies. So it is not a question that I lie once in a while -- the moment you utter a word about the ultimate you have uttered a lie.

Lao Tzu never wrote in his whole life, not even a single letter. And he was known, it was felt by many that he had found the treasure and he was not saying anything about it -- what a miser! Even the emperor called him and told him, "This is not right. You should say what you have found, because it radiates from your being; you come close, and we can feel the coolness, the silence, the beauty. You are pregnant with something that is not of this world. Say it, write it, so that those who are groping in the dark can find the way."

Lao Tzu simply said, "Do you think I have not thought about it? I have been crying and weeping; I have shed tears in the darkness of the night when nobody could see that I was crying and weeping, because I know it. But simultaneously I know also that the moment I say anything about it, it will be a betrayal. It cannot be confined in words; no explanation is possible for this experience. So please just excuse me, I am utterly helpless. When I look at people I feel to say something, but when I go in and look at my own being, the luminosity of it, I see my utter helplessness -- how am I going to pour this luminosity into words? This living truth cannot be forced into dead words, and I am not going to commit this crime."

His whole life he remained silent.

A few disciples still followed him, came close to him. Although he had not spoken, they heard it. This is the mystery -- they heard it like a silent music, they heard it

like a fragrance arising, they heard it in the beauty and the depth of the eyes of Lao Tzu. But this was possible only for very few people.
Those who can understand without words don't need any devices.
Prem Luca, you are not one of them.
You will need words. You are not so innocent, so open, so available that silence can be heard by you, that silence can become a sermon.
Yes, there are people for whom stones are sermons, they don't need words. But those rare people have become less and less in the world.
The world has become more and more knowledgeable. People have forgotten that there are other ways of communication; now they know only one way of communication and that is the words. And in the words, the truth cannot be expressed. Then the only possible way is to tell you lies which point towards the truth.
Slowly slowly, the moment you see the truth you will understand the compassion of the person who was ready even to lie for you. Lao Tzu was not so compassionate as I am. Lao Tzu was more concerned about the purity of truth; I am more concerned about the evolution of your being. Without your evolution, the truth will disappear from the world. But if you need a few devices I don't hesitate at all. I am ready to tell you anything that can help to bring you even a single step closer.
At the last, when Lao Tzu was going to leave China and go into the Himalayas to die there, the emperor gave orders all over the country that wherever he crosses the boundaries he

should be caught, and forced -- unless he writes his experience he cannot be allowed to go out of the country.
He was caught. The man who caught him had always loved him; with tears in his eyes, he said, "I have to follow the orders. This is my cottage; for miles there is no other house. This is the boundary -- I will not let you go. You can rest in my cottage and write down your experience."
Lao Tzu had to write it down. In three days he completed his only book -- just a small book, only a few pages. The first sentence is, "The truth cannot be said; the moment you say it, it becomes a lie. So reading my book, please remember it. I am writing it under compulsion. I will try my best, but even then it remains only a beautiful lie."
He was completely unaware that in the hands of an articulate master even lies can become stepping stones.
He was a mystic, but not a master. He had come to know, but he was unable to lead others to know it.
Prem Luca, a man comes to me asking, "Is enlightenment possible in this life? Is it so easy? -- because I have heard saints saying that it is so difficult that hundreds of lives are needed."
What do you want me to say to this man? -- that hundreds of lives are needed? Then perhaps in thousands of lives also he will not be able to get it. I say to this man, "Enlightenment is possible right now. It is not a question of lives, not even of days, not even of hours. If you are ready, this very moment..."
This gives him courage. Although he knows that it is not possible this very moment -- but perhaps tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, at least in this life...

I say to the man, "It is the easiest thing in the world because it is your self nature. It is not something to be achieved, it is something to be remembered. You have simply forgotten it. So don't be worried." In a sense I am lying. I know that perhaps it will not be possible in this life, but it is a `perhaps'. Perhaps if I can give him enough encouragement, if I can give him enough inspiration, if I can give him enough challenge, it may be possible.

I am ready to lie, because I am not going to lose anything by lying, but he may get something. There is no harm. I am lying for his benefit. I am not lying to cheat him, because I will not be benefited by it. I am not lying to exploit him. I am simply making it clear to him that time is not important but your intensity, your longing is important. If your longing is dull, if you don't have any intensity, if you are lousy, then perhaps it will take hundreds of lives. But if you are ready to risk, risk your life, then this very moment can become an opening.

Life is not an arithmetic, it is a mystery.

You cannot predict. Anything is possible -- why not hope for the best? Why not create the situation for the best? If it has happened to me, one thing has become absolutely certain -- that it can happen to you. I don't put myself on any holy pedestal. I am not holier than you, I am not higher than you, I am not a prophet, I am not a savior, I am not a messenger of God. I am not the only begotten son of God, I am just a simple, ordinary man like you. And if it is possible for me, it is possible for you; the difference is only that you are believing that it is very difficult. Your belief makes it difficult -- that too is a lie. And when there is no other way except lying, why not make it easy?

I say, "It is the easiest thing in the world." It is a lie, but it is a better lie! It is compassionate.
That's why when communists tell a lie it is a lie, and when a master tells a lie it is not a lie, it is a device. It is a device to help you in some way, to bring you closer to the truth. There is no direct way; hence, indirect ways are needed. A device is only an indirect way.
I have been telling the story often...
A man's house is on fire and his small children, very small children, are playing inside. They are very excited. They don't know... they are absolutely innocent, and they are dancing and enjoying because they have never seen such flames.
The whole village has gathered around the house, and people are shouting to the children from outside, "Come out, you will get burned!" But there is so much shouting that nobody is hearing, and those children are so enchanted with the flames dancing all around the house... and they are just in the middle, dancing and enjoying and giggling. It is such a great excitement to them.
Just then their father, who had gone to the city, comes back. And people gather around him and they say, "We are sorry, we cannot bring your children out. We have tried hard, we have been shouting, but they don't listen."
The father goes around the house... just near a window there is still no fire. He calls to the children; he says, "Listen, I have brought all the toys that you asked for. Just come out and get your toys."
And they all jump out of the window and they start asking, "Where are the toys?"

He says, "You just come out. I have left them there in the crowd." And when they reach there he says, "Just forgive me, I lied. I had to bring you out, and there was no way and no time to explain to you that you will be burned to death. This is fire, this is not entertainment. I have forgotten to bring your toys; I will bring them tomorrow, certainly. Forgive me for lying, but without lying it was impossible to save your lives -- only your toys could bring you out of the burning house."

What are you going to say, Prem Luca, to this father? -- that he is a liar, that he should feel ashamed that he lies to his own children? Or can you see his compassion, his love? And who has told you that lies are always bad? In this story they are not; they proved to be life-saving devices.

If I tell you things which are beyond your mind right now, perhaps you may get scared.

Do you know Buddhism disappeared from India just in five hundred years. The greatest man in the history of religion... and his religion could not survive for even five hundred years; after five hundred years his religion disappeared. Something was basically wrong in his approach. Not that he had not realized the truth; he had realized the truth, but he was telling things to people which he should not have told them. He was telling the truth, but the people were not ready to hear the truth; they wanted a sweet lie. He should have told a sweet lie in such a way that they could swallow the bitter truth with it too.

Every truth has to be sugar-coated; otherwise, you cannot swallow it.

Buddha said to people, "When you come to your innermost point, you will disappear, anatta -- no self, no being, no

soul. You will be just a zero, and the zero will be melting into the universal zero." Very close to the ultimate truth, but told in a very crude way.

Now, who wants to become a zero? People have come to find eternal bliss. They are already tired, miserable, in deep anguish, suffering all kinds of insanity. And they have come to the master and the master says, "The only medicine is that you become a zero" -- in other words: the disease can be cured only if the patient is killed. Translated exactly, that is what it means. Naturally the disease will disappear when the patient is killed, but you had come to be cured, not to be killed.

The religion disappeared within five centuries. It has intrinsic reasons, and the basic reason is that people did not find it tasteful, alluring, attractive. It was naked and true, but who wants naked truth?

I have to talk about bliss, about benediction, about thousands of lotuses blossoming in you. Then you think that it is worth it. Just sitting silently for one hour every day, if thousands of lotuses open inside, thousands of suns rise, then it is worth it to find one hour in twenty-four hours.

But the truth is, no lotuses, no suns -- just pure nothingness. That's what Gautam Buddha was telling people.

Because of his influence people followed him, but when he died... He had left great disciples; somehow the stream continued, but it became smaller and smaller. And within five hundred years it disappeared completely, because nobody new was even interested in it. Nobody wanted to become just a zero and disappear; then it is better to be miserable, but at least you are, and you have some hope

that some day you may get out of your misery. You are poor, but some day you may be rich. Today it is not good, but tomorrow is there. Don't lose heart; tomorrow may bring good news to you. But this man is saying, "Renounce the world, renounce all pleasures of the world." For what? -- to become a zero!

The people who had followed Buddha had not followed because of what he was saying, but because of what he was. When he disappeared only his sayings remained, and nobody was ready even to hear about it.

If you put zero on one side and hell on another side, people would rather go to hell -- at least there they can find some restaurant, some disco. Something is bound to be there, because all the nice people have been going to hell. Only dry bones, so-called saints with no juice at all are going into heaven. All juicy people -- poets, painters, sculptors, dancers, actors, musicians -- they are all going into hell. So if you have a choice between zero and hell, anybody who has any intelligence will choose hell willingly. But zero... ? From hell there is a possibility to get out one day, even to reach to heaven. But from zero, nothing is left, not even a xerox copy -- gone, gone, gone forever.

Prem Luca, I have been trying to help you move towards truth by using all kinds of devices, methods, meditations, stories, words, theories, arguments. They themselves are not true, but they indicate towards the truth. When my finger is pointing towards the moon, that does not mean that my finger is the moon. It simply means: look at the moon, not at the finger -- the finger is not the moon. If you cling to the finger then you will say, "You have been lying, this is not the moon."

But I myself am saying that anything that has been said or can be said is just an indication, a finger pointing. Look at the pointed at, the unknowable, the mysterious -- move... Even if I have to tell you things which are not going to happen, if they can lead you towards that which needs to happen... They are lies, but not just lies; they are devices. And they are out of compassion, they are just to help you. So whatever you want, whatever you desire, whatever you long for, I use it because I know that once you have started moving in the right direction, you will stop longing for anything that is a hindrance. In the beginning it may have been a help. As you go closer to the truth, you yourself will see that now it is a hindrance. You will drop it.

When Edmund Hilary went to Everest he had a group of at least thirty people and tons of luggage, food, materials, tents, emergency equipment, cameras, all kind of things... but he reached to the top. As he went higher and higher he had to leave things, because each thing became heavier. As air becomes thinner, things become heavier; one has to sort out what is non-essential and drop it on the way. Coming back, you can pick it up again.

Finally when he reached very close... just a few feet more... the last thing he dropped was his coat. Even the coat was feeling too heavy. Breathing was difficult. Just a few feet before, he had left his camera that he brought just to take pictures. He gave it to Tensing, his associate, saying, "You keep it and you take the pictures; I cannot carry it anymore. It has become so heavy, and breathing is so difficult." Just standing on Everest, he had nothing. He was just alone.

Almost exactly the same happens in the journey of truth. You start with much luggage, you have to... If I tell you to

drop all luggage right now you will say, "Then I am not going." So I say, "You just collect as much junk as you can" -- because I know you will go on dropping it by yourself. I don't need to tell you. As you move higher, you will start dropping the junk. Even if I say, "You are dropping such valuable things -- keep them!" you will say, "Now it is impossible; either the things can go on, or I can go on. Both cannot go on together, they will kill me." And they were valuable things at one moment; now they are dangerous to life.

And finally, you will be alone. All words, all devices, all methods have been left because they all became burdensome. But in the beginning it is better not to say it; it is better to give you as much burden as possible so you enjoy the journey. At least in the beginning, you are going great. The journey itself transforms you, takes all the lies, and finally just the pure truth remains.

That's the function of a device.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

I AM A GAMBLER WHOSE HEART IS DRAWN TOWARDS YOU LIKE A MAGNET; YET ,WHEN I AM PHYSICALLY CLOSE TO YOU I FEEL LIKE A TEEN-AGER ON MY FIRST DATE, NOT KNOWING QUITE HOW TO BE, AFRAID I WILL DO, SAY OR WRITE THE WRONG THING. IS THERE SOME GAMBLE I AM AFRAID TO MAKE?

It is the greatest gamble of life.

To be with me you are going to lose yourself sooner or later. That creates an unconscious fear.
Each love affair is dangerous, because one has to lose oneself. From a distance it is perfectly good. Lovers think of so many things in their minds that they are going to say when they meet their beloved, their lover. But when they meet, they suddenly become dumb. Just the closeness creates a change -- the chattering mind is no more chattering. And there is a fear. If love is authentic there is bound to be fear.
If love is not authentic, then there is no fear. Then you can say anything you like -- just repeat dialogues from films you have seen and the novels you have read and the poetries, and there is no risk because it is all phony.
Do you understand the word `phony'? It comes from `telephone'. Lovers on the telephone are great talkers. Hours will pass, and they are on the telephone. They become so articulate, because there is nobody around -- the woman is so far away, the man is so far away, maybe miles. The word `phoney' comes from telephone, because the telephone changes the whole situation. It is no longer authentic, it is false. Even your voice is not your voice; on the telephone it sounds like somebody else's voice.
But face to face, if there is real love, silence descends and fear surrounds you -- and the fear is of being dissolved into the other.
It is one of the most important things to understand: the more you are attracted to a person the more you are afraid of the person, because the attractiveness simply means it is irresistible. When you come close you will not be able to

keep yourself separate, you will forget and take a jump and become one with the other. This is about the ordinary love. When you come to a master, things become even more difficult. To be with a master is to be ready to die; to die as you are, to be born again as you should be. You don't know about what you are going to be after the death. You know what you are, and it is very natural to cling to it -- because who knows whether you will be reborn or not? There is no guarantee, nobody has promised anything. And even if somebody promises something, if you are not here what is the point of the promise? Who is going to fight the case and sue the person in the court, that "This man has promised me that I will be reborn." Now, the dead cannot fight cases in the courts.

To be with a master is the greatest gamble.

You are putting everything at stake, not knowing what is going to happen afterwards, what the result of it is going to be.

The master says that you will be reborn, that you will be born in glory, that you will be born in your immortality, in your deathlessness. Hence, trust becomes the foundation of religion -- not belief, but trust. Belief is in theories, in philosophies. Trust is in individuals. If you trust, you can risk.

And trust is the rarest quality in the modern man. That's why you don't see many people who can be representatives of the divine, whose very presence can be the argument that there is something beyond the visible, beyond the tangible. There used to be many more people on the earth of that quality, but that quality has been destroyed. Religions have destroyed that quality. It will be a surprise to you, because

that is the very foundation of a true religion. But a true religion can be only one without any name -- it cannot be Hindu, it cannot be Mohammedan, it cannot be Christian. It can only be a quality of religiousness.

Now all religions are against religiousness, want to prevent religiousness. On that point the shankaracharyas, the popes, the ayatollahs are all in agreement. So they have created something similar to deceive humanity, and they have deceived for thousands of years. Instead of trust, they have handed you belief. Now, belief is just a toy -- you can play with it, it cannot transform you. Millions of Christians, for twenty centuries, have not been able to produce a single Christ -- what can be more of a failure?

Twenty-five centuries, and all the Jainas have not been able to produce a single Mahavira. Where have these people disappeared to? Now, even their names seem to be suspicious, seem to be mythological. They don't seem to be historical personalities because nothing similar exists in the world today.

The priests of all the religions are the enemies of religiousness.

They have given belief to people: believe in God, believe in heaven and in hell, believe in a thousand and one things. But they have taken your guts away from you. They have made you all businessmen.

Religiousness needs gamblers.

A businessman is always thinking of profit, how much he can gain out of a certain deal.

The gambler is not thinking of profit. He is simply enjoying the moment when he stakes everything and waits for the unknown to happen. In that waiting, he tastes something of

religiousness. But that is momentary; with a master it becomes a constant phenomenon. The closer you come, the more you are on the stake, the more you are on a funeral pyre.
The day you die, the disciple is born -- and the fear of death is there. You have to risk in spite of the fear; otherwise you can never be a disciple. And without being a disciple one cannot enter into the world of religion.
Then you can go into a church, you can go into a temple, you can go into a mosque. You can repeat like parrots words written in scriptures... but nothing of your own experience.
The master is a jumping board from where you can jump into the unknown.
Nobody has ever come back again the same. Passing through the master, everybody has come with a resurrected individuality, with a new light in the eyes, a new grace in the being -- new joy in your steps, a new dance surrounding you.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
THOUGH I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, I SEEM TO ALWAYS FIND REASONS NOT TO COME TOO CLOSE. AM I AVOIDING YOUR PHYSICAL PRESENCE?

I have just answered you.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,

WHEN I LOOK INSIDE I CAN SEE YOUR FACE, WHEN I SMELL INSIDE I CAN SMELL YOU, WHEN I FEEL INSIDE I CAN FEEL YOUR TOUCH.
WHEN I HEARD YOUR VOICE TWO WEEKS AGO SAYING, `COME' I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT. BUT WHEN I LOOKED, YOU HAD THIS HUGE SMILE, SO I AM HERE.
CAN YOU PLEASE TALK TO US ABOUT THE DIFFERENT WAYS OF COMMUNICATION WITH YOU, OR ABOUT COMMUNICATION BETWEEN MASTER AND DISCIPLE?

There are only two ways:
One is between the teacher and the student, and one is between the master and the disciple.
The first I call communication, and the second I call communion.
I am speaking to you. It is possible just to be concerned with my words; then you are a student here, and as far as you are concerned I am only a teacher to you. You will become more knowledgeable, you will know more about and about, but your ignorance will remain the same.
If you listen to me -- not only to the words, but to the heart that is beating behind them -- then there is communion. Then you may not become more knowledgeable but your ignorance will start disappearing into innocence.
A moment comes between the master and the disciple when just looking in the eyes is enough, or just sitting, with the disciples allowing your presence, is enough. In the silence, slowly a synchronicity starts happening -- a music between heart and heart which is not heard but felt.

I don't want students anymore. I have wasted enough time with them.
My whole concern now is with the disciples. And for the disciple there is no other way than communion, a merger -- two consciousnesses meeting and merging, losing their boundaries, overlapping. Whatever I have experienced starts overflowing into you, waking you up, waking your deepest spiritual sleep so that the disciple one day is no more a disciple; he has come home. He has become a master himself.
It is not a question of knowledge. It is a question of being, how much being you have. At a certain point your being starts merging with the universal being. There, the master's work is finished; he can say goodbye to you. Now you have reached the point of no return. You cannot fall back, you can only go on and on to the ultimate.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
THE MIND IS THE SICKNESS, THE HEART IS A CURE. BEYOND THAT, YOUR PRESENCE INDICATES SILENCE, WHERE WORDS ARE NO LONGER USEFUL. I FEEL HEALTHY WITH LOVE, REMEMBERING YOU AND MEDITATION.
OSHO, COULD YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT LOVE, REMEMBERING YOU, AND MEDITATION IN OUR DAILY LIVES?

They are not different.

Just concentrate your whole energy on meditation. Become silent, watch your thoughts moving on the screen of the mind. Just by watching, they will disappear one day. Don't be in a hurry. You cannot do anything except watch and wait.

Remember these two key words : watch and wait. Whenever the time is ripe, your watchfulness is perfect, thoughts will disappear -- and their disappearance means the opening of the whole existence. This is what I call meditation.

In this moment there will be a very subtle remembrance of me, but don't emphasize it. Let it come as a breeze and let it go. It should not be a hindrance, it should be only a simple gratefulness -- just a whiff of fragrance for a moment, surrounding you and then disappearing into the cosmos. And as you become open to existence, you will find for the first time what love is. It will not be addressed to anybody in particular; it will be unaddressed -- to the stars, to the trees, to people, to animals, to the mountains, to the rivers, to the ocean. To everything that is... your love will be showering on it. But you need not worry about it; these are byproducts of meditation.

So don't think of three things -- meditation, remembrance of the master, and love. Just concentrate totally on meditation. When the meditation is complete there will come a moment when you will remember the master; it is bound to be so. And then there will be just an overflowing of love for no reason, just because you are so full, a raincloud. You will be a lovecloud wanting to shower. The ordinary love is always towards someone, always addressed. And the addressed love is dangerous.

I am reminded of a beautiful story: A Buddhist nun had a beautiful golden buddha, a small, golden statue of Buddha. She was staying in a temple in China... perhaps it is the only temple in the whole world with so many statues. It is called the temple of ten thousand buddhas. Ten thousand statues of Buddha -- the whole mountain has been carved, the whole mountain has become a temple.

But she was so much attached to her small golden buddha that although there were beautiful statues of Buddha in different postures -- sitting, walking, sleeping -- she would worship her own golden buddha every day in the morning. But there was a difficulty, and the difficulty was that she would burn incense. Her buddha was very small, and you cannot depend on the winds. The winds would come and would take the smoke of the incense to other buddhas. And there were ten thousand buddhas -- her own poor buddha was so small that he was not getting any incense. She was really angry: "This is too bad. Other buddhas are getting it, and I am not burning it for them. This is simply fraud, and my poor buddha is suffering."

She thought of a device. She made a small bamboo, a hollow bamboo and put it over the smoke of the incense and attached it to the nose of the small buddha. And she was very happy because all the incense was going to the little buddha, her own buddha: "Who cares about buddhas? The question is my buddha."

But that created a new trouble: the face of the buddha became black. She went to the priest of the temple and she said, "Help me. I am an old nun and I don't know what to do now."

He said, "But how did it happen?" She explained the whole thing. He said, "You are stupid. They are all buddhas, they are statues of the same person. You should not be so attached to your own small buddha."
This is what happens whenever love is addressed: it blackens the face of both persons, because both are addressing each other. So you can see lovers nagging, bitching...
Let the fragrance go, because all are one as far as life is concerned, all are one as far as existence is concerned. Nobody is the other.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #33

Chapter title: Meditation in the market place, not market place meditation
21 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WADUDA AND I ARE LEADING A GROUP CALLED "MEDITATION IN THE MARKETPLACE" WHICH INCLUDES TEACHING PEOPLE HOW THEIR MINDS CREATE THEIR REALITY. ONE OF THE EXERCISES IS SHOWING PEOPLE WAYS TO FULFILL THEIR DESIRES.
DOES SHOWING PEOPLE HOW TO FULFILL THEIR DESIRES BRING THEM TO A STATE OF MEDITATION, OR DOES IT LEAD THEM FURTHER AWAY FROM IT?

Wadud, meditation in the marketplace is my whole message, but the sense in which you have understood it is not right.

Firstly, meditation is not something within the mind. The world is within the mind. Meditation is beyond the mind.

The mind creates the world, but the mind cannot create meditation. The mind can create frustration, satisfaction, pleasure, pain, anxiety, anguish or an animal-type contentment, the buffalo contentment -- but the buffalo is not in meditation.

You are right when you say the mind creates its own world; it projects itself upon objects. The same object can be a beloved, a friend, or a foe. You can die for the same person, you can kill the same person too. You can desire riches, power, prestige, respectability; you can even desire desirelessness. You can create a world empire, you can be Alexander the Great; or you can renounce the world and can be a recluse in the mountains, in the Himalayas -- it is your mind game.

It is true that your world is your mind projected on a screen. But you are going to help people to be satisfied with their desires.

You have asked a very significant question: Is it going to help them towards meditation, or is it going to take them away from meditation?

It is going to take them away from meditation. You are not going to be a friend; you are poisoning people if you help them to be contented with their desires.

A divine discontentment is a basic step towards meditation, not contentment. If a man is contented with his money with his power, with his respectability, why should he meditate? You have given him the opium, you have drugged him.
Wadud, this has been done by all the religions down the ages -- giving opium to the people, making them contented, teaching them that being contented in the world is spirituality. They consoled people, but consolation is not religion.
Religion is revolution.
And revolution never comes out of contentment; it comes out of tremendous discontentment.
Just for an example, you can look at the history of India. For ten thousand years it has suffered all kinds of humiliations, slaveries, poverty, sickness; yet there has not been any revolution. Strange... for thousands of years millions of people in India are being treated almost like animals or even worse, but they have not revolted. They have been perfectly content because the religions -- Hindus, Buddhists, Jainas, were all teaching one thing: if you are contented in the world, you will be rewarded in the other world a millionfold. To be discontented is unspiritual. If you are poor, accept it as a gift of God.
Have you not heard Jesus saying to people, "Blessed are the poor for they shall inherit the kingdom of God"? In his small statement the essential religious approach towards poverty is expressed: be contented. If you are a beggar, it is only a question of a few days...
And to console the poor, Jesus says, "A camel can pass through the eye of a needle, but a rich man cannot pass through the gates of paradise." It feels good. The poor feels

proud of his poverty; it is something unique, special, divine. The rich man is stupid; just a few days of richness and then an eternity of hell. A few days of poverty, and then an eternity of all the pleasures that you can imagine, that you can dream of -- and forever and forever. If both are given to you to choose from, what are you going to choose, richness or poverty? -- richness for seventy years and an eternity of hellfire, no exit, no way to escape from hell; you can only get in, you cannot get out; or seventy years of poverty... it is simply a test of your trust. And blessed are those who pass the test joyfully, without any complaint -- theirs is the kingdom of God.

Ten thousand years of all kinds of inhuman living -- humiliation, slavery, poverty, death, starvation -- but in ten thousand years not a single voice for revolution, that we should change this whole structure, this whole society. The vested interests are happy, those who are in power are happy. The priests are happy, and the poor and the downtrodden are contented.

Karl Marx was not wrong when he said, "Religions have proved to be the opium of the people." On that point I agree with him absolutely.

Wadud, you are going to do the same thing. You are my sannyasin, and you are going into the marketplace to help people to be contented.

Take meditation to the marketplace -- but meditation does not mean contentment. Yes, a contentment comes, but that is not in the beginning of meditation -- that is the ultimate fulfillment of meditation.

The first contentment is against human beings, and the last contentment is the fulfillment of all your potential. That is

the kingdom of God, but that is nothing to be practiced by you; hence, there is no need to talk about it. It comes on its own accord.

As your meditation deepens, as you become more silent, as you become more peaceful, as you become more balanced, centered, alert, conscious, a contentment starts following you like a shadow; but that is not your doing.
I do not teach contentment.
But people have been cheated and befooled. You will be loved by people, respected by people if you go in the marketplace and help them to be contented with their desires, with the situation in which they find themselves. You will not sharpen their minds, you will not bring more intelligence to them. You will make them dull, you will make them mediocre. Idiots are always contented.
You will not be helping them towards a transformation of being because for that, discontentment is needed. A man has to be so discontented with the world that he is ready to be transformed whatsoever the cost, that he is ready for any risk. And meditation is a risk.
It is a risk because your ego has to be sacrificed. Either you can exist, or meditation can happen.
Ordinarily you think, "I am going to meditate." You do not understand the phenomenology of meditation. You cannot meditate. You are the barrier, you are the only disturbance. If you want meditation to happen, you have to disappear. You have to drop this idea of yourself being somebody. You have to become a nobody. The moment you are nobody, a silence descends on you, followed by a contentment. It is not contentment with the world; it is

contentment with existence, with the stars, with the roses, with the ocean, with the rocks, with the mountains. It is not contentment with being a president of a country or a prime minister; it is not contentment with being the richest man in the world. It has nothing to do with your so-called world of ambitions. It is a very non-ambitious state. You are utterly empty, even empty of yourself.

Only in that emptiness, contentment blossoms, flowers -but that contentment is divine.

It is not something that you have done, it is something that you have allowed to happen. You have not been a hindrance; you have become a hollow bamboo, a flute, and you have allowed the song to pass through you. It is not your song. It has not got your signature; it is the song of existence itself.

Go to the marketplace, take meditation to the marketplace, Wadud, but understand exactly the implications of it. It is not meditation to help people to be contented as they are -- you have drugged them, you have stopped their transformation, you have somehow consoled them that "You are perfectly right as you are; there is no more in life. You have already got more than you deserve."

And people will listen to you.

They have listened for thousands of years to this kind of nonsense. There are reasons why they have listened to it: because it is very consoling, relaxing, making you free from any struggle to grow, helping you to remain wherever you are. And you are in the ditches. All the religions, through different theoretical explanations, rationalizations, have been telling people, "Wherever you are, whatever you

are, just silently do your duty and you will be benefited."
Revolution, transformation, are not religious words.
And to me there is no authentic religion without revolution, without transformation.
I would like to say, first you need divine discontentment to begin the journey of transformation. You have to be so utterly disgusted with the world you are living in, with the personality that you are living in, that you can start a journey of transformation. The beginning of the pilgrimage has to be a tremendous discontentment.
Otherwise, man is lazy. If you tell the man, "There is nowhere to go, you are already where you are supposed to be and God is taking care of everything. You need not worry; all that you can do is pray. Thank God for your poverty, thank God for your sickness, thank God for your old age, thank God for your slavery"... what else have you got to thank God for?
Any revolution means revolution against God because he is the creator, he is the maintainer of the world. He is omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient. He can see everything that is happening, has happened, has yet to happen -- past, present, future. He can reach every nook and corner of the world, he has thousands of hands. You have seen the pictures of God with thousands of hands: those thousands of hands are saying, "Don't be worried, there is one hand for you too." He will take care.
Any complaint is disrespectful. Any complaint means you are more intelligent than God -- you are saying that you can create a world better than God has created. You can create a human personality more luminous, more cheerful, more integrated than God has created. Any complaint, any

grudge, any grumbling is against God. Accept your slavery with thankfulness, accept your humiliation with prayer -- this is what religions have been teaching to the people. This is how they have taken meditation into the marketplace.
Wadud, this is an ancient story. You are not doing anything new. All the priests of all the religions have been giving the same consolation: "Keep the status quo as it is. God above, everything is okay with man, with the world."
My approach is totally different.
There is no God with thousands of hands. Even thousands of hands will not be enough. Right now there are five billion people on the earth. At least five billion hands will be needed -- there will not be any God, only hands. It will be a very weird looking animal, like an octopus. And looking at the world you can see that nobody is taking care of it, that it is accidental; there is no order, no harmony. There is everywhere disorder and disharmony.
Can you conceive a God and Adolf Hitler at the same time? And God is omnipotent, all-powerful: just with one hand he could have taken Adolf Hitler up. But no hand came down, and Adolf Hitler killed six million people.
And now Adolf Hitler is out of date. Ronald Reagan can kill the whole world but God is still nowhere available.
At least take up Ronald Reagan. Just for a change give one proof of your existence.
For thousands of years man has been arguing and waiting -- the proof must come -- but the skies are silent, no answer comes from anywhere.
There is nobody there. You are unnecessarily waiting.
If you want to change, you will have to do something. You have relied on God for long enough, and the situation has

been going from bad to worse. It is time to take the situation into your own hands; at least for your life you should feel responsible.

Meditation is not a social revolution, it is an individual revolution. It is an appeal to the individual soul: You take responsibility in your own hands. Don't be contented, because there is so much more potential in you. You are only seeds, and if seeds become contented that is suicide. You have to become sprouts, you have to become trees, you have to dance in the breeze, in the sun, in the moon, in the wind. You have to blossom, you have to release the fragrance that is hidden in you. And unless your fragrance is released, you will not find contentment, authentic contentment that comes on its own -- not created by you; that is strictly hypocrisy.

Somehow you can manage, convince yourself that "This is my fate." Nobody has any fate. Strange lies repeated for millions of years have become truths. You don't have any fate. Your birth chart is just an exploitation by cunning people, because the stars are not interested in you. It is very ego-fulfilling that all the stars are interested in you -- when an idiot is born, all the stars are interested in the idiot.

I used to live in a university campus as a teacher, and just nearby lived a professor who was very much interested in astrology. He himself was a professor of mathematics. I told him many times, "You must have a split personality, because a man of mathematics cannot be so stupid as to be interested in astrology. You must be two persons together. Sooner or later you are going to fall into a nervous breakdown; you are schizophrenic."

He said, "Strange... I have not asked you anything. You came to see me, and you are condemning me like anything."

I said, "I have to condemn, because I see that the whole day people are coming to show you their birth charts. You are reading their hands, the lines on their hands; you are telling them who to marry, who not to marry. And what about your own marriage?"

He said, "Speak quietly because she is just listening." His wife used to beat him.

I said, "Where was your astrology? -- when you married this woman your stars did not say anything about the fact that this woman was going to beat you."

And in this country, every marriage is according to the astrologers, and every marriage is a failure. Strange world we are living in: you cannot find a single marriage which is a real meeting of the hearts. And if you find it, you will be surprised -- it is not decided by the astrologers. Astrologers are, without fail, failing.

But man feels a great consolation that all the stars are interested in him. God is so interested in him that he is looking after him, that he made man in his own image. And just look at your face in the mirror... this is God's face? Strange god. But because man has been writing all these fictions: "God made man in his own image" -- but not the woman, no... "

He made man from mud. The English word `human' comes from the word humus; humus means mud. The Arabic name admi comes from Adam; admi means mud. And he could not make a woman from mud -- as if mud was so precious. To make a woman from mud would have made

them equal. So God had to make the woman by taking a rib from the man, and out of the rib he made the woman.
Man just wants himself to be superior -- although he is made of mud. But the woman is not even made of mud; she is made from a rib taken out of man.
I have heard that three men were discussing whose profession was the oldest. And one man who was a priest said, "My profession is the oldest because the first thing man did was to pray and thank God"
But the second man said, "All nonsense. My profession is older." He was a surgeon. He said, "God has taken a rib out of man to make woman. I am a surgeon, and the first surgery was done by God. Before that, there was nothing but chaos.
The third man laughed and he said, "That makes the point, that my profession is the oldest."
They said, "Your profession? Before that there was only chaos."
He said, "Yes, but the point is, who created the chaos?" He was a politician. Without him, of course, it is very difficult to create chaos.
There is no God -- we are still living in chaos, and the politicians are still creating it. It is not that once upon a time they created the chaos; they are still on the job.
Meditation is a revolution in the individual.
Social revolutions have failed. There have been social revolutions -- the French revolution, Russian revolution, Chinese revolution -- they all failed. Something in the very mechanics of revolution is such that it is bound to fail, because the people who succeed in throwing off the old regime, the old power, the old government, the old society,

are part of the old society; that's one thing. They have been conditioned, educated by the old society. They have been fighting with the old society with the same means, same lies, same strategies. And they have been successful because they proved more cunning, more violent, more powerful than the old power. And once they come into power, power corrupts -- and absolute power corrupts absolutely. And because they have come into power after a struggle, they make every arrangement so that nobody can overthrow them.

The Soviet Union is the country where revolution is the most difficult thing, almost impossible. They have closed all the loopholes, because they know how they succeeded against the czars. Now they will not allow anybody else to succeed, to throw them out of power -- impossible.

In the Soviet Union revolution is simply impossible, you cannot even talk about it. You cannot talk about it even with your wife or with your child -- because your child will report to the Communist Party, your wife will report to the Communist Party. And they get rewarded. Everybody is spying on everybody else: children are spying on their parents, husbands are spying on their spouses. You cannot trust anybody.

When Stalin died and Khrushchev came to power, in his first meeting with the communist executive body he exposed Stalin and said, "I have never seen such cruelty. Millions of people have been killed; just suspicion was enough. Somebody makes an anonymous phone call against somebody else saying that he is anti-communist, and that man disappears that very night and is never heard

from again." Stalin alone killed one million people in Soviet Russia itself, single-handed.
Khrushchev had been in the executive body. One man shouted from the back, "When you were in the executive body and you knew all that was happening, why didn't you say it before? Now Stalin is dead."
Khrushchev remained silent for a moment and then said, "Comrade, whoever was asking the question, will you please stand up so I can see your face?"
Nobody stood up.
Khrushchev said, "Do you get the answer? You are in the executive body. Just like you, I was also in the executive body. Just stand up, and you will know what happens: tomorrow nobody will have ever heard about you. Stalin is dead, but his strategy has to be followed; there is no other way. He will be punished" -- and he was punished, but how do you punish a dead man?
They punished him... he had willed that his grave should be placed by the side of Lenin's, the leader of the Russian revolution. Lenin's body lies in a grave in the Kremlin Square. Stalin's body, according to his will, should lie by his side in a marble grave. Stalin had the grave made before he died. As a punishment, his body was dragged out of the grave, dragged down the streets of Moscow and taken back to a very remote area where he was born, the Caucasus. He was buried there in an ordinary grave which had not even a stone with his name on it.
Khrushchev did the same as Stalin did; and after Khrushchev, the people who came into power did the same with Khrushchev.
Power has a strange way. It gets into people's heads.

All social revolutions have failed, and in the future also there is no hope that any social revolution will ever succeed, because the very mechanism is self-defeating. Hence I teach the only revolution that can be successful, and that is a revolution in the individual. Make the individual more discontented so that he starts asking, "Is there a way to go beyond this discontentment? Is there a way to get out of this anguish?"

Meditation is the way to go out of discontentment, out of anguish.

You have to become just a watcher, a witness of the mind.

Wadud, you say mind creates the world -- true.

But meditation is not mind, and mind cannot create meditation. Meditation is getting out of the mind, becoming a watcher of the mind, witnessing all the stuff that goes through the mind -- the desires, imaginations, thoughts, dreams, all that goes on in the mind. You become simply a witness. Slowly slowly, this witnessing becomes stronger, becomes more centered, rooted. And suddenly you understand one thing: that you are one with the witnessing, not with the mind; that the mind is as much outside you as anything else.

The market is outside you, the mind is outside you, the body is outside you. You are the innermost core -- everything is outside you.

This experience of the innermost center brings a contentment. You don't bring it; it comes, it simply rains over you.

A contentment that you have practiced is false.

A contentment that comes to you on its own accord is authentic.

Go to the marketplace, teach people how to be watchers of their minds, but remember not to teach them to be contented with their desires. We have to make them more discontented, till the real contentment comes. If you make them contented, then the real never comes. You are satisfied with something plastic; that becomes the barrier.
Wadud is a psychotherapist. His wife Waduda is also a psychotherapist. They both work together. They are experts as far as mind is concerned, but mind has to be transcended.
Mind is not our game, mind is not our world.
Our world is beyond the mind.
Meditation in the marketplace is a beautiful idea, but understand exactly what meditation is -- not only intellectually, but existentially. Experience something that you are going to share with people; otherwise, you will be just parrots repeating something which you know not.
And I prohibit my sannyasins from repeating anything that they know not. Unless you know, it is better to say, "I am ignorant, I do not know." That ignorance is yours: at least it is true. Knowledge borrowed from somebody else is against your self-respect. It is not yours and you cannot share it -- you don't have it.
All that you know is in the mind, and meditation is an experience of the heart. So first let your heart sing and dance.
Rejoice in meditation. Then go to the marketplace.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,

THE OTHER DAY WHEN YOU SAID SOMETHING LIKE, THE MORE DEVOTED ONE IS THE MORE ONE CAN ABSORB YOU, I GOT SCARED. I DON'T KNOW WHAT DEVOTION IS. IN FACT, I KNOW IT LESS NOW THAN I DID FIVE YEARS AGO.
OSHO, AM I MISSING?

Whatever you thought you knew five years before was not knowing. That's what I was just saying -- it was knowledge. You have heard words, you have read the words, you have accumulated information. It was not your experience. That's why as you have come more close to me, those words, that information has disappeared.
To be close to me means to be innocent, as innocent as you were when you were born. Only from there is a real new beginning possible.
You are asking, "What is devotion?"
Devotion is the ultimate stage of disciplehood.
A man ordinarily comes to a master as a student, curious, wanting to know more. If by chance it happens that the master is not only a teacher... Because a teacher is one who deals in information; with a teacher, you become taught. With a master you are caught. It is no longer a question of giving you more information; on the contrary, the master starts cleaning you of all the information that you have collected before.
A master really washes your brain; it is a dry cleaning process. It brings you into a state of tabula rasa, nothing is written on you -- a pure consciousness which knows nothing. But as knowledge disappears, a strange phenomenon starts happening: you start feeling yourself

more. You know less, but you are more. You start growing roots, you start growing wings, your being starts expanding.

I am reminded of a beautiful story.

A master had a monastery. There were two wings of the monastery and just in the middle was the master's home. He had a beautiful cat, and all the disciples loved the cat. One day the master had gone out. When he came back, both wings of the monastery were fighting over the cat: to which wing does the cat belong when the master is out, to the right wing or to the left wing? The master was amazed, seeing this stupidity.

He pulled out his sword and told the disciples, "Anybody from either wing should come out and give me an authentic answer that comes from the being, not from the mind. Then only can you save the cat; otherwise I am going to cut it in two and give half to the right wing and half to the left wing, because I don't want any kind of struggle here."

The disciples were very much shocked. Nobody wanted the cat to be killed -- but they knew their master. And nobody could manage to find an answer that was coming from the being; many answers were coming, but they were all from the head. And they knew that if they came with those answers, instead of the cat their heads would be cut! So everybody remained silent.

The cat was cut and given to both wings.

Sad and crying, they went back to their rooms, cottages, utterly shocked -- not only that the cat was killed... but five hundred disciples, and not a single one could come out with some authentic answer.

And then one disciple, who had gone out with the master and had stayed behind to so some work in the market, came back. He heard the story. He went to the master and slapped him as hard as he could.

The master said, "Good! If you had been here, the poor cat would have been saved. But now nothing can be done; the cat is dead."

The whole monastery was agog with this new situation -- that the disciple slapped the master, and the master had laughed and said, "It is unfortunate that you were not here; otherwise, the cat would have been saved."

This was the right answer. What a foolish thing the master was doing -- cutting the cat, who had done no harm, who was not responsible at all for the quarrel that was going on. The master needed a good slap! But to slap the master, one needs a disciple who has come to the point of devotion; otherwise it will be insulting. Anybody else hitting the master would have been an insult; in fact, nobody could even conceive of it.

Devotion is the ultimate flowering of discipleship.

When love is so deep, the respect is so immense that everything is forgiven, the disciple can slap the master and yet the master simply laughs -- because he knows his devotion. He knows that this slap has not come from a logical mind, it has come from a loving heart. It is as if with his own hand he has slapped himself -- no distinctions are there anymore. Even to say that the devotee is close to the master is not right, because closeness is still a distance. The devotee is one with the master.

His oneness is something not of this world.

I will tell you another story -- because there is no other way to explain it.

A master is staying in a temple. The night is cold. And in Japan the statues of Buddha are made of wood. There are many statues in the temple, so he finds one big statue, starts a fire with it, and sits by the side of it enjoying the warmth of it, the crackling sound of the wood.

The priest of the temple suddenly hears the noise, and the light... he runs from his room to see what is happening. And what he sees he cannot believe. He has allowed this wandering master to stay just for the night and what has he done? The most beautiful statue of the temple... he is very angry.

The master says, "What is the problem? Why are you getting so angry? Just sit down. It is so cold, and here it is so warm; and Buddha is always helpful. Just come here."

The priest said, "I am not going to listen to this nonsense. You have burned the statue of our lord, of our god."

He said, "Is it so?" He took his staff and started poking in the ashes of the burned statue.

The priest said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "I am looking for the bones."

The priest said, "You must be mad. This is a wooden statue, there are no bones in it."

He said, "That settles the matter. You have so many statues, the night is long... just one more; just bring one more."

The priest said, "You simply get out of the temple! I will not allow you inside. I don't want to stay awake the whole night and watch you, because you are dangerous, you can burn other buddhas. You just get out."

"But," he said, "it has been proved that it was not a buddha. There are no bones in it." But the priest simply pushed him out of the temple and closed the door.
The master said, "Listen, it is too cold, and you have too many buddhas. It does not matter. In fact, you will have to worship less, and nobody is going to cut your salary. You are simply a priest, you don't understand anything."
But the priest would not open the doors. He said, "You simply get lost."
In the morning the priest opened the door, and could not believe... That master, that crazy old man who had burned the statue and was asking for another, was sitting by the side of the milestone. He had found some wildflowers and he had put those wildflowers on the milestone and he was worshipping: buddham sharanam gachchhami.
The priest came close. He said, "What are you doing?"
He said, "Just my morning prayer."
The priest said, "You seem to be really crazy! This is a milestone."
He said, "It doesn't matter. When you can make wood into a buddha, why can't I make a milestone into a buddha? It is only a question of putting a few flowers on top of it. And you don't see my devotion? I could burn the buddha because I love him and I know him; I know that the statue is just wood. And I can worship this milestone because I am not worshipping the milestone -- it is just an excuse, a stand for my flowers. And anyway I have to worship Buddha in the morning, and this milestone was so handy... just a sculptor is needed and he could make this milestone into a statue of Buddha, and then idiots like you would start worshipping it.

"I can see the Buddha hiding in the milestone. You will see it only when a sculptor cuts the stone and brings out the buddha who is encased inside the stone. I love him. And I knew that it was just wood, and the night was so cold... I have to take care of my inner buddha too. And when it is a question of taking care of my inner buddha, I can burn all the outer buddhas without any difficulty, because that is his teaching: appa deepo bhava -- be a light unto yourself. My buddha was shivering, and those wooden idiots were sitting -- no cold, no hot, they don't feel it at all. And you threw me out, a living buddha, because I burned a wooden buddha."

This is devotion.

Devotion has its own strange ways. It is not something rational, logical, something that can be explained to you. But it is something, if you go on growing from a student into a disciple, from a disciple into a devotee, and you come so close to the master that there is no distinction at all...

A third story which will help you: Mahakashyap, one of Buddha's great devotees, had come to such a point that if Buddha had a headache Mahakashyap would have a headache. And before Buddha had said anything about his headache, Mahakashyap would call the physician: "Buddha must have a headache, because I have a headache."

And the physician said, "But if you have a headache that does not mean that Buddha should have a headache."

He said, "It does mean... "and he was always found to be right.

Just one day before the day he died, Buddha was saying to somebody, "Soon I will be coming to your city, Vaishali" --

one of the greatest cities of those days, and one of the cities where most of Buddha's lovers lived. In forty years' time Buddha passed almost twenty times through Vaishali.
To Varanasi he went only once. Asked why, he said, "Varanasi is so full of knowledge -- nobody is interested in being. It is a city of scholars and pundits; it is a sheer wastage of time." He never went back there again.
And to this man he was saying, "In a few days' time I will be coming to Vaishali."
Mahakashyap was sitting there. He said, "Don't believe him. He is not going to live long. As far as I am concerned, he is going to die within two days." Such empathy... it is not sympathy. In empathy you start feeling the same, exactly the same -- as if one soul in two bodies.
Buddha looked at Mahakashyap and said, "This is not right. You should not say such things."
Mahakashyap said, "But why unnecessarily give a promise that you are not going to fulfill?"
The man from Vaishali said, "Strange... Buddha is saying, `I am coming' and you are saying that he will not come. And you start arguing with each other!"
Mahakashyap said, "He is going to die the day after tomorrow, and if you don't believe me, remain here. It is just a question of a few hours." And Buddha died at exactly the time Mahakashyap had said.
The man from Vaishali had asked Buddha, "Why were you telling Mahakashyap not to say it?"
Buddha said, "I know I am going to die, he also knows -- but he is so one with me, it makes no difference to him whether I am alive or dead. But to you, my death will make your journey home unnecessarily miserable. Just out of

compassion I was preventing him, but he won't listen to anybody. And because he is right, I cannot insist too much."

Buddha died in the morning -- and within just fifteen minutes, Mahakashyap died. That is devotion. Those hearts were beating together so much that it was impossible to carry on with only one heart; and the soul was gone, only the body had remained.

There were great disciples of Buddha, but nobody has the distinction of being a devotee except Mahakashyap. His death proved it -- while everybody was just preparing the funeral pyre, people were weeping and crying, Mahakashyap closed his eyes and was gone.

Devotion is the ultimate state of disciplehood -- when you become one with the master, when the dewdrop slips into the ocean and becomes one with it.

Question 3

BELOVED OSHO,

THE LONGER I AM WITH YOU, THE LESS I AM ABLE TO DEFINE ANYTHING OR ANYBODY, INCLUDING MYSELF, OR EVEN MASTER AND DISCIPLE. I USED TO THINK THAT I KNEW WHAT THESE WORDS MEANT, BUT NOW I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I AM WHAT YOU CALL A DISCIPLE. WOULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN WHAT IS HAPPENING?

I have just answered you: you are coming closer and closer; perhaps you may become a devotee. But no need to die with me!

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #34

Chapter title: Not to be, the greatest ecstasy
22 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE SEEN YOU IN DISCOURSE FOR MANY YEARS, AND YOU APPEAR TO BE MORE FULL OF EMPTINESS AS TIME PASSES. I KNOW THIS DOES NOT MAKE SENSE, BUT IS IT POSSIBLE THAT YOU ARE MORE EMPTY?

Shunyo, it is exactly the meaning of your name.
Shunyo means emptiness, with a special meaning. The English word `emptiness' does not have that meaning. The English word has a negative connotation: it simply means empty of something.
Shunyo, the Sanskrit equivalent of `emptiness', has a double meaning: it means empty of something and full of something.
For example, this room is full of people. When you all are gone, it can be said, "This room is empty now" -- that is a negative meaning. It can also be said that "Now the room is more full of space." People were taking the space; now they are gone, the room is spacious. When people were here, there was less emptiness. Now that the people are gone, there is more emptiness.

"The room is full of emptiness" -- this is the positive side of the word. And the positive side is of tremendous significance, because everything in existence comes out of emptiness. Certainly that emptiness cannot be simply empty.

If you cut a seed with a knife, you will not find the leaves and the flowers and the fragrance. But given the right soil, the flowers will come, the foliage will come, the fragrance will come -- from where? We cannot find it in the seed; as far as we can see, the seed is empty. But certainly the seed is full of something which is invisible to us. It is full of all the possibilities that are going to happen: the foliage, the leaves, the greenery, the flowers, the colors, the fragrance -- all is there.

One name has become very important for those who are in search of the miraculous. Strangely enough, the name comes from the Soviet Union. There is a photographer -- his whole life he has been developing sensitive plates, sensitive lenses. They are so sensitive that they can catch something of the future. Because the future cannot be just absent -- it may be invisible, but in some way it has to be present. The next moment that is coming cannot come out of a negative emptiness. It can come only out of a fullness, which looks empty to us because we are not so sensitive that we can see the invisible.

And he has succeeded; he has developed a photography called `Kirlian'; his name is Kirlian. He takes a picture of a bud, of a rosebud, and the picture appears as a fully blossomed flower. He has pictured, caught the future. And when the bud after a few days becomes a flower, it is amazing that it is exactly a true copy of the picture that was

taken by Kirlian before the flower was ever in existence. Certainly the flower was in existence, it was just not available to us. We were not so sensitive, our eyes were not so penetrating, our insight was not so far-reaching.

He has taken pictures of people who are going to be sick, or die, and he has caught their future. He has told people, "You are going to have cancer." The experts are simply at a loss, because there are no symptoms at all, the man is perfectly healthy; there is no indication that he is going to have cancer. They have tried every experiment to find any far fetched idea of it, but they have not been able to find anything that indicates a cancer. But Kirlian says, "Within six months this man is going to have cancer; his photograph says it" -- and in six months' time that man develops cancer. Certainly this cancer was in existence somewhere, somewhere in the physiology of the man; we just don't have the instruments and the ability to look into the future. Kirlian has taken photographs of people who are going to die, and he has said, "This man is going to die because his picture shows him as dead." And the man is full of life, at the peak of his youth. The whole idea that he is going to die seems to be absurd.

At first the doctors simply rejected Kirlian as a madman. How can photographs be taken of the future? You can take a photograph of something which is present before the camera. The future is not present before the camera -- but the young man dies.

It took thirty years for the orthodox scientists to accept Kirlian, but there was no other way than to accept him. And what Kirlian was saying was only that everything comes out of an invisible emptiness. Where you see emptiness, it

simply shows that your insight is not deep enough; otherwise emptiness has a fullness of its own.

He has also proved another thing, which is interesting and has deep implications. If one of my fingers is cut off and he takes a photograph, in his photograph there will be five fingers. Even the one that has been cut off will be present in his photograph, just a little bit different than the others. The others will be solid; this one will simply be an energy aura, indicating that there had been finger, a physical finger. The physical finger has been cut, but its spiritual part is still there. You cannot cut the spiritual part.

This is what the mystics have been saying for centuries, that you can cut a man's head but you cannot cut the man's soul. They had no Kirlian photographic instruments, but they had a deep insight, a meditative eye.

Alexander threatened one sannyasin that if he did not go with him to Athens he would cut off his head. And he took out his sword, and the naked sannyasin laughed and said, "Do it, don't hesitate. Never feel guilty -- because I am ordering you to do it. I always wanted to see my head falling, and you are giving me a chance. You will see my head being cut from the body, falling on the ground; I will also be seeing it. You cannot cut my consciousness, my witnessing, my watcher."

This was the only time in Alexander's life when he put his sword back into his sheath. You cannot kill such a man, who is taking it so playfully, and even making you free of guilt: "It is not that you are doing it, I am ordering you. And it is going to be a really interesting experience. I have always wanted to see my head falling, but nobody has

come to cut it. By chance you have come, a God-sent gift. Just don't put your sword back into the sheath."
Alexander said, "It is very difficult to kill such a man, who is not afraid."
The mystics have said continually, persistently, unanimously, from every corner of the earth that the world has arisen out of nothingness.
The idea that God created it is childish.
Because we cannot conceive the world arising out of nothingness, we have to create a mythology, a hypothesis of God creating the world. And nobody inquires from where God came -- and where has he gone? Because nothing has been heard since then, after those six days when he created the world.
He did a great job -- in six days, creating such a mess. Since then nothing has been heard about the fellow... came out of nothingness, disappeared into nothingness.
The question is valid: what was he doing before he created the world? He must have been in existence from eternity, doing nothing -- not even a cigarette to smoke, because the world was not created yet. Just think of the poor fellow. And eternity is not a small thing.
And if he was capable of creating the world, then why did he wait so long? For whom? For some astrologer to tell him that "now is the right time"?
I used to stay with one of the oldest members of parliament in India. It was difficult not to stay with him; he would have felt so hurt... and I never wanted to stay with him. The trouble was his belief in astrology. When I had to leave his house, he would consult the astrologer. Now trains are running, planes are leaving; nobody is bothering about

astrology. The plane would be leaving in the middle of the night, but the astrologer had suggested that I should leave before sunset. So he would take me to the airport before sunset, and for six hours I would have to wait there.
I told him, "You are cheating the stars. Do you think they are idiots?"
He said, "This is what the astrologer has suggested -- that your journey should start. It has started; you have moved out of the house."
I said, "You know perfectly well, I know perfectly well, the astrologer knows perfectly well that the plane will leave in the middle of the night. And for six hours I have to wait in the airport! We all three know it, and we are trying to deceive the millions of stars. I don't think you will succeed. You are just torturing me; that's why I don't want to stay with you. Because the train will leave... and I am waiting for hours at the station."
I said, "It is good that when I come to your house I don't have to inquire of any astrologer -- I simply jump into a taxi and reach your house." I never informed him, because if I had informed him than he would have sent his secretary to keep me waiting at the railway station: according to astrology I should reach his house... How many hours I had to wait was not the question at all.
When this man died it was such a great relief, because with him the whole of astrology died for me.
God is simply a hypothesis just to console our minds, our logic, our rationality -- because to conceive the whole world coming out of emptiness, nothingness seems absurd, illogical.

But the mystics are unanimous about it. One of the greatest mystics, who founded the science of yoga, Patanjali says that God is a hypothesis, not a fact, not a truth. The world arises out of nothingness -- but that means nothingness is not simply nothingness.

Nothingness does not mean simply noTHINGness.

Nothingness simply means an invisible, pregnant womb. Out of this, the whole world grows and again it disappears into the same nothingness.

From a small seed a big tree grows, brings millions of seeds.

They say that even a single seed can make the whole earth green because a single seed will bring millions of seeds, and each seed is as potential as the parent seed. And after giving birth to millions of seeds, by and by the tree starts disappearing -- the flowers disappear, the branches, the leaves -- and one day the tree disappears.

From nothing to nothing is our whole journey.

Shunyo, it is true that I am becoming more and more empty -- in other words, more and more full of emptiness, more and more spacious.

Ultimately one has to become as spacious as the whole universe.

That is the moment when the dewdrop disappears into the ocean; or in a better way, the ocean disappears into the dewdrop.

One of the mystics, one of the greatest, was Kabir. He has written... when he was young, he wrote two lines: "My friend, I was searching and searching the truth. I never found the truth; on the contrary the seeker, the searcher

disappeared -- just as if a dewdrop had fallen into the ocean."

When he was old, he corrected his statement. He said, "My friend, seeking and searching the truth, I have not found the truth; I have lost myself. The seeker is gone as if the ocean has disappeared into the dewdrop."

The second comes from a more mature, from a more conscious, more alert Kabir. But whatever way you see it -- the dewdrop disappearing into the ocean or the ocean disappearing into the dewdrop -- it means exactly the same.

The real and authentic religious search is not of finding, but of losing -- the idea of finding is still greed. The idea of finding the truth or God or the ultimate still carries something of greed.

The true mystic, the true religious person, is finding a way to lose himself, how not to be -- because those few chosen ones who have attained to the state of `not to be' have experienced the greatest ecstasy possible. From `to be' towards `not to be' is the pilgrimage.

Your feeling, Shunyo -- you have been with me for many years -- is absolutely correct, that I am becoming more and more full of emptiness.

My presence is becoming more and more a kind of absence.

I am, and I am not.

The more I disappear, the more I can be of some help to you.

The mystics have been failures in the world for the simple reason that they could not encourage your greed. Religions have succeeded because they were not based on the

teachings of the mystics, they were based on the cunning minds of the priesthood. And the priest knows what appeals to you; whatever appeals to you the priest is ready to give to you. Of course he cannot give it here, but he can give you a promise for the future, in paradise, in heaven.

It is of tremendous importance to understand different religions and their ideas about heaven and paradise, and to compare them. And you will be amazed at how they have exploited man.

For example, the Indian hell is just eternally burning fire. India is a hot country. In hell you cannot find ice or a cold drink; that is not possible. In the Indian heaven it is always cool. In those days there was no idea of air conditioning, but the way they have described it, it is almost air-conditioned: fresh, cool air, the early morning freshness and coolness remains the whole day. The sun is never hot. It simply gives light, not heat -- the Indian is so burned with the hot sun -- and cool rivers are available...

The Indian religion is against women; all the Indian religions are against all pleasures of the flesh. But in heaven -- and nobody sees the contradiction -- for saints all kinds of pleasures are made available. Beautiful women... Cleopatra, Noorjahan, Mumtaz Mahal, Hema Malini... The greater the saint, the more beautiful a woman he is going to get.

I have heard that when Muktananda died -- and it is not history, just a few years ago -- one of his disciples, in sheer despair, committed suicide. "Without Muktananda, there is no meaning in life." His suicide was no ordinary suicide, it was spiritual; he had sacrificed himself for his master. He reached directly to paradise, and under a tree, he

saw Muktananda lying naked. At first he felt to close his eyes because this was not right, what was happening was not right -- the whole old habit. He had just now died, and a beautiful woman... Later on he discovered that she was nobody else but Marilyn Monroe, with Muktananda... enjoying each other.

First he said, "This is absolutely wrong; this should not be so." But then he remembered that in heaven your virtues are rewarded, so this must be a reward. And naturally his master was one of the greatest masters. So he went close, touched his feet -- while the master was making love, he touched his feet and he said, "Master, I had never realized that you were so great that you would get such a beautiful woman. Marilyn Monroe! -- even Robert Kennedy was after her. But you deserve it. In the house of God, justice is always done."

At that moment the woman said, "You idiot, I am not his reward, he is my punishment!"

But all the religions are prohibiting here... sex is sin; and in their heaven it becomes a reward, and nobody sees the contradiction. If it is a reward in heaven, then practice, do some homework, be ready! Otherwise you are getting ready for things like standing on your head, doing yoga asanas, which will not be of any use in paradise. Unless you are determined to go to hell... that is up to you. Perhaps in hell they put people on their heads, just to torture them.

I have never heard and never come across any scripture in which it is written that in any religion's paradise people stand on their heads. Why unnecessarily practice it? Practice something that is going to be useful.

My people practice exactly the right thing.

It is a small life, given to you as a school.
Train yourself for all the pleasures.
Mohammedans condemn alchol: it is a great sin. And in their heaven you cannot find water -- all rivers are of alchohol. Now, anybody who has not practiced something here is bound to get sick; the heaven is going to turn into hell. You don't get pure water even, just the best champagne. Drink it, swim in it, get drowned in it, do whatever you want. It is a reward, a reward for those who remained disciplined in life, who never touched any alcoholic beverage. But a strange kind of reward...
You will not believe how much the Mohammedan hell and the Mohammedan heaven differ from the hells of the Hindus and the Christians and the Jews. But in one thing they are all exactly the same: they are all preaching contradictions.
In Mohammedan countries homosexuality is such a crime that if you are caught red-handed you will be beheaded -- no other punishment, you will be killed. There is no chance for you to change your character. But in heaven, in the Mohammedan heaven, even saints are provided with beautiful young boys. That I cannot believe. It seems the people who are writing these books are people who are projecting their unfulfilled desires into heaven: homosexuality is a reward in heaven.
No matter what people have wanted, desired, the priests have always been ready to exploit and manipulate their desires, their instincts, their biology. They have done it in a double way: repress all that is natural to you here so that you can be rewarded a thousandfold with the same thing in heaven. It is a good bargain, just pure business, and they

are killing two birds with one stone. Repress here... the people who repress their desires here are bound to be miserable, are bound to be in continuous anxiety, tension, because they have to fight with themselves. Their life is a nightmare. And because they are miserable, they are in anguish, their life is a nightmare, they are bound to go to the priest for some consolation, to remind themselves again that "Don't be worried, it is only a question of a few days and great rewards are waiting for you."

If people are blissful here, who is going to bother with the priests or listen to them? Who has time? And who has energy? There is no need. Only a miserable world can be Hindu, can be Mohammedan, can be Christian. A happy world cannot be Christian, cannot be Hindu. The desire, the need for the priest, simply disappears.

So the priest is doing two things: first he is making sure of his profession of exploiting you here. And he is sure you do not revolt against your misery -- "Wait, be patient; the more patient you are the more will be your reward."

Religions have created the greatest crime against humanity, and the priests are the worst criminals. They have taken away all your joy, all your laughter, all your songs, all your dances, all your love. They have poisoned everything that is beautiful in life and they have given you fictitious rewards in the other world. Not a single person has come back as an eyewitness that what these people are saying is right or wrong. And they are all saying different things, they cannot all be right. They can all be wrong.

My basic approach is, existence comes out of overflowing nothingness.

Then there is dance and song and love and flowers -- this is the day of existence.
Then follows the rest period, the night -- existence dissolves into nothingness again. Again there will be a morning, again there will be songs and birds and sunrise. And the wheel of existence goes on moving from being through non-being. Non-being is the rest period, and because it is the rest period it is the most beautiful. It is relaxation, it is serenity, it is silence, it is disappearance.
I cannot give you any fictitious idea that you are going to get this, to get that. I can only say to you that you are going to disappear.
Help yourself. Don't cling. When the moment of disappearance comes, allow it joyously, welcome it. You have learned the most significant secret of life.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
I OFTEN ASK MYSELF WHAT SANNYAS REALLY MEANS TO ME. I READ YOUR BOOKS, SOMETIMES I SEE A VIDEO OR HEAR A TAPE OF YOU; AND MOSTLY IT STAYS ONLY ON THE SURFACE, IS ONLY SOMETHING WHICH TOUCHES MY MIND. BUT MY WHOLE LIFE IS CHANGING SINCE I HAVE BEEN GOING THE WAY TOWARDS YOU, AND THIS AFTERNOON I WILL SEE YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME.
OSHO, PLEASE TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT SANNYAS AND MY NEXT STEP.

The words can only reach to the mind.

Your heart is not available to the words.
And mind is superficial, very superficial; it is the circumference of your personality, skin deep. It has no depth.
But you have come here -- that much the mind can do, that is more than it can do. That is enough. Be thankful to the mind; it has brought you here.
As you come closer to me, my presence will start reaching to your heart and my emptiness will start reaching to your being.
Words will go on playing with your mind so that the mind does not disturb my presence reaching to your heart, my nothingness reaching to your being. Your mind is engaged with the words and underneath, underground, the real work is happening.
Sannyas is really coming closer to a master. The old definition of sannyas was going away from the world, renouncing the world. To me, that definition has been a calamity. You can renounce the world, you can escape into the mountains -- but where are you going? Because you will be with yourself wherever you go, and you are the problem.
The world is not the problem.
The mountains are not the solution.
Because I have seen people living on the mountains; they have not become Gautam Buddhas. And I have lived in the world, I have not renounced anything -- because in fact I don't have anything. I have come without anything into the world, I will leave the world without anything. Just in the interval between coming and going, I have just to remember that nothing belongs to me. There is no question

of renouncing. The very idea of renouncing means you believe that you own it, that you possess it, that it is yours. We come naked, we go naked.
In the interval we can use things.
If you don't possess them, there is no harm in using them. If you don't become attached to them, there is no harm in using them. You come by plane or by train here -- you don't possess the train, so when you get out of the train you don't declare to the whole railway station staff and the passengers, "I renounce this train now." You will be thought just an idiot. The train never belonged to you; you have used it.
This world is not to be renounced because this world is not yours.
I have not renounced anything for the simple reason that I don't have anything. I have used everything, and I will go on using everything to the last breath. And I don't see any problem in it -- one just has to remember that one is traveling in a train.

But there are fools I have seen -- they will write their name inside the bathroom in a train. Just idiots are idiots; what to do? But that does not mean that by writing your name in the bathroom the train has become yours.
I always enjoy the graffiti in the bathrooms in trains, in airplanes, in railway stations, in airports. It simply shows what kind of insane humanity we are living in, what kind of insane people, and what trouble they take. Now in an airport in the bathroom you are writing, wasting your time, wasting somebody else's time who will have to clean it and whitewash it again.

The old idea of sannyas was renouncing the world. The very idea of renouncing is wrong; it is escaping from the world. Where are you going to escape? Nobody ever thought about the fact that wherever you go you will be in the world. You cannot escape out of the world.

It is not that old an idea -- three hundred years ago it was believed that the world is like a chappatti, so you can escape and jump out; there comes a place where it is written: The End. It is not like a chappatti, it is a globe. Wherever you go you will be in the world, you cannot fall out of it. Neither have your saints gone out of the world. In fact, they are more dependent on the world than you are -- because you have to supply their food, they don't produce anything. You have to supply their clothes, they don't produce anything. You have to supply everything that they need. They are simply sucking your blood, they are parasites. These parasites you have called saints -- and they have not gone anywhere, they are just here.

In Jainism, one of the religions in India, Mahavira was asked this question: "Your sannyasins will become a burden to the world because you don't allow them to do anything, because every action in some way involves some kind of violence... "

You will be surprised that Mahavira is not against sex in the same way as other religions are. He is against it because sex kills millions of living sperm. It is a question of violence, not of sex. If you look at his reasoning, it is not sex that he is against. He is against making love because you are going to kill millions of sperm.

Once the sperm is out of the male, its life span is only two hours. In a single ejaculation millions of sperm are

released, and only once in a while will one of the sperm reach the mother's egg. The passage seems to be very small to you, but not to the sperm. Sexologists have measured: if a sperm were the size of an average man, and the passage to the mother's womb were enlarged in the same proportion, it would be two miles. So each sperm has to travel two miles -- a long journey for a little, small soul. And Mahavira is very compassionate: "Don't kill these poor people" -- although he is not aware that they will be killed anyway.

He was against any action, even cultivation. That's why Jains don't cultivate -- because if you cultivate you will have to cut the trees, the plants, and that will be violence. You cannot be warriors, you cannot be soldiers. And brahmins won't allow you to be brahmins. A brahmin is only born a brahmin. You cannot be a brahmin, no matter how learned you are.

Naturally, all the Jainas became businessmen. There was nothing else left; that seemed to be the least violent way. In fact it is not so. Because they became the richest people in the country -- that means they sucked more blood than anybody else, they exploited people more than anybody else. It seems that because their violence was not allowed in any other way, their whole violence was focused on the poor customer.

Mahavira was asked again and again, "Your sannyasins will be a burden... "

So he said, "My sannyasins should not stay for more than three days in one place."

In Bombay, the Jaina monks... once they enter Bombay they never leave. I was puzzled when I came for the first

time in 1960. I inquired, "What is the matter? These people should leave in three days."

They said, "They leave; they go from one suburb to another suburb, from Dadar to Matunga, from Matunga to Marine Drive. Their whole life they go on changing places in Bombay. But they don't leave Bombay, because no other place is so comfortable."

Man's mind is such... it will find a loophole in anything. So Mahavira thought that he had managed so that his sannyasins would not be a burden. He was wrong -- he can come to Bombay and see. In fact, if he comes to Bombay he will never go anywhere else again. He will start moving on the same route.

These people never left the world, so the idea that they escaped from the world is absolutely nonsense. They lived in the world; it is just that they became parasites.

My definition of sannyas is coming closer to a master, coming closer to a light. Your candle is unlit. You bring your candle closer to a candle that is burning bright. Come closer... there is a certain moment when, from the burning candle, the flame jumps to the unlit candle and suddenly you are enlightened. And the beauty is, the burning candle loses nothing and the unlit candle gains everything -- the whole universe.

Sannyas is a journey from darkness towards light, from death towards immortality, from ignorance towards an explosion of knowing.

The books or any other medium are just a net thrown into the sea with the hope that somebody will be caught in it. People are caught, and as they come closer to the master, their life starts changing. They may not understand what is

happening, they may not be able to explain what is happening, but their life goes through a thousand and one transformations.
It has to be remembered that words -- either through books or radio or television or video -- are significant only if the master is alive; otherwise they will be simply burdening your mind with more knowledge.
So if you are fortunate enough to be caught in the net of a master in the right time, then don't hesitate, come closer. There is fear in coming closer because you have lived in darkness for so many lives that now to be in light, your eyes feel uncomfortable. You have lived in death again and again, so that the very idea of immortality has become inconceivable to you. Your whole life is surrounded by lies -- to come close to a master means dropping all those lies because they are the barriers between you and the master. Before you can realize the truth the lies have to be dropped, however valuable you think they are, and however ancient you think they are.
Hence, I always say: This is the way of the gambler.
Now you are here. Don't be a businessman. Remember you have come here to lose yourself, not to gain something. If that remembrance continues in you, you may find a shortcut and be aflame with a new light, a new life, with a new joy.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
SOME OF THE DEEPEST, MOST SIGNIFICANT AND OVERWHELMING MEETINGS WITH YOU HAVE BEEN HAPPENING THROUGH DREAMS IN THE

NIGHT IN THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS. EVERYTIME THIS HAPPENS, I AM LEFT WITH THE MOST UNEXPLAINABLE AND OVERWHELMING WAVES OF BLISS AND SILENCE THAT ARE HAPPENING IN SPITE OF MYSELF.
COULD YOU EXPLAIN HOW YOU REACH US IN DREAMS, AND HOW IT COMES THAT I SEEM TO BE MORE AVAILABLE AND RECEPTIVE TO YOUR PRESENCE IN THAT STATE?

Turiya, I am reminded of an Egyptian king who sent an order throughout the kingdom that nobody should dare to enter into his dreams, and that if somebody should try to enter into his dreams, he would be beheaded.
His counselors could not believe it -- how to convince him that nobody enters your dream, that it is your dream, you project it? And they were very much afraid because they were with the king constantly; naturally, people who he had never seen could not enter into his dreams -- only these people... His queens, his ministers, his counselors all gathered together. They said, "This is very dangerous. This man is going to kill a few of us any day, and we will be absolutely innocent. We won't even know that he has dreamed about us, it is his dream."
And a few counselors were killed by him; he beheaded them the next morning -- "This idiot did not listen to me. Last night he disturbed my sleep, he entered into my dream."
Finally they all gathered and they said, "You don't understand a simple thing: nobody enters into anybody's dream. How can anyone enter? You are guarded, your

room is closed, it is locked from inside. How can anyone enter into your dream? And the dream happens inside you -- do you think that in your small skull such big people can enter?" It was with great difficulty that he was convinced that it was his own projection.

Turiya, I do not enter into your dreams either. Just please forgive me.

You love me, and the deeper you love the more there is a possibility of dreaming about me. It is your unfulfilled desire to be close to me. Dreams are simply unfulfilled desires. They are very helpful, kind people. They help you so that your sleep is not disturbed.

If your bladder is full, you will dream that you are in your bathroom. You have not gone anywhere, you are just in your bed -- but in the dream you are having a good, great relief. That saves your sleep; otherwise, sleep will have to be broken and you will have to go to the bathroom. The dream simply manages to give you an idea that there is no need to go anywhere. You are hungry and you are invited by friends, and you are presented with the delicious dishes that you like -- it is a strategy of your mind so that your sleep is not disturbed.

People ordinarily think that dreams are a disturbance. It is not true. The latest findings of psychologists are that dreams are not disturbances; in fact, they are avoiding the disturbances. They are creating hallucinatory satisfactions. And naturally you cannot be so open to me when you are conscious, because you think of many things... sometimes to be open is so embarrassing. You have such an ugly idea in you, it is better to let sleeping dogs lie.

But in sleep, there is no fear. I am part of your dream, part of your mind. I am not there. You can open your unconscious more honestly, more sincerely -- there is no fear, because you are alone there.

It was one of the greatest contributions of Sigmund Freud to the modern man: he never believed what you say, he believed in what you dream. He never bothered much about asking questions to you, interrogating you; he simply told you, "You lie down on the couch." And he would not be visible to you; he would sit behind the couch so you could not see him. And he would say, "You can just feel relaxed, almost sleepy, and start saying anything that you come up with. Don't bother about how it will be interpreted, how it will be judged. I am not going to judge, I am not going to interpret. It is simply to unburden you. You simply go on saying things as if you are talking to yourself, and bring your dreams to me."

And he would listen to the dreams more than to the person. It was strange in the beginning because nobody had ever done it -- why bother about dreams? Dreams are dreams; they didn't mean anything. Sigmund Freud said, "They mean much more than you understand. What you say consciously is censored, your mind is always screening: what to say, what not to say, how to present yourself, to present the best side of your being. In a dream you are more relaxed. Asleep you are more truthful. Strange... your dreams are truer than you are.

Turiya, listen to your dreams. What you are saying to me in your dreams needs to be said to me, and you have not done it. That incomplete work is being completed in the dream.

But dreams are tremendously significant. Take note of them; make a diary, note down your dreams. As you wake in the morning, within three seconds you will start forgetting your dreams. So if you really want to remember them, the first thing as you wake up immediately catch hold of the tail of a dream -- because it will be the tail. You will have to go backwards; first the tail, then the elephant. And you will be immensely enriched because this will make you understand your own unconscious, it will bring light to your unconscious. You will understand many things that you have been doing, but with no explanation of why you are doing them.

You have been falling in love with a certain type of person -- why? Perhaps a dream may give you the secret. You have a certain disease again and again -- why? Perhaps the dream may open up the secret.

There are people who, if they can understand their whole unconscious, will be relieved of a burden which is Himalayan, and they will feel so light. And unless this unconscious is unburdened, you cannot go beyond the conscious, you cannot reach to the superconscious. The only way to reach to the superconscious is to unburden the unconscious. In the middle is a small place for the conscious mind in which you live.

But you go on forcing things into the unconscious. In twenty-four hours' time you don't know how much rubbish you have thrown into the unconscious -- your unconscious is not a wastepaper basket, but you are using it that way. It becomes cluttered and heavy, and its repressed fragments go on affecting your conscious life. You go on doing the same stupid things again and again. You decide not to do

them, but you repeat, because it is not in your hands, it is in the hands of the unconscious.

Dream and remember the dream. Write it down, try to understand it, and it becomes a self-psychoanalysis. And there is no other psychoanalysis which is better than self-psychoanalysis, because if you are analyzed by somebody else his mind comes in. He interprets it, and things become more complex.

I have heard that a rich man was being psychoanalyzed by a very busy psychoanalyst. His fee was enormous, but the rich man was so rich that he would go on and on -- two hours, three hours... And the psychoanalyst could not say anything because the man was paying for it, but it was very boring. Finally he said, "I have come to a conclusion. You need more time, and I have many more patients, so I will turn on my tape recorder. You talk as much as you want to my tape recorder, and at night when I have time and silence, at ease in my bed, I will listen to it more honestly than I can in the office."

The rich man said, "That's perfectly alright, there is no problem."

The next day when the psychoanalyst was entering his office he saw the rich man going out of the office. He said, "Where are you going?"

He said, "I got your idea -- so last night I told everything to my tape recorder. And now my tape recorder is telling your tape recorder. My tape recorder is lying on the couch, your tape recorder is sitting on the chair. You are free, I am free -- now let those two idiots do whatsoever they want to do."

Others cannot listen to all the garbage that you have -- and you have it the whole night! And in eight hours' sleep, for six hours you are dreaming. Only for two hours are you not dreaming, and not in one block of time. A few minutes here, a few minutes there you are without dreams; otherwise, the whole night is full of dreams.

In the beginning it was thought that if there were less dreams you would have a better sleep, so they tried one experiment on many people. Whenever you are dreaming your eyes start moving, so that even from the outside it can be judged whether you are dreaming or not. When you are not dreaming, your eyelids are still.

When you are dreaming, then you are seeing a film -- naturally your eyes are moving inside.

So what they did was that whenever the person was dreaming they would disturb him, they would wake him. And whenever he was not dreaming they would allow him to sleep. It was strange -- they stopped all his dreams and allowed him to sleep, but in the morning he was dead tired. They did the other, vice-versa -- they stopped him while he was in his dreamless sleep. Each time he was asleep they would disturb him, wake him up, but they allowed him to dream. And it was a tremendous discovery: if he was allowed to dream, in the morning he was waking up fresh, young, rejuvenated. The thousands of years old idea that dreams are a disturbance has proved to be wrong.

Dreams are a tremendous help. They are a release.

Turiya herself is a therapist; hence, she will understand it better. Let your dreams become a psychoanalysis, a self-psychoanalysis. Particularly when you see me and something opens up in you, remember it, and go on writing

it down. If you feel that it is something that should be told to me you can put it in a question. And don't be shy, don't be embarrassed.
You should not make questions which are simply showing your intellect; you should be making questions which are showing your authentic desire for spiritual growth.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #35

Chapter title: Bhagwan rajneesh, the buddha lord maitreya 23 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
IS THIS A QUESTION, A REALIZATION, OR A DECLARATION?
SOMETHING BEYOND FORCES ME TO PUT THIS ON PAPER; THOUGH I AM WRITING THIS, THE WORDS ARE NOT MINE.
IT IS PAST MIDNIGHT, ABOUT FIVE O'CLOCK ON THE FULL MOONLIGHT NIGHT OF THE INDIAN MONTH KNOWN AS "BHADRA THE THURSDAY," THE GURUVAR MASTER'S DAY IN INDIAN LANGUAGE.
I AM IN VIPASSANA MEDITATION. AS MY EYES OPEN, A DAZZLING LIGHT BRIGHTENS THE ROOM. I CANNOT KEEP MY EYES OPEN, AS THE LIGHT IS TOO DAZZLING. AFTER A FEW MINUTES, I CAN OPEN MY EYES AND I BECOME QUITE AWARE.

TWO FIGURES ARE STANDING BEFORE ME: ONE IS BELOVED BHAGWAN WITH FOLDED HANDS AND THAT GENTLE, BEAUTIFUL SMILE; AND THE OTHER IS GAUTAM BUDDHA IN GYAN MUDRA. IT IS BUDDHA'S THIRD BODY.
HE LOOKS AT BELOVED BHAGWAN, AND AFTER A FEW MOMENTS HE TOUCHES THE FEET OF BHAGWAN AND MERGES WITH HIS BODY, SMILINGLY.
I HEAR HIM SAYING:

"I HAVE FULFILLED MY PROMISE. I WAS TO COME AS MAITREYA AFTER TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED YEARS, AND I HAVE COME. IF YOU HAVE EYES, YOU WILL SEE ME; IF YOU HAVE EARS YOU WILL HEAR ME; IF YOU HAVE A HEART YOU WILL FEEL AND RECOGNIZE ME. MY THIRD BODY I HAD KEPT IN EXISTENCE TO REBIRTH, TO HELP WHOEVER WANTED MY HELP.
"WITH DUE RESPECT AND ADORATION, I HAVE TO STATE THAT I COULD HAVE MERGED WITH KRISHNAMURTIJI, BUT DUE TO HIS INSISTENCE ON BEING ORIGINAL I COULD NOT MERGE AND HELP INDIVIDUALS THROUGH HIM. I WAS HOPEFUL, AS HE WAS ESPECIALLY PREPARED FOR MY APPEARANCE -- BUT HE WAS ADAMANT. HIS BODY SUFFERED A LOT DUE TO HIS RESISTANCE TO ACCEPTING ME. HE PREFERRED AND CHOSE CEASELESS PAIN AND SUFFERING FOR THIS.

"MY THIRD BODY NOW CANNOT REMAIN IN EXISTENCE IF IT IS NOT ACCEPTED FOR REBIRTH OR MERGING. THE TIME I HAD DECIDED FOR IT IS COMING CLOSE TO AN END SO I CANNOT WAIT ANY LONGER, AND HENCE I AM MERGING MY THIRD BODY WITH BHAGWAN'S ENERGY WITHOUT DISTURBING HIS INDIVIDUALITY.

"HE IS LIKE AN OCEAN; MANY SMALL AND BIG RIVERS MERGE WITH IT, BUT STILL THE OCEAN REMAINS, UNPERTURBED. ITS IDENTITY REMAINS AS AN OCEAN WITHOUT ANY CHANGE.

"IN HIM, ALL ENLIGHTENMENTS -- PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE -- HAVE BECOME ALIVE AND ACTIVE; A UNIQUE EVENT THAT HAS NOT HAPPENED BEFORE, NOR WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN.

"BHAGWAN IS TOTAL ACCEPTANCE, TOTAL EMPTINESS, TOTAL NOTHINGNESS, AND UNBOUNDED COMPASSION. HE IS BOTH purna AND shunya INCARNATED.

"FROM MY THIRD BODY, I ADDRESS HIM AS `BHAGWAN,' BUT FROM NOW ONWARDS HE WILL NOT BE ONLY `BHAGWAN RAJNEESH,' HE WILL BE `BHAGWAN RAJNEESH, THE BUDDHA LORD MAITREYA' -- A BUDDHA, A TRUE FRIEND TO ALL."

THUS SAYING, BUDDHA'S THIRD BODY MERGED WITH OUR BELOVED, BEAUTIFUL BHAGWAN. BHAGWAN'S RADIANCE WAS INCREASING AND FILLED THE WHOLE UNIVERSE.

I REMEMBER THE PROPHECY OF LAMA KARMAPA, WHO HAD PREDICTED THIS EVENT,

BUT HAD ASKED ME NOT TO TALK ABOUT THE EVENT TILL IT HAPPENED.
NOW IT HAS HAPPENED AND FLOWERS HAVE SHOWERED.
SO LET IT BE KNOWN TO ALL, LET IT BE SHOUTED FROM THE ROOFTOPS THAT BHAGWAN RAJNEESH, THE BUDDHA LORD MAITREYA, IS HERE; BUDDHA HAS FULFILLED HIS PROMISE.
THE LIGHT WAS FADING, THE FULL MOON WAS SETTING SLOWLY IN THE WEST WITH ITS COOL, SILENT FADING LIGHT; AND IN THE EAST THE NEW SUN WAS RISING WITH A LIGHT ORANGE GLOW, SILENTLY BRINGING A NEW DAY, AND WITH IT A NEW JOURNEY. BELOVED, BEAUTIFUL BHAGWAN SLOWLY SLOWLY DISAPPEARED WITH A GENTLE SMILE AND FOLDED HANDS, LEAVING ME IN THAT GENTLE MORNING LIGHT WITH A HEART FULL OF GRATITUDE AND EYES FULL OF TEARS.
BELOVED OSHO, I BOW DOWN TO YOU, ANNOUNCING TO THE WORLD THAT BHAGWAN RAJNEESH, THE BUDDHA LORD MAITREYA, IS HERE AND THE FLOWERS HAVE SHOWERED.
TO DATE, MASTERS HAVE DECLARED THEMSELVES, BUT TODAY A DISCIPLE DECLARES WITH GRATITUDE THAT THE MASTER, THE BUDDHA, A REAL FRIEND, HAS COME WITH A NEW RADIANCE TO HELP ALL.
BELOVED OSHO, I HAVE NOTHING TO OFFER -- NOT EVEN A FLOWER -- AND YET I OFFER

EVERYTHING. THUS, SOMETHING IS GIVEN AND SOMETHING IS TAKEN.
OH BELOVED SANNYASINS, DEVOTEES AND FRIENDS WHO ARE PRESENT HERE, ARE THE BLESSED ONES TO HEAR THIS DECLARATION AND WITNESS THIS UNIQUE EVENT.
OH SANNYASIN, REJOICE, CELEBRATE AND SING, "BUDDHAM SHARANAM GACHCHHAMI; SANGHAM SHARANAM GACHCHHAMI; DHAMMAM SHARANAM GACHCHHAMI."
BELOVED OSHO, I WAS RELUCTANT TO WRITE THIS TO YOU, BUT SOMETHING UNKNOWN FORCES ME TO WRITE TO YOU. I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER THIS IS RIGHT TO DO OR NOT.
WILL YOU PLEASE COMMENT ON THE EVENT?

Govind Siddharth, it is not a question.
It is a realization, and it is a declaration.
Whatever you have experienced was not a dream. Your whole life may have been a dream, but this experience is absolute reality. That's why you felt an unknown force compelling you to declare it. You had to declare it -- it is impossible to hide the truth.
It has not only happened to you alone; there are two more persons present here to whom the same experience at the same time has happened. They are also hesitating whether to declare it or not. The hesitation is natural, because the declaration is so big and you feel so small, but you cannot keep it within you. It is just like a pregnant woman -- how long can she hide that she is pregnant? One day she is going to give birth to a child.

Every truth is a living experience.
And the very nature of life is expression, expansion, declaration. Each flower declares it, each morning the sun declares it, each night millions of stars declare it. Of course their language of declaration is different -- a flower declares it by its fragrance, the star declares it by its light, the moon declares it by its beauty.
But truth, beauty, good... these three -- satyam, shivam, sundaram -- are the basic, the fundamental trinity of existence. You cannot hide them.
One feels embarrassed -- how to say it? And to say it in a world which is skeptical, in a world where people are deaf as far as truth is concerned, where people are blind as far as beauty is concerned, where people don't have hearts as far as feeling, sensitivity is concerned... one feels alone to declare such a thing.
But it is not out of egoism -- you cannot declare such a thing out of egoism because the ego will feel very embarrassed, and ego does not like to feel embarrassed. It is out of humbleness that one declares such experiences.
I was waiting... out of those three persons, who is going to declare it first? Govind Siddharth has proved really humble, courageous. Whatever he is saying, he has seen -- not in sleep, not in dream.
It is true that J. Krishnamurti was prepared for exactly this phenomenon.
Gautam Buddha had promised that after twenty-five centuries he will be coming as Lord Maitreya. Maitreya means `the friend'.
Of course, his own body was burned and could not be kept for twenty-five centuries; the technology was not yet

developed. Now it is possible. There are ten bodies in the world which are being kept. They are dead, it is very expensive to keep them, but those people were very rich people and they have willed that their bodies should be kept -- because science is saying that within ten or twelve years, at the most twelve, we will be able to revive dead bodies. These rich people have allowed their bodies to be kept, so that when the technology is ready to revive them, they can be revived back to life again.

Gautam Buddha had to use a totally different kind of technology -- not scientific but occult. The physical body died. But there are other bodies within this body which don't die, and he has lived with his third body. He cannot be born through a womb; that is impossible, that is against the nature of things. Once you are enlightened, you cannot be born through the natural process, through a womb.

It is his compassion. No one before him has ever tried. Perhaps no one before him had such compassion.

The story is that Gautam Buddha reaches the door of nirvana -- and once you enter the door you disappear into the universe. The doors are opened, the doorkeeper welcomes him. But Buddha refuses to enter the door and he says, "I will stay here outside the door, because millions of my fellow travelers are groping in the dark. I will try in every possible way to help them. Unless every living being has passed through the door, I will wait. I am going to be the last."

This is not just a parable, not just a fictitious story, but something absolutely factual in the world of mysticism. It is not factual in the world of matter, it is factual in the world of the spirit.

J. Krishnamurti was prepared by very learned scholars who had found in all the scriptures -- Tibetan, Chinese, Japanese, Indian -- the promise of Buddha that after twenty-five centuries he would be coming back: "I will find a way. I cannot come through a womb but I can enter into a living being, can merge my soul with his soul." When the theosophists found this, they started searching for somebody who could be prepared -- in purity, in discipline, in meditation, consciously -- so that he can become a vehicle of Lord Maitreya.

They worked really hard on J. Krishnamurti.

He was not the only one they worked on. They had chosen at least five children of immense intelligence, and they worked on all five. One of the five was Nityananda, Krishnamurti's elder brother. He died; he died because of too much arduous discipline. He was immensely intelligent. He would have become a great scientist, a great philosopher, but he was not meant to become a great mystic -- and perhaps not a vehicle of Gautam Buddha.

Training those five -- and when Nityananda died, the four -- slowly it became clear that Krishnamurti was the best out of the four. One was Raj Gopal, who was made personal secretary to J. Krishnamurti. And he betrayed J. Krishnamurti because he carried that resentment for his whole life. He was chosen for the same purpose, and finally he was just made a personal private-secretary. He was angry, resentful, but he didn't show it.

He was the managing trustee of all the properties that belonged to the organization which was created for Krishnamurti -- its name was "The Star of the East." The royalties for all of Krishnmurti's books were going to Raj

Gopal. And just five years ago, he simply betrayed J. Krishnamurti. He simply said, "You have nothing to do with the organization, the money, the books, the royalties." At the age of eighty-five, Krishnamurti had to begin again from ABC.

This man, Raj Gopal, must have had a tremendous patience, because for sixty years he kept the resentment repressed in himself, waiting for the right moment when Krishnamurti was so old that he could not do anything. At that moment he would desert him. He took away all the assets of Krishnamurti Foundation -- he was the head of the foundation -- and Krishnamurti was left, at the age of eighty-five, just a beggar.

Another boy who was trained was a German. Seeing that he was not going to be chosen, he behaved just like a German: he created a new organization and revolted against the theosophical movement, created a split in the movement. And the German section of the theosophical society became a separate party. He became the leader of it, hoping that he would compete with J. Krishnamurti not understanding at all that these matters are not of competition.

Krishnamurti himself, after years of training and discipline... rather than becoming pure, rather than becoming a right-vehicle, he became so hateful towards all the ringleaders who were torturing him -- telling him to fast, telling him to wake up early in the morning at three o'clock, have a cold bath at three o'clock -- with all good intentions, but they never realized the fact that you cannot make anybody a Gautam Buddha. It is not a question of training. However good the intentions are, the result is going to be a disaster.

When Krishnamurti reached the age of twenty-five, they gathered the chief leaders of the theosophical movement in Holland, where Krishnamurti was going to declare that Gautam Buddha had entered into him and he has become the world teacher.

But he was a sincere man. Gautam Buddha did not enter. If he had been a man like the pope or Ayatollah Khomeini he could have said, "Yes, Gautam Buddha has entered in me and I am the world teacher." But he refused. He said, "No Gautam Buddha has entered in me, and I am not the world teacher. Not only that, I am not going to be a teacher at all."

It was such a shock to the six thousand leaders of the movement who had come from all over the world. They could not believe it -- they had prepared this man, they had fought for this man in the courts, they had done everything that was possible to give him the best education. He never gave an indication that he was unwilling. And at the last moment, when he stood up, he declared, "I dissolve the organization, `The Star of the East'. I am not the world teacher." It was a reaction. You cannot force anybody into paradise. A forced paradise will become hell, because the basic element of freedom is missing.

Gautam Buddha's third body has been hovering around the world to find someone to become a vehicle, so that whatever he said twenty-five centuries ago can be updated, resurrected, made fit for the modern man -- for the new man who is going to be born.

In twenty-five centuries so much dust has gathered that unless something absolutely fresh begins...

There are millions of Buddhists, there are thousands of great Buddhist monks; it looks simply absurd that he

should not choose a vehicle from these people. It will be just natural and logical to choose a Dalai Lama or a great Buddhist monk, learned.

But you have to remember -- that is one of my basic emphases -- that these people cannot be chosen, because they are still hanging on to the Buddha that was twenty-five centuries ago. To choose them as vehicles is just meaningless; they will be repeating the same.

I love Gautam Buddha as I have not loved any other master, but my love is not blind. I have criticized him as severely as possible. I have praised him when I have found him right -- right for today, right for tomorrow, right for the new humanity to come. And I have criticized him severely whenever I have found that he is twenty-five centuries old, still carrying conditionings, rotten ideas which are of no use for the new man, but will be a great hindrance.

Govind Siddharth must have been puzzled seeing what he has seen, because I would appear to be the last man that Gautam Buddha would choose to be a vehicle.

But this is the beauty of Gautam Buddha: he understands that the message has to be for the present and for the future, that he needs an absolutely fresh being -- unattached to any old tradition, his tradition included -- a man absolutely untraditional, unorthodox. A man of today, as fresh as today's rose -- even if the man goes many times against the teachings of the old Buddha.

I was not going to declare it for the simple reason that then it would become difficult for me to criticize the old man. So I was keeping completely aloof, so that my freedom and my independence are not in any way curtailed.

I have my own message.

If Gautam Buddha finds that my message has the essentials of his message too, then it is his choice. It is not a burden on me. I will go on criticizing him whenever I find anything that is not right for human growth in the future.
But Govind Siddharth's difficulty was that he could not keep it a secret. One of the most difficult things in the world is to keep a secret -- and such a secret!
But I will remain exactly the same as I am, no compromise. Gautam Buddha and all the masters of the past can choose me as their vehicles, but I will not allow any pollution. My message will remain my message.
Yes, they can... and Govind Siddharth says it rightly: The river can fall into the ocean; thousands of rivers can fall into the ocean -- they don't make the ocean sweet. They themselves become salty.
Gautam Buddha has chosen me as his vehicle because it was difficult now to keep hanging around in his third body anymore. Twenty-five centuries have passed; in fact a few more years have passed. He had to choose, but he has chosen a person who has his own message. It will surely be beautiful if it coincides with his essentials, but if it does not coincide, then I am going to be as hard on him as I have been before. It will not make any difference.
I am not going to be his voice, I am going to remain my voice.
But what Govind Siddharth has seen is a tremendous experience, a great realization.
There are two more persons present here -- if they gather courage, then their questions will be coming. If they cannot gather courage, then they will always remain burdened with a secret. It is better to bring it in the open and be free of it --

and anyway it is in the open, Govind Siddharth has done almost 99.9 percent of the work. Nothing is left for you.
Anybody who has been close to me has felt it many times, that I bring Gautam Buddha, his life, his stories, more than those of anybody else to illustrate some of my ideas. Gautam Buddha comes very close to me. The difference is not of twenty-five centuries -- maybe only twenty-five centimeters -- but the difference is there.
I am not a person who compromises.
I will not be compromising with Gautam Buddha either, but whatever is ultimate truth is nobody's possession, neither Gautam Buddha's nor mine. Only the non-essentials are different; the essential is always the same. And my effort is to cut all non-essentials and give you only the pure, essential message. Because only the essential religion is going to survive in the future. The non-essential rituals are all going to be dead.
With this century ending, there will be a religiousness in the world but no religions.
Perhaps he has chosen a right man.
And he has also chosen a right man in Govind Siddharth to declare the fact. I was not going to declare it, because declaration from my side brings a certain compromise, as if I have become a vehicle of somebody else's message.
I am nobody's vehicle. In fact, my message and Gautam Buddha's message are almost parallel -- so parallel, so similar that it can be said that he was my vehicle or it can be said that I am his vehicle. But it is not going to change my approach in any way. Now I will be even harder on Gautam Buddha, so that only the most essential and the purest part of him reaches to humanity in the future.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
HOW CAN THE MASTER HELP THE DISCIPLE TO LIVE RELIGIOUSNESS WITHOUT RELIGION?

It is the most simple thing in the world.
The reverse is the most difficult -- to be religious and to be part of an organized religion is almost impossible. But just to be religious, without being part of any religion, is the simplest thing.
You have to understand what I mean by religiousness: by religiousness I mean a gratitude towards existence. It has given so much to you, and you cannot pay it back.
I have heard, a man was going to commit suicide and a master was sitting on the river bank from where this man was going to take the jump. He said, "Wait just a moment! Wait! Are you going to commit suicide?"
The man said, "But who are you to prevent me?"
The master said, "I am not preventing you. In fact, I would love for you to commit suicide, but before committing it, if you can give your two eyes... because the king of this country has gone blind. And the doctors say if somebody can donate his eyes -- not the eyes of a dead person, but a living person -- then those eyes of can be transplanted and the king will be able to see again. And whatever you want as a reward, as a prize, you say it and it is yours. So just before committing suicide, why not do a little business?"
The man said, "How much will he give?" He forgot about his suicide.
People are so business-minded.

The master said, "Whatever you want, you just say."
He said, "I am a poor man, I cannot ask much -- you suggest something. And I am going to commit suicide..."
So the master said, "You think it over... twenty thousand rupees."
The man said, "Twenty thousand? My God, I never thought that I would have twenty thousand rupees."
But the master said, "You can still think. I can even tell the king, `He needs twenty million.' It all depends on you. And the king wants the eyes at any price."
The man said, "Twenty million? But then why should I commit suicide?"
The master said, "That is up to you. But," he said, "Living a life without eyes, even having twenty million rupees will not be so much joy."
Just on the way towards the palace, the man started saying to the master, "I am having second thoughts."
He said, "What second thoughts? Have you raised your price again?
He said, "The price is not the question. I am thinking that just for two eyes, twenty million -- what about ears, the nose, the teeth, my whole body? How much is the price of my whole body?"
The master said, "You can calculate; just for two eyes, twenty million... "
The man said, "I am not going to sell. I am going home."
The master said, "What about suicide?"
He said, "I used to think you are a religious man. You are a murderer! You want me to commit suicide? Now for the first time I have recognized what existence has given to me -- and I have not paid a single pai. These two eyes which

have seen all kinds of beauty, these two ears which have heard all kinds of music, this life which has experienced so much -- and I have not paid anything and I have not even said a thank you.

"And suicide is nothing but the last complaint, the ugliest complaint against existence: you have given me so much and I am destroying it. Rather than being grateful, I am betraying. No, I cannot commit suicide and I cannot sell my eyes; they are priceless. You can tell the king that even for the whole kingdom I cannot give my two eyes, although I am a beggar."

Have you ever realized how much existence has given to you?

No, you simply take it for granted, as if you deserve it, as if you have earned it.

You don't deserve it. You have not earned it, it is a gift. It is a blessing; it is simply out of love that the existence has given you so much. And it is ready to give you much more. You are just not ready to take it.

Religion prevents you from being religious -- sends you to the mosque, to the temple, to the church. It teaches you to pray to a hypothetical god that you have never met, that nobody has ever met.

And the real temple is all around you -- under the stars, under the green foliage of a tree, by the side of the ocean. The real temple is all around, and the real god is nothing but the living, the alive, the conscious phenomenon in you. Wherever there is life, wherever there is consciousness, there is god.

And when you come to the ultimate experience of consciousness you become a god. Everybody's birthright is

to become a god -- not to worship God but to become a god.

All the religions are preventing you. They don't teach you non-ambitiousness; they teach you ambition, they teach you how to be virtuous so that you can reach paradise. They don't teach you fearlessness, they teach you fear -- that if you do certain things you will be thrown into hell and you will suffer for eternity. All the religions are basically an exploitation of humanity: they enslave you, they humiliate you, they call you sinners, they destroy your self-respect. Religiousness is a humble gratefulness towards existence. And because existence has given so much to you there is a humble self-respect -- but humble; it is not egoistic, you are not bragging about it.

It teaches you to love, it teaches you to be more alive, more playful, more celebrating. Your life should be a song and a dance and a festivity.

What is the need to belong to a crowd? All these things are your individual experiences, they don't have anything to do with any crowd. You need not go to a church, you need not worship a god, you need not worship a book which is dead and full of all kinds of nonsense, stupidities, superstitions. Religiousness is absolutely an individual phenomenon. It is not something to do with collectivity; you are not going to fight with somebody... "So, be united." Mohammedans have to be united against Hindus, Hindus have to be united against Christians, Christians have to be united against Jews. These are not religions. These are insane crowds which want to do violence in the name of religion, in the name of God.

I have seen a few riots, and I could not believe... very nice people suddenly become like animals.

I knew a person who was a professor in the same university where I was teaching, and I knew him as one of the nicest persons. But he was a Mohammedan, and when there was a riot amongst Hindus and Mohammedans I saw that professor raping a woman. I could not believe it. I dragged the professor away. I said, "What are you doing?" He came back to his senses, as if he was doing it in a state of sleep. He said, "I am sorry, just forgive me. The whole crowd was doing it, and I simply became part of the crowd. I forgot my individuality completely, and the animal within me started doing things. First I was trembling... `I should not do it -- what I am going to do is not right.' But the animal is too strong and too ancient, and when the whole crowd was doing it... "

I have caught hold of people burning temples, burning mosques -- people whom I knew -- and I have dragged them away and asked them, "What are you doing? Can you do it alone? If there is no crowd, can you burn this mosque? What has this mosque done to you? It is a beautiful piece of architecture -- why are you destroying it? It has not harmed anybody."

And the man would say, "Alone? Alone I cannot do it, but everybody is doing it. And I am also a Hindu, and Hindus have to be united."

United for what? -- to kill, to burn people alive.

For thousands of years, religions have been just killing, murdering, burning. And their whole strategy is that the crowd has a psychology of its own. Just don't let the individual stand aloof; otherwise, you cannot make him

rape a woman, burn a house, kill a child. Just let him be within the crowd, and when everybody else is doing something he will start doing it; his animal will surface.
Once I was sitting in a bookstore and suddenly a riot... just across the street there was the most beautiful shop full of watches, clocks. And people started taking away watches and clocks. And one man, one old man was shouting loudly, "This is not right! If Hindus and Mohammedans are fighting, you can fight. But taking things from shops... I don't see any religion in it."
I was listening from the bookstore. Nobody was listening to the old man. I knew the old man; we used to meet on a morning walk once in a while and discuss things. He was a very nice man and had a very philosophical approach towards life. He was a Mohammedan, and it was a Mohammedan crowd which was destroying a Hindu shop. When the whole shop was finished, there was only one big wall clock left. It was too big, so nobody took it out because he would be seen. Wherever he would go, people would see -- you would have to carry it on your back. The old man took the big clock.
I could not believe it. I had to come out of the store and I said, "Wait! What are you doing?"
He said, "What else can I do? They have taken everything, only this is left. So I said to myself, now what is the point? They did not listen to me -- I tried my hardest to save the shop. And when I saw that all the watches and all the clocks were gone, suddenly a desire arouse in me -- `What are you doing here standing like a fool? Just take this one and go home' -- and I am going."

I said, "You are perfectly right. You have earned it. You have been shouting, you have been... You are not stealing -- I am a witness; if any problem arises you can always name me. You have done your work, your religious work of teaching people. Nobody listened to you, and the man whose shop it was had escaped out of fear that he would be killed. Now it is just pure earnings. You have wasted your whole day, and in old age... Can I help you?"
He said, "Don't make me feel ashamed. This clock is so big, and my house is so far away."
I said, "Let me help you; otherwise... you are a Mohammedan, you may be caught by some Hindus. And nobody will believe what you have purchased this clock at this moment when people are taking everything."
He said, "You are right. Just do one thing: If you can call a taxi... it is too heavy."
I said, "I will call a taxi." I called a taxi. Meanwhile we were standing by the side of the road; many people gathered there to see what was happening. I said, "Nothing, there is no problem. He has earned it, he deserves it."
He felt so ashamed that by the time the taxi arrived he said, "No, it is not right. Put it back, leave it... somebody else will take it away."
I said "Somebody else is going to take it away -- it doesn't matter who takes it away, you simply sit in the taxi and take it away."
He said, "You are a strange man. You are supporting a Mohammedan."
I said, "I am not a Hindu, not a Mohammedan. I simply see that in old age, you have done enough work; you should be

paid. Now there is nobody here to pay for it, you just take it away."
The next day when I saw him in the garden I said, "How is the clock working?"
He said, "I could not sleep the whole night. It makes such a `tick-tock, tick-tock' that it reminds me, `My God, I have stolen it -- against all my philosophy and all my religious teachings.' And I was advising people... this is not a reward, this is a punishment. And my wife was angry; she said, `You have become old but you are really an idiot. When people were taking beautiful wristwatches, you have brought this "tick-tock". You cannot even sleep. Throw it out.' So my wife has put it out in the garage, and I have been thinking to somehow return it."
I said, "That's a good idea. Should I call a taxi? You should not go to return it -- I will go, because you will be caught."
So I had to go to return the clock. And the man said, "But how did you get involved in it?"
I said, "It is a long story... but we could save only one -- this big clock. About the others, I know who has taken them, I was watching. I can give you a few names if you can find them, but it will be very difficult. This was taken by an old man, and because his wife could not tolerate this `tick-tock'... he was coming himself but I said, `It is dangerous, there is still tension.' So you just take it. But when the tension subsides, remember that old man; he has really tried his hardest, but finally the animal surfaced and when he saw that nobody was listening -- `Only I am the loser, everybody is gaining something'... just sheer economics."

Religions are nothing but crowd psychology, mob psychology, and the mob is still in its animalhood. They are still not human beings. There are individual human beings, but there are no crowds which are human. The crowd immediately slips back and becomes unconscious.
So there is no problem for the individual to become religious. You just have to understand what religiousness means:
Be grateful to existence, enjoy the beautiful life that surrounds you.
Love -- because tomorrow is not certain.
Don't postpone anything beautiful for tomorrow.
Live intensely, live totally, here and now.
And there is no need to be a Mohammedan or a Hindu. And you will find a tremendous blissfulness arising. That is your paradise.
Paradise is not some place, somewhere. It is a space within you.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
THE ONLY TRUST I KNOW WHICH IS INDESTRUCTIBLE IS MY TRUST IN YOU.
SINCE HAVING LEFT THE COMMUNE, I CAN SEE THAT I HAVE WITHDRAWN MY TRUST FROM ALL OTHERS. I FEEL THAT I WOULD RATHER SPEND A THOUSAND LIVES TRAVELING ALONE THAN EVER TO ALLOW OTHERS TO HAVE ANY SAY IN WHAT I DO OR FEEL -- EVEN IF WHAT THEY SAY IS HELPFUL.

AT THE SAME TIME, I FEEL YOUR LIGHT WITHIN MY HEART CALLING ME CONSTANTLY, AND I AM TOO THICK TO UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU ARE SAYING.
PLEASE SAY A FEW WORDS TO ME.

Trust should not be dependent on the trustworthiness of others.
Trust should be a quality in you, not a relationship.
You trust somebody because he is trustworthy -- this is not trust. There is no dignity in it, there is no glory in it. He is trustworthy, you have to trust him.
Trust as a quality- whether the other is trustworthy or not, whether the other deceives you or not, it should not make any difference in your trust. Your joy should be in trusting itself. It should be intrinsic, it should not be dependent on the other.
I have heard that a man was brought for the tenth time into court. The magistrate said, "You should be ashamed. You have been brought ten times before me. And just look at who you have cheated -- the most innocent man in the town."
And the criminal said, "My lord, if I don't cheat the innocent then who am I going to cheat? The innocent are the easiest to cheat. What do you want me to do -- cheat people who are not innocent?"
The magistrate said, "You seem to be very cunning, distorting what I am saying."
And the man said, "My lord, you said that I should be ashamed that I have been brought before you in the court for the tenth time. This is not my fault. Tell these

policemen, these idiots who go on catching me. I told them that the magistrate would feel ashamed. It is time that I should not be brought to the court, but nobody listens."
If you are trusting, people are going to cheat you. And naturally, when a few people have cheated you, your trust in humanity disappears. That is very strange -- five persons have cheated you, and five billion people on the earth lose your trust. You should just try to understand a little arithmetic. And the people who have cheated you, what can they gain? -- perhaps some money... But if you can still trust them, you have gained something which no money can buy.
I used to travel in the trains continually. Once, from Indore to Khandva, I had arrived and there was a one-hour gap before the other train that I had to catch for Bombay. So I was sitting in the compartment alone -- all the other passengers had left; that was the terminus for that train. One man came, tears in his eyes. I said, "Don't... just wipe your tears. Just tell me the story."
He said, "Story?"
I said, "Whatever it is -- it may be real, unreal -- you just tell me the story."
He said, "You are strange... my mother has died."
I said, "I knew it." I gave him one rupee.
He said, "I need it. I am very thankful. Nobody gives nowadays."
He went away, but he thought, "This man seems to be very gullible. He gave me one rupee without inquiring in detail." He simply put on a coat and a cap, and came back again. I said, "Where are the tears?"
He said, "What tears?"

I said, "You are another person... but what is the story?"
He said, "Again? My father has died... "
I said, "You take one rupee, because I give one rupee to anybody who brings a story... mother died, father died... Soon somebody will come and his wife has died, somebody will come and his child has died. There is one hour's time, and I have enough money for one hour. You just go, go fast!
He said, "Why fast"
I said, "You will have to change clothes! Just go... "
He said, "My God, have you recognized me?"
I said, "No, I have not recognized you. How can I recognize you? -- the cap, the coat, so new! I have never before seen you in the coat, in the cap. And your relatives are dying so fast, you just go."
The third time he hesitated to come, but greed is such that he could not resist his temptation. He put away his coat, his shirt; just with a lungi on he came.
I said, "That is great, that fits. It is so hot that I was worried -- shirt and coat and cap. Now who has died?"
He said, "My God, it is strange... but a very unfortunate day. You were right, my wife died."
I said, "Take one rupee. Go home and find out if somebody else has died. And no need to come naked, you can just go on wearing the lungi. Otherwise, the police may catch hold of you and you might be in trouble. And I will be in trouble."
He said, "Why will you be in trouble?"
"Because I am here waiting for you, waiting and waiting. And if you are caught by the police it will be a real anxiety to me -- `What happened to the poor guy?' So many people

have died, and I have not even asked your name; otherwise I could come to your home. But remember not to die yourself. Otherwise, who is going to come for the rupee?"
He was really shocked. The fourth time he came with four rupees, saying, "You take them back, I cannot accept them."
I said, "But what happened? What will happen to your father, your mother, your wife -- they all have died. You can take more if you want, if it is not enough."
He said, "Nobody has died. This is just my profession -- I cheat people. But I cannot cheat you."
I said, "Why can't you cheat me? I am so available to be cheated. I am just sitting here; there is no other business except to be cheated. You need not take such a long time -- you just go around the railway station and come back, take one rupee. No need from now onwards to tell me any story. Just come with your hand out, and I will understand that somebody has died."
He said, "No, this is... nobody has died, everybody is alive. You just take your rupees back."
I said, "But why are you feeling so guilty? There is no problem, I am enjoying the game. Sitting here, there is nothing else to do. And you are bringing such entertainment -- one rupee is not bad."
But he would not accept; he said, "Nobody has ever trusted me, and you are either just crazy or I don't know what, but you go on trusting. Do you really believe that my wife is dead?"
I said, "I really believe it, because man is mortal, people die. Your wife is not immortal. Don't be afraid -- she will die. If she has not died today, tomorrow she will die. Keep

the rupee with you; perhaps you are telling the story a little ahead of time."
He said, "I will not take any money from you, and from today I will stop this business of telling lies to people. The whole day I have to say, `My father has died, my mother has died.' Sometimes in one day my wife dies twelve times. Only you are the first person who has believed me, and is ready to believe."
I said, "You simply go and count all the people who are alive in your house and who are dead. For the dead you have already taken; for the alive you can take rupees. Some day they will die and you may not be able to find me then -- because I am here for only one hour and then I will be gone."
I used to pass Khandva continually because it is a junction going to Nagpur, going to Indore, going to Jabalpur, going to Bombay -- and that man would always come with some fruits, some flowers.
And I would say, "This is not right, you are poor."
He said, "I am poor, but not so poor that I can't see that you cannot insult me. You cannot insult a human being, you cannot distrust. And what can I take from you? -- a few rupees, but I cannot take your trust in humanity."
And to be trusting in humanity is such a joy.
It is part of being religious.
You say you trust me, you say you trust only me. That is not enough; that is a very poor trust. When you can have an ocean of trust, you are taking a drop of trust.
Trust everybody, including those who cheat you. They have their difficulties, they have their problems.

Mulla Nasruddin was sleeping just on the veranda of his house with the doors open. A thief entered. At first he was a little hesitant -- because people don't keep their doors open in the night, a strange house... but he entered. And when he saw that somebody was lying on a blanket, he went in. It was dark.

Nasruddin followed him, lighted a candle. The thief was very much shocked, tried to escape -- but Nasruddin was standing at the door. He said, "Don't escape, I have just come to help you."

He said, "What help? I am thief."

Nasruddin said, "That's perfect. I needed a thief. For thirty years I have been living in this house and I have not found anything. I wanted an expert. Now you try; I will help you. And whatever we can find, half and half, fifty-fifty."

The man said, "You are a strange fellow. For thirty years you have not found anything?"

He said, "No, I have not found anything. But I am not an expert, you are an expert. And in darkness you were trying! I thought you may fall, may stumble; something might go wrong, some accident might happen. And I know this house, it is utterly empty. But one try more with an expert... I am feeling very enthusiastic -- just go on!"

They looked. They could not find anything. They came out. The thief had left a big bag outside the house full of things which he had stolen from the other neighbours. Nasruddin threw his blanket also on the bag.

The thief said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "Nothing. I am coming with you. What is the meaning of living in this house? Wherever you are going, I am coming with you."

The man said, "You are a strange fellow. I cannot take you with me."
Nasruddin said, "Then fifty-fifty... just the agreement, remember?"
He said, "These things we have not found in your house!
Nasruddin said, "Just in front of my house you have found this bag. Open the bag -- fifty-fifty."
The thief said, "My God, I have brought those things from your neighbours."
He said, "That will not do -- either you have to take me with you and I will be living with you in your house and you will have to take care of me because you have looted, cheated, everything; or fifty-fifty. And from tomorrow night, remember: be watchful. If I find you anywhere doing business, fifty-fifty. That is decided."
The man said, "You can take all of it, but please, cancel the agreement."
Nasruddin said, "No, that is not right. I will cancel the agreement if you don't want the agreement, but you put all these things into my house. In the morning I will distribute them to the neighbors. Never come to this neighbourhood; otherwise, the agreement... "
The thief said, "I have been stealing my whole life. I have never stolen in a house where you have to make agreements with the owner of the house."
Nasruddin said, "I trust. I never keep my doors closed, that is just an invitation for thieves. You are not new, this happens almost every day. This is how I make my living - fifty-fifty. You are not the only thief. In this city there is no thief who does not have an agreement with me, and they are trustworthy people. Even though they steal in other

places, they bring fifty percent to me, knowing perfectly well that an agreement is an agreement; a man should stick to his promise."

Today the world is not of those old days when people used to stick to their promises. On every step you will find people breaking promises, going against their word, cheating you when you were trusting them. But what can they cheat? -- just material things.

If you lose trust, then certainly they have destroyed you. Trust is non-material, it is spiritual.

If you trust me and if you feel happy with it, then trust the whole world. These five billion people have not cheated you, these millions of stars have not cheated you, these trees and oceans and rivers have not cheated you. Just a few people may have cheated you -- and because of those few people you are going to distrust existence? This will be a loss. You will be losing your own beautiful quality.

I am in favor of trust as a quality, not as a relationship. Don't make it dependent on the other person, on what he does. You trust him because he is human. And human beings have their weaknesses, their frailties, their limitations; you trust them in spite of all their weaknesses, all their frailties, all their limitations. This trust will become a solid rock within you, a foundation of a new being, of a new life. And perhaps if you had that solid foundation, even those people who have been cheating you may not be able to cheat you. Just your very being...

I was asleep in the train, and there was only one other person. I was in the upper berth. In the middle of the night the person was getting out of the train. It was a beautiful chance, because all my luggage was on the floor and he

saw that I was asleep. So he told his servants to take everything. Just my money was in a pocketbook.
So when he had taken everything out, I said, "Wait!"
So he said, "Are you awake?"
I said, "I have been awake all the time. You have taken everything; just this pocketbook is left with the money I have. Take this too. Always do everything totally."
He said, "My God... " He said to his servants, "Bring his things back, he is dangerous."
And the station master came running -- "What is the matter?" -- and the driver and the conductor, and the man was trembling that I would tell them that he was stealing everything.
I said, "It is nothing. Just by mistake he has taken everything out. His mistake was not complete, and I am against things which are not complete. So I was giving my money to him, telling him, `Take this too, so everything is complete.'"
They said, "Should we catch hold of this man and give him to the police?"
I said, "No, because he is a nice fellow. He didn't accept the money and he has brought all the things back."
He was in such a nervous state that he left one of his bags also with me. I had to send his bag back from the next station telling them, "Find this man." At least there was a name on the bag -- "So find him." He was really a good man. He got so nervous... perhaps it was his first effort to steal things.
But human beings are human beings. What was he doing? just taking a few things which don't belong to me. Nothing belongs to anybody, but trust belongs to you.

Things don't belong to you, so let your trust be as cosmic as possible.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #36

Chapter title: You are here only for that miracle
24 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
THE OTHER DAY I HAD NARRATED AN EVENT, AND YESTERDAY YOU REPLIED IN YOUR OWN WAY. THE EVENT, THE QUESTION AND ANSWER, IS KNOWN TO YOU AND ME ONLY. NOW I CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT MUST HAVE TRANSPIRED BETWEEN BHAGWAN BUDDHA AND THE DISCIPLE MAHAKASHYAP.
BELOVED, BEAUTIFUL OSHO, IT'S NOT THE LANGUAGE BUT THE SILENCE THAT HAS AND HAD ASKED, THAT HAS ANSWERED AND HAD ANSWERED. WORDS ARE NOT SPOKEN, BUT I HAVE LISTENED.
THERE WAS A FLOWER BETWEEN BHAGWAN BUDDHA AND THE DISCIPLE MAHAKASHYAP. BETWEEN YOU AND ME THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE.
YOU KNOW AND I KNOW WHAT IT WAS -- SOMETHING THAT YOU BROUGHT AND GAVE, AND SOMETHING THAT I RECEIVED.

EVERYBODY HAS SEEN IT, AND YET NO ONE KNOWS IT.
THE DISCIPLE MAHAKASHYAP LAUGHED, AND I SHED TEARS.
MY BELOVED, BEAUTIFUL LORD, MY HEART BOWS DOWN TO YOU FULL OF GRATITUDE AND THANKFULNESS, AND EYES FULL OF TEARS OF JOY AND HAPPINESS. THE EVENT IS REPEATED AGAIN ON SEPTEMBER THE TWENTY-SECOND, NINETEEN EIGHTY-SIX. LET THIS BE RECORDED.
OSHO, WOULD YOU LIKE TO COMMENT?

Govind Siddharth, the laughter of Mahakashyap and the tears of yours do not mean different things.
Perhaps you laughed more deeply than Mahakashyap.
When laughter is abysmal, it can only come out into tears -- tears of joy, tears of gratitude, tears of blissfulness.
Yes, something has transpired between me and you.
And the date that you are giving is absolutely accurate; it will be on record.
The master can give only something which cannot be seen by the ordinary eyes.
Even though Gautam Buddha had given the flower to Mahakashyap it was not the flower that made him laugh, it was something else. The flower was just an excuse.
Everybody saw the flower. Only a few -- those who had eyes to see the invisible and to hear the unsaid -- were able to understand that the flower was not the real thing, it was a cover-up.
And for twenty-five centuries, mystics have been discussing what was really transmitted. It cannot be just the

flower; the flower can be given to anybody. Something else was given. But Buddha was very kind, even to those who are blind. If he had not given the flower and just transmitted the wordless message, Mahakashyap would have laughed all the same. But the people who could not see the invisible would have thought either that Mahakashyap was mad, or would have felt ashamed that they could not see what had transpired between the master and the greatest disciple.

After twenty-five centuries, man has come of age; and I hope that I can transfer the unseeable without hiding it behind an excuse. Neither has Govind Siddharth to feel ashamed for his tears nor do the others have to feel that he must be mad because they can't see anything happening -- and particularly in this temple of the mystery school. Only those few people are present who will understand at least the possibility of something mysterious, miraculous happening. You are here only for that miracle; you are not here to listen to a talk, to listen to words, theories, philosophies.

You are here to taste something of the beyond.

And that day, Govind Siddharth tasted something of the beyond. He experienced the flowering. I have not given a flower to him, but he has experienced the flowering of his inner lotus.

Every one of you, sooner or later, is going to taste, to experience the same mystery.

He is what Gautam Buddha used to call "become an elder." He has arrived to the point which we call enlightenment.

And you should rejoice in it because one of you becoming enlightened makes it easier for you to become enlightened, makes it possible, brings it within your reach.
It is not an impossibility. You don't have to be special, unique -- a savior, a prophet. In your very ordinariness, in your very simplicity, in your very humanity you have the potential.
Govind Siddharth becomes a proof for your potential.
You should rejoice as if you have become enlightened. His becoming enlightened is your becoming enlightened; it is only a question of time. But he is enough of a proof and a guarantee.
Enlightenment is not something that comes from above. It is something that grows in you, the seed everyone is carrying for lives together.
Jesus used to say, "You can throw the seeds: some may fall on the rocks and will never grow. Some may fall on the footpath: they will grow but will be crushed by people continually passing on the footpath. Some will fall into the right soil and will grow and realize their ultimate flowering, will dance in the wind, in the sun, in the rain -- expressing their gratitude to existence."
This is a garden.
Whatever I am saying to you is just providing you with a right soil.
Slowly slowly, a few seeds will start sprouting. Each seed sprouting should fill you with great celebration because it reflects you. It reflects your future, it indicates all the possibilities that are hidden in you.
The day I had given sannyas to Govind Siddharth... I remember it. Why had I given him the name Siddharth?

Siddharth is Gautam Buddha's original name -- when he became enlightened, people slowly, slowly forgot Siddharth. 'Buddha' means the enlightened one; Gautama is his family name. He was Gautam Siddharth, now he had become Gautam Buddha. Siddharth was the seed, his buddhahood was the flowering.

Siddharth is a beautiful name. It was given to him by a very strange man; nobody knows his name. He had come the day Gautam Buddha was born. He was an old, very old, almost ancient saint living in the Himalayas. He rushed, because his death was very close. His disciples asked, "Where are you going? At this age don't go for any travel, it can prove dangerous."

But the old man said, "It doesn't matter. I will have to go, because if I don't reach in time I will never be able to see a child who is going to become an awakened being. I have been doing everything to become awakened -- I have failed. Perhaps whatever I was doing was wrong, perhaps whatever I was doing was not intense enough, was not total enough, although it may have been right. But a child is born, and I want to see him.

And he reached, down the hills... Gautam Buddha was born just near the Himalayas on the boundary line of Nepal and India. As he reached.... The king Shuddhodhana, Gautam Buddha's father, had never seen such an old man. He touched his feet, asked him why he had come -- he could have called on him, since he was too old to travel.

He said, "There was no time. I want to see the child that has been born to your wife." The child was brought. The old man touched the feet of the child.

The king could not believe it. He said, "What are you doing? You are a great, respected saint and you are touching the feet of a child?"
That old man said, "I am old, I am respected as a saint, but I am not yet awakened. My spiritual sleep still continues. But this child is going to become an awakened soul. This is his last life. I give him the name Siddhartha."
The father said, "But what is the meaning of this name Siddhartha? It is not common" -- it was at least not common in those days. The old man explained the meaning of Siddharth: it means one who is going to achieve the meaning of life.
When I gave sannyas to Govind Siddharth I thought for a moment for his name, and I felt so definitely that he was going to achieve the meaning that I gave him the same name, Siddhartha. And he has fulfilled my feeling of that moment. He has fulfilled a promise that he had not given to me.
It is not only his enlightenment; it is yours, too. Participate in it, celebrate it. That should be the way of every disciple. Anyone coming home, a part of you has also come home with him -- recognize it.
And Govind Siddhartha is doubly blessed: my blessings are with him, and now Gautam Buddha's blessings are also with him.
And you should accept this celebration as a challenge too. It opens a door. Forget all the nonsense that has been imposed on you for centuries -- that Krishna becomes enlightened because he is already born as an incarnation of God. In fact, if he is born as an incarnation of God then his

enlightenment is not much to be celebrated. He is already God, he cannot be more than what he is: he is dead.
If Jesus is enlightened because he is the only begotten son of God, that is not something to be proud of -- because to be the only begotten son... Now, enlightenment cannot be an addition to your being in any way. You have all that a man can be. And because of these people, millions of human beings have shrunk back from the journey thinking that it is only for those towards whom God is especially favorable -- "It is not for us ordinary human beings."
And to make these people special, the priests have done everything in their power. Jesus is not born like any other human being: he is born out of a virgin mother -- just to make him special; otherwise, it is absolute nonsense. Nobody can be born out of a virgin mother. Yes, there are unfertilized eggs but nothing is born out of them. They are born out of virgin mothers but they are pure vegetables, there is nothing alive in them.
If Jesus was an unfertilized egg... But then these priests cannot be forgiven -- to make him an unfertilized egg, and then crucifying the poor egg! First he is dead, no life, no possibility of life, and then putting him on the cross... the whole story is so fictitious.
Life is possible only with the meeting of man and woman. The woman alone is not capable of giving birth, neither is man capable of giving birth alone. Life is a harmony between the man and the woman, between two polarities a meeting. But just to make him special...
Gautam Buddha is born, the mother is standing. Now, no woman gives birth to a child standing. But perhaps she was practicing some yoga discipline and was able to stand up

while giving birth. Even up to this point, it can be accepted rationally -- but then Gautam Buddha is born, also standing. The first thing he does is, he walks seven feet. And the second thing he does is to declare that "I am the most awakened being who has ever walked on the earth." Not even seven minutes old!

But to make them special, these fictitious stories are created around Krishna, around Mahavira, around everybody. These stories are, in a subtle way, to prevent you from becoming enlightened. These are to create a distance between you and those who have become awakened, and the distance is so vast, so unbridgeable that it is better not to try because you are going to fail. There is no possibility of succeeding.

My basic standpoint is that all these people were as ordinary as you are. Yes, they became extraordinary, but so can you become. That extraordinariness is the flowering of your seed, of your potentiality.

What has happened to Govind Siddharth, I hope and bless you all that nobody should be left behind.

You all have to claim your birthright.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT IS INNOCENCE? WHY ARE INNOCENT PEOPLE SUFFERING THE MOST?

Laheru, I have never seen any innocent person suffering. Innocence is such a deep blissfulness that whatever happens around it makes no difference to its bliss. Even death is irrelevant.

But I can understand your question. It is not only yours; many people have asked me why innocent people suffer. First they don't understand what innocence is. Secondly, when they suffer they think it is because of innocence that they are suffering, that the cause must be somewhere else. The same kind of question has been asked from different angles -- why good people, virtuous people, religious people suffer. I have never seen any religious person suffer, or a good person or a virtuous person. But what they mean is that they think themselves good, religious, virtuous, innocent. And all that is not right.

Perhaps they are good -- but out of fear, not out of love. They are good because they are afraid of hell, they are virtuous because they are desirous and greedy of the pleasures of heaven.

And they are not innocent, but simply ignorant -- and there is a very delicate, fine line between ignorance and innocence. A child is ignorant, not innocent. And when you are reborn in a spiritual way you become again like a child. Remember, I am saying "like a child." I am not saying you become a child -- you become like a child, innocent.

The division between ignorance and innocence is so fine, but the ignorant person is always trying not to be ignorant. These are the symptoms: he is trying to become knowledgeable. The innocent person is trying to be more innocent. If any knowledge has remained somewhere hanging around him, he is trying to throw it away. He wants to be completely clean.

One man came to me -- and I know the person; certainly he is not a bad man, but that does not mean that he is a good man. He is simply a coward. He wants everything that bad

people have, but he is cowardly. He wants all the riches, he wants prestige and power, he wants to become a president or a prime minister, but he is not ready to go through all the gutters that you have to pass before you become a president. It is a long, winding way through gutters and gutters, and it becomes more and more dirty the deeper you get into it. He does not want to do that. He wants simply to become a president because he's a good man.

He wants to be the richest man, but he does not know that the rich man has earned through tedious effort, all kinds of cunningness, has been doing every type of cheating. All that makes him afraid, he does not want to go to jail. If you are afraid of jail then forget about being rich. Richness means a certain boldness, a daredevil courage, a readiness to fight, to compete without bothering whether the means are right or wrong. The rich man, the powerful man, the successful man... for them the end makes every means right -- whether you have to cut throats, kill people, does not matter. Your goal is absolutely to succeed, and you are ready to pay everything for it.

Now, this man wanted all these things and also wanted to remain good, also wanted to remain virtuous, also wanted never to be cunning, never to be deceiving. You are asking too much.

If you are really in love with goodness, in love with innocence, in love with virtue, you will be ready to sacrifice everything for it -- all success, all respectability, all prestige, everything. Even if the laws of existence change and it is declared from the skies that now only bad people will be able to enter into paradise and all good

people will have to go to hell, you will be ready to go to hell but you cannot leave your goodness.
I am reminded of a beautiful incident. It happened that Edmund Burke, one of the great historians of England, had a friend who was as famous as Edmund Burke, but as a theologian. Even the king and queen used to come to listen to his sermons on Sunday, but Edmund Burke never went. One day the friend asked him, "This is a little hard on me. I have been expecting that one day you would come. Even the king, the queen, the whole royal family comes. All the great scholars of the university come. You, who are my only friend, are the only person... just for courtesy's sake, you should come at least once."
He said, "It is because of that, that I have not come. But you are insisting. This Sunday I am coming -- be ready."
He said, "What do you mean by `be ready'?"
He said, "Everything will be clear when I come into the church."
The friend prepared a really beautiful sermon. All Christian priests prepare their sermons. This is something unknown to the mystics -- preparing a sermon. Are you a teacher in a school, a professor in a college? Don't you have anything spontaneous to say? At least those who have experienced should have each moment a spontaneous flow of fresh water, fresh energy. A prepared speech, however articulate, is basically false because it is not of the heart.
Edmund Burke came. The friend had prepared his best sermon; he wanted to impress Edmund Burke. He continually watched the face of Edmund Burke -- but no emotions, no feelings, no impact of what he was saying. He

started stuttering, he became nervous: that man was sitting in the front row like a stone statue.

And then there was the question hour, and the first to stand up was Edmund Burke. He said, "I have a question. You said in your speech that a man who is good, virtuous, a believer in God, goes to heaven. And a man who is not good, not virtuous, does not believe in God, goes into hell, into eternal fire. My question is," he said, "that you have simplified things too much. I want to know: if a man is good and virtuous and does not believe in God, where does he go? A man who is bad, who is not virtuous but is a believer in God -- where does he go?"

The theologian was at a loss, because any answer would be troublesome. He said, "Forgive me, I cannot answer it spontaneously."

Edmund Burke said, "I knew it, because the whole speech was not spontaneous at all. You are a parrot. How much time do you need to look into scriptures and libraries and find out the answer? You don't have the answer, and you have the nerve to say so emphatically who goes to hell and who goes to heaven. And I have asked a simple question... "

The theologian said, "I want seven days. Next Sunday I will answer."

Those seven days were really hellfire. He tried hard, this way and that way, "But whatever you say seems to be wrong. A man who does not believe in God but is good, is virtuous -- you cannot send him to hell. Then what is the need of being good and virtuous? A man who believes in God but is not good, is not virtuous -- you cannot send him to heaven, because if you send him to heaven then what is

wrong in being a sinner, being bad, not being virtuous? Just believe in God... Then drop all this nonsense, make it simple: those who believe in God go to heaven and those who don't believe in God go to hell. Then why unnecessarily bring these qualities of goodness and virtue?"
He was going crazy. He could not sleep and Sunday came -- and it came fast. Time is very nasty. When you want it to go slowly it goes fast, and when you want it to go fast, it goes very slowly. It always goes against your wishes.
He went to the church one hour before he had to give the sermon. Still, he had no answer. He thought he should pray to Jesus Christ: "Help me. Scriptures are of no help. Libraries... for seven days I have worked hard, but no answer. In fact, Edmund Burke was right; it was out of courtesy that he was not coming. I unnecessarily dragged him in and now he has created trouble not only for me, but for my whole congregation. Now it is up to you to help me."
So bowing down before the statue of Jesus Christ, putting his head at his feet, he said, "Help me because it is not a question of my prestige; your whole religion is at stake. I am simply a representative."
He had not slept for seven days, so he fell asleep just at the feet of Jesus Christ. He had a dream, a dream in which he saw that he was sitting in a train, a very fast train, and he inquired, "Where is this train going and where am I going?"
They said, "This train is going to heaven."
He said, "This is good. It is better that I should see with my own eyes what kind of people are there." So he figured it out: if he can find Socrates there, that means that just goodness, innocence, sincerity is enough; there is no need

for belief in God. "If Socrates is there, Gautam Buddha is there, Mahavira is there... but if I don't find these people there, then I can see what kind of people are there -- because Adolf Hitler believes in God, Napoleon Bonaparte believes in God, Alexander the Great believes in God and goes on killing people. Nadirshah believes in God, and his only joy is to burn people alive. If I find these people there then I am finished; I have to say the truth to the congregation."

He reached heaven. He could not believe his eyes. He cleaned his glasses, looked again. The station was looking just like a wreck, a ruin. There was written `Paradise' but the word had faded; it was perhaps millions of years before that somebody had written it. And all over, it was dirty. Perhaps he thought... has he come to India or what? This is not paradise, maybe Vileparle. What kind of paradise is this?

But he got down from the train, went to the inquiry office -- there was nobody. He tried to find out.... "I want to inquire about a few people, whether they are here -- Gautam Buddha, Socrates, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Epicurus, Mahavira, Lao Tzu."

People said, "Never heard of them."

And he saw people... just dry bones, as if all juice had been taken out of them, skeletons. He inquired, "Who are these people? And somebody was a great saint -- he had heard the name. Somebody was Saint Francis, somebody was Ekhart...

He said, "My God!" And dust, layers of dust on all these people -- and the whole place looked as if the rains had not come for centuries. Everything was dry, nothing was green

-- no flowers, no foliage. He had never seen such a place. He said, "My God, if this is paradise, God save the queen! This is a dangerous place."

And the saints were there, sitting under trees which were naked, without any leaves. He asked whether spring comes here or not -- they said, "Never heard of it before. What do you mean by spring?" No dance, no song, no joy...

He rushed back to the railway station and inquired whether there was any train going to hell. They said, "Just now it is standing on the platform." He went on the train to see hell, what the situation was -- because if this is the situation in heaven... you cannot conceive what the situation will be in hell! But as he went closer, the breeze was becoming cooler, fragrant. And when he reached the station he saw beautiful people -- men, women, children. He said, "My God, there seems to be something wrong. This place should be paradise, everybody looks so happy."

He got down and he asked somebody, "Have you heard about Socrates, Gautam Buddha, Bodhidharma, Basho?" They said, "Those are the people who have changed the place. This place used to be so rotten, but since those fellows came here, they have changed the whole place. Now everything is green, an oasis. There is love, there is song, there is music. Wait for the night, when everybody dances, sings; right now everybody is working in the fields. Look at that man -- he's Socrates working in the field."

It was such a shock. He woke up, and it was time for the congregation to arrive. People had started coming and they were standing around him and watching him: "What is the matter? Has he fallen asleep, is he unconscious or what?" Edmund Burke had come to listen to the answer.

The theologian said, "I tried my hardest but could not find the answer. Just now I have had a dream -- I will relate the dream to you and you can draw your own conclusions. My conclusions are this: I'm sorry, but what I have been telling you was not right. It is not the question that the good people or the virtuous people go to heaven; on the contrary, it is just that wherever the virtuous people and the good people go, they create heaven. And belief in God is irrelevant. It is your individual whim -- you can believe, you can not believe. It does not matter in the ultimate conclusions of life.

Laheru, you are asking why the innocent people suffer. One thing is certain: they are not innocent. They don't know the beauty of innocence. The innocent person cannot suffer. Wherever he is, he is in paradise. And the cunning person, wherever he is -- he may be in paradise -- he is going to suffer.

But if you are innocent out of fear, out of fear that you may be caught by the police so you don't commit any crime, out of fear that there is law and there are courts and you have to be good... if your goodness, your innocence, your virtue is out of fear, then you are not really virtuous. You are simply a coward, and cowards suffer; they deserve it. To be innocent means to be really brave. In this world of cunningness, to be innocent means to be really brave. And you will enjoy being innocent -- suffering may surround you, flames may surround you but they cannot burn you.

I have never come across a good man who has suffered, because each good act is a reward in itself, and each bad act is a punishment in itself. There are not rewards and punishments afterwards, beyond death, beyond this world.

If you put your hand into the fire, it will be burned right now -- not in the next life, not in hell. Cause and effect are connected; they cannot be separated.

So if you are suffering, then think again whether your innocence is innocence. Your suffering should become a question mark. And you will find that your innocence is not innocence, you are simply a coward. If your innocence is innocence, the whole sky can shower suffering on you and you will remain untouched.

Remember always that life is cash, it is not a promissory note; you do something and immediately, in that very doing, is the result.

But people are very strange. I remember one friend; he has known me for at least forty years. When I came back from America, he came to see me. Naturally he was very sad because I had been illegally put into jail and must have been tortured, harassed. And he had tears in his eyes.

And I was talking to a journalist so I could not say anything to him, but he sat and listened to me. And I told the journalist, "It has been a beautiful experience: you can handcuff me, you can put chains on my legs, you can put chains on my waist... but still I am the same, my freedom is untouched. You have caught my body but not me."

And after I had been in the jail for three days, even the jailer himself told me, "You are strange. We have never seen anybody enjoying the jail so much."

I said, "This is the first time I have been in jail, and I don't want to miss a single moment. I am enjoying everything because everything is new; this is a totally different world."

They had orders from above to torture me in every possible way, and they did whatsoever they could.

But as time passed... one day, the second day they started asking questions to me -- the jailer, the doctor, the nurses. When thousands of telegrams and telephone calls and telexes started coming, and thousands of flowers started coming from all over the world, and inquiries about me, they became aware that "This is a rare opportunity. We should not miss it. If there is something we have to ask... "
The nurses told me that the jailer used to come once a month to the hospital section. Now he was coming six times a day. The whole staff was coming and going to the hospital section just to see me -- somebody wanted my autograph, somebody wanted a picture, somebody had brought his wife and children to have my picture taken with them. I said, "You are making my jail time such a joy."
On the third day, when I left the jailers told me at the airport, "When you came you were looking tired; now you are looking more fresh. It is strange."
I said, "Three days of complete rest"... because the whole day I was not doing anything except lying down silently. Sleep was impossible because they had arranged two television sets just by my side. They were going full speed, loudly, from the morning till the middle of the night.
They arranged all the chain smokers... because they knew about my allergy, they had filled all the cells around me with chain smokers. So it was full of smoke... and continuous television. So there was nothing else to do but to lie down and just be inside, not to come out at all.
Strangely, for three days continuously in the smoke, my allergy was not disturbing me. Otherwise, just a little perfume, a little smoke, a little dust, and I will have an asthma attack. But I left the body outside, and I slipped as

deep inside as possible to be far away from the smoke -- let the body tackle it.
The doctors said, "You are allergic to smoke, but there is continuous smoking and you are not affected."
I said, "It is because I have not been in the body for three days. I have been trying hard to keep myself as much inside as possible -- indoors."
I was not eating much, because it was all non-vegetarian food and the orders from above were that no special attention should be given to me. So they would not give me vegetarian food. I said, "Don't be worried..." The inmates of the jail would bring their fruits, their milk. And they would say, "You are not eating anything and they are not giving you vegetarian food. But we get one apple every day, one glass of milk every day -- and we are twelve people. You don't be worried: you can have twelve glasses of milk, twelve apples."
But I said, "It is better not to eat. I will take a little bit of the fruit you have brought with such love and I will drink the milk, but I simply want my body not to function much. Digestion means making the body function. So let it sleep -- almost dead, no function. I don't want them to know that they can create my asthma."
And for twelve days they tried hard, but they could not create any problem for me. And every doctor from every jail had to write that my health was perfect and fine.
The situation was created to be totally destructive to my health. I lost eight pounds of weight, but there was no suffering. In fact, as I came out of the jail, Nirvano told me, "You are looking better than you ever looked before."

I said, "I have lost eight pounds of weight." Amrito, my doctor, had tried hard to bring my weight down. "He was not successful, but these American idiots have done it. I enjoyed it; I cannot say that there was any suffering in me. From their side, they were completely determined to make me suffer, and because they could not make me suffer they felt so frustrated... "

I was talking to this journalist, and my friend was listening. And when I was finished with the journalist I asked him, "How are you?"

He was very much shocked. It is something very important for you to understand. He had come from far away; he would have enjoyed being able to sympathize with me because I had been tortured, I had been harassed, and something should be done against the American government.

But when he heard that I had enjoyed the whole trip, his face fell; he looked very frustrated. He said, "We were thinking something else... "

I said, "You were thinking just according to your mind. When you came you were sad for one reason; now you are sad for another reason -- because you cannot sympathize with me. You missed a chance."

In fact, nobody can sympathize with me in any situation. I will not allow it, because I am capable of enjoying every situation.

Laheru, innocence cannot suffer. If it suffers, it is not innocence; it is simply cowardice. Anything that is sincere is always going to give you joy.

It is absolutely certain that wherever the good people are, there is heaven -- not that the good people go to heaven; heaven comes to the good people.

I don't want you to be prepared as it is being done in all the churches and temples and mosques and synagogues. They are preparing you to go to heaven, and if you don't listen to them you will fall into hell. I am preparing you for a totally different experience. I am preparing you so that heaven enters into you. It is a psychological space, it is not geography.

When the first Russian astronaut, Gagarin, came back from space... He was the first man to go into space. He went around the earth taking photographs, and when he came back the first question was asked, which is natural in Russia -- "Have you met God there?"

And he said, "No, there was no God."

And in Moscow they have made a museum of all the things that the astronauts have been bringing from outer space, from the moon. On the front door, Gagarin's sentence is written in golden letters: We have explored space and there is no God anywhere.

I would like to say to the Russian people and to the whole world: by exploring outer space you will not find God. Explore the inner space and it is there. It is not found as an object, it is found as a subject, as your very subjectivity. You are it, and once you have found it there is no suffering for you, no hell for you, no misery for you.

Then the whole of life is simply a magical, miraculous dance of festivity.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #37

Chapter title: Bowing down to the Master
25 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
NEVER BEFORE HAVE I FELT SO MUCH AT HOME WITH YOU. THIS PLACE HAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL VIBRATION, AND I FEEL ALOT OF IT IS CREATED BY YOUR INDIAN DISCIPLES.
SOMETIMES, IT FEELS THAT THEIR GESTURES ARE IN SUCH A MELTING WITH YOUR GESTURES AND GRACE THAT I START ASKING MYSELF IF WE, YOUR WESTERN SANNYASINS, ARE MISSING OUT ON SOMETHING. TO SEE INDIAN SANNYASINS BOWING DOWN TO YOU TOUCHES MY HEART DEEPLY, AND SOMETIMES I FEEL THAT I AM MISSING OUT. TO DO THE BOWING DOES NOT FEEL RIGHT, AND ONLY ONCE IN A WHILE THE BOWING DOWN HAPPENS TO ME -- WHICH I FEEL IS ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MOMENTS.
PLEASE COMMENT.

India has a different vibe from any other land.
The vibration depends on thousands of years' constant search of oneself. No other country is devoted to such a project; it is special and unique. Not for a single moment has the Indian consciousness wavered from its search. It

has sacrificed everything for it; it has sacrificed itself for it. It has suffered slavery, poverty, sickness, death -- but it has not accepted defeat in the search.

And the search is so ancient, it has gone into the very blood and bones and marrow of the people of this land. They may not be conscious of it, but they certainly have a different vibe: it is not their own, it is their heritage. They are born with it.

I can understand your question.

The question has been asked in many ways, but you have put it very clearly: there is a distinction between the Indian disciple and the Western disciples.

The West has carried out a totally different tradition. Its basic motivation has been to explore objects. Objects are dead, and when for centuries you have been exploring dead objects, a certain kind of deadness is bound to enter in your own being.

Man is known by the company he keeps.

The Western mind is surrounded by objects. He is interested in faraway stars... only in one thing is he not interested, and that is his own being. The obvious is ignored, and the far away becomes the focus of your interest. Naturally, your very being starts moving farther and farther from your center.

The Western mind lives on the periphery -- that is its centuries-old concern. Naturally, it has created a different kind of culture, a different kind of approach among human beings. It has created the psychology of the ego.

The whole of Western education from Aristotle up to today emphasizes that your ego should be stronger. It is a natural conclusion, because you are going to be a competitor in a

world with so many people fighting for the same objects, the same objectives. You cannot be polite and you cannot be nice and you cannot be non-violent. And you cannot bother about your means -- you cannot think that a good end needs good means.

If the means are not good, then the end cannot be good -- because it is the means that ultimately transforms into the goal, into the end. It is the path that finally becomes the goal; a wrong path cannot lead to the right goal.

But when it is a question of competition you have to be cunning, because others are cunning. You have to be more cunning than them; otherwise, you will be defeated. If you want to be richer, you have to fight tooth-and-nail. You don't have any time to think about means and ends. You have to keep your eyes only on the goal that you have to become powerful, rich, prestigious, respected. It does not matter by what means you achieve these goals.

And to achieve these goals is nothing but fulfilling your ego: "I am higher than anybody else, better than anybody else. I am the first, everybody else comes next to me." In such an atmosphere, bowing down to the feet of a master is impossible; it is against the very ego.

You can see in small things how the East and West have developed -- out of the same human material, the same human energy -- different patterns.

In the East you welcome each other with folded hands. In the West you shake hands. Do you see the difference? When you greet someone with folded hands you are saying, "I bow down to the divineness in you." When you are shaking hands there is no question of divineness. In fact, shaking hands was developed to be sure that you are not

holding some weapon in your right hand, to be certain that you are not an enemy. You offer the right hand, you show that your right hand is empty -- "I am not your enemy." At the most, that is what it says: I am not your enemy. It does not say, "I am your friend." And it keeps you on the same status; you both shake hands. But it has no mystery in it; it is just a strategy, a diplomacy.

The right hand is dangerous, it can hold a weapon; and if you don't see it clearly open, hold it, feel it, then there is suspicion: the man can deceive you. This shaking of hands developed in the West out of distrust. Now the Western historians are agreed about it, about the origin of shaking of hands.

But bowing down to each other with folded hands takes you to a totally different level. It has a different context; it makes you feel respected, honored -- and not in an ordinary way, but in the most extraordinary fashion. It reminds you of your divinity, of your godliness. Those folded hands are not for you or for your ego. They are for something hidden behind you, beyond your ego -- your essential nature, your very soul.

Secondly, the folded hands also signify that I am bowing down to you not half-heartedly, that both sides of me are together as a totality -- not as a split personality, not holding anything back. Because when you shake hands, it is only with one hand. It is only representative of one side, half of you. What about the other half? The other half may not be in agreement with the hand that you have given in friendship. It is a split, divided, half-hearted reception -- and you can feel it.

When you shake hands with someone, you can feel whether the hand is cold or warm, whether the hand is alive or just like a dead branch of a tree. If it is half, it cannot be warm; if it is half, it cannot be alive. It can be only formal, just etiquette -- it has no depth. Only once in a while will you find some hand with warmth. And then it generally happens that whenever the hand is full of warmth, the other hand will also come to catch hold of your hand; both your hands will be together.

Both the hands folded... In the same way the East worships the ultimate, the absolute, with no difference at all, with the same folded hands it receives the human.

Here, to bow down to a master's feet is a tremendous blissfulness, because those are the moments when you have put your ego aside. For those few moments you are pure being, and to be pure being is to be pure bliss.

But for the Western disciple there is a difficulty. He has been told to keep his head high. He has been educated not to surrender in any case; it is better to die than to surrender. His whole education is nursing the ego in the name of individuality. And this is simply a deception, because individuality is a totally different phenomenon -- it has nothing to do with ego. In fact, the more ego you have, the less individuality you will have. If you are full of the ego, there is no space for individuality.

The ego is afraid to bow down.

The individuality is not afraid, because the individuality feels enriched -- it loses nothing, it gains. Flowers of blessings shower on it; it feels a newness, a coolness, a silence descending upon it. But for the ego, it is death. For the individuality, it is becoming really alive.

The West has been deceived by its religions, by its educators, by its politicians to believe that "Ego is your individuality; sharpen your ego." And certainly it helps in the marketplace. It helps you to fight, to compete mercilessly. It allows for a cut-throat competition. It does not matter what means you choose: your ego should be fulfilled, then everything is right.

It is not strange that two world wars have happened in this century in the West, and the West is preparing for a third world war too. It is not strange that in all the centuries of the Middle Ages the West was continually killing, murdering, burning living people in the name of God, in the name of love. It was easy for the West to spread its imperialistic desires all over the world.

In the future, minds who have known something of meditation, reading about the past, will be surprised that countries like India -- so vast -- were so easily conquered. The credit does not go to the conquerors, remember. The credit goes to the defeated, the conquered -- because these people have lived in a totally different atmosphere, a different milieu; they have been nourished on different vibrations. Fighting and killing for the land, for the money, was not in their minds. They were conquered not because they were not brave enough, they were conquered because they were not foolish enough to fight. They allowed the way; they said, "A few idiots have got this idea to conquer the whole world -- let them conquer. What are you going to gain by conquering, the whole world?" A totally different approach to life: that the very idea of conquering is ugly, inhuman.

But to the Alexanders, to the Napoleons, to the Hitlers, to conquer was the greatest thing in life; there was nothing more.

India knows much more. India knows that there is certainly a way of conquering -- but it is not concerned with conquering others, it is concerned with conquering oneself. Alexander was asked by a sannyasin... because Alexander wanted to take a sannyasin with him to Athens. His master, Aristotle, had asked him to bring back a sannyasin. He had heard so much about these people, and they seemed to be of a totally different quality...

"So bring back at least one sannyasin." Aristotle was interested to know what kind of vibe a sannyasin has, what it was that was keeping the whole East on a different wavelength.

The sannyasin was naked, standing by the side of a river, and Alexander introduced himself: "I am Alexander the Great who has conquered the whole world."

The sannyasin laughed. He said, "Don't be foolish. Just answer me one question: have you conquered yourself?"

Alexander had never thought about it. It was so alien, so foreign a thought; it had never occurred to him that one has to conquer oneself.

And the sannyasin said, "You have some nerve. Without conquering yourself, you started conquering the whole world. Be ashamed! First conquer yourself; that is the only true victory."

I am reminded of a small story which Western historians never mention.

When Alexander invaded India, he was camping on the bank of the river Sindhu, which was the boundary line of an

Indian empire. The king of that empire was Poras. It was the rainy season, and the river Sindhu was almost like an ocean. It is a very big river, but in times of rain it becomes hundreds of times bigger. Alexander and his forces were waiting so that when the water subsided they could manage to cross it.

But one boat from the camp of Alexander was sent across the river, and the boat was carrying Alexander's wife. It was the month of shravan. In India, in the month of shravan the women tie a thread on their brother's wrist -- it is called rakshabandhan -- and the brother promises that he will protect the sister even if he has to lose his life.

The wife of Alexander was received with great warmth and taken to the palace. Poras asked, "Why have you come? You could have called me, informed me and I could have come to your camp. It was dangerous to cross the river."

But Alexander's wife said, "I had to come... because it is the month of shravan. I don't have a brother and I want to make you my brother."

Poras said, "This is a great coincidence -- I don't have a sister. I am immensely happy to have you as a sister." She tied a thread to his wrist, and he promised that he would protect her even if he had to lose his life.

She said, "I trust your word. Just remember, soon you will be fighting with my husband. Remember that he is your sister's husband and don't make me a widow."

And the time came when the river subsided, and Poras and Alexander faced each other, fought. There came a moment... because Poras was sitting on his elephant -- in India the elephant was used in the wars -- while Alexander was sitting on his horse... a moment came when Poras

killed the horse. Alexander was down flat on the earth, and Poras was just going to kill him with his spear.
And at that very moment he saw the thread. A single moment... and the great Alexander would have been finished. But the thread and the promise is far more valuable to the Eastern mind than victory or defeat: he pulled his spear back.
Alexander said, "What happened? You had just to kill me and you would have been the world conqueror."
He said, "It is impossible. I have promised your wife that as long as I am alive she will not be a widow, I will protect her. So get up. I cannot kill you."
Poras was defeated.
And you can see the difference of attitudes: he was put into chains, handcuffed, chains on his feet, and dragged into the camp where Alexander was sitting on the throne. Now, this is simply an inhuman way to behave with such a man, who has saved your life.
But even in chains Poras was a far greater individual than Alexander. His integrity, his individuality... you cannot enslave such a person. You can put him in chains but you cannot enslave him.
And Alexander asked, "How should I treat you?"
Poras said, "Don't you know a simple thing? An emperor should be treated like an emperor."
Alexander had nothing to say, he was just shocked. The authority, the voice, the power of the man alone among enemies, in chains... he still had the same attitude as he had in his palaces: "You should treat an emperor like an emperor."

Alexander turned back. He did not enter further into India. No one can say exactly why he turned back. Because he had won the battle; now the doors were open for the whole of India. He could have entered into other kingdoms. Poras' kingdom was small, just on the border.

But I have a definite feeling that facing Poras he understood it: that his cunningness worked once but it might not work again and again. It was not a victory -- at least to him it was clear; it may not have been clear to his armies. It was clear to him that he was facing a different kind of people.

A strange man... For just a thread he lost the whole kingdom; just for a word given to a strange woman who was just a trap, who was sent by Alexander himself.

For Alexander it was diplomacy, no question of means; the end was all in all. But to Poras it was a totally different matter. Even in his defeat I say he was victorious. And if people write history with some intelligence, then Poras should be the victor and Alexander the defeated one.

But the world is strange: Poras is forgotten, and Alexander becomes the great conqueror of the world. And we know only about what happened to Poras here. We don't know what Alexander had been doing all along the way from Athens to India.

India has certainly a different attitude, a different approach about everything.

So I can understand. A Western disciple, when he sees an Indian disciple touching the feet of the master with tears of joy, is in a strange dilemma. His whole education, conditioning says "This is not right." And his heart can see that this is right -- these tears, this joy cannot be wrong.

Between his conditioning and his actual experience here, there is a conflict. So once in a while the heart overcomes the conditioning and the Western disciple also -- in spite of his mind, in spite of his whole Western heritage -- bows down, touches the feet of the master and feels the tremendous joy. And a strange experience... that he is not losing his individuality, of which he was afraid, of which he has been made afraid. On the contrary, his individuality is nourished, his individuality is becoming more human, and one day it will become divine.

Yes, the ego feels hurt. The ego will try to say, "Don't do such things." The ego stands for all your conditioning and heritage. But the ego cannot give you any nourishment and the ego cannot give you those tears of joy and gratitude; the ego can give you only misery, anguish, tension.

It is up to you to choose.

The difference is this: for the Indian there is not much problem in choosing; it comes easily, whole-heartedly. For the Westerner it comes with difficulty -- the dilemma, the dichotomy between the heart and the mind... there is a struggle.

But I should remind you of one thing: for the Indian there is some other problem that you don't have to face. They don't have to face your problem; their problem is that touching the feet has become just formal -- they touch anybody's feet. They touch the feet of their father, mother, anybody older. So touching the feet is not something phenomenal; it is very ordinary, usual, an everyday thing.

So when they touch the feet of the master, it is possible that they may be doing it just as a formality; this is their problem. They may not get anything out of it. A formality

is just a routine. It has to be done so they are doing it, and they have been doing it their whole lives. It is not something new, it does not open up a new door -- it is just an exercise, just bowing down and touching the feet and finished.

So the Western disciple need not be worried that the Indian disciple is in a better position. It is not so. He has his troubles, you have your troubles.

And if you ask me, I will say your trouble is better than the trouble of the Indian disciple because the Indian disciple never becomes aware of it. Not even a single question... for thirty years I have been answering questions and not a single Indian sannyasin has asked "How to get out of this formality? How to make it authentic, heartfelt?" They go on doing the exercise and feeling, "What more can be done?" -- and they are not doing anything.

I used to go for a morning walk with one of my neighbors. He had a habit of bowing down to every temple. And in India, God has more houses than man has. After each one or two houses there is a temple; if not a temple then underneath a tree, Hanumanji is sitting, Ganeshji is sitting. And that man was continually bowing down here and there. I said to him, "Listen, if you are going to go for a morning walk with me, then you have to stop all this nonsense. You don't feel anything, neither for this temple nor for that temple. When you don't feel anything, why do you bother to do this exercise?"

He said, "What to do? It is just out of fear. Since I have been taking morning walks with you, I have become aware that it is routine and once in a while I miss one Hanumanji

or one Ganeshji -- I just don't look at them -- but then I start feeling a deep fear in me, that if Hanumanji becomes angry... And I have not lost anything... just doing a ritual. But I have to go back. When you have gone to your house, I have to go back to the Hanumanji whom I have left out to pray to him, "Just don't get angry. I was in wrong company. That fellow suggested that I stop so I stopped; it was not my fault."

So I said, "Then you can do it, but you cannot go for a walk with me."

He loved to go with me, to talk with me. He was very sad. He said, "I will try -- just one more chance. Tomorrow, whatever happens... What can happen? I have one wife, one child and myself -- three persons. At the most these people can kill us, that's all. If the worst comes to worst, I am not going to take care of anybody."

He went with me not more than just one furlong, and we had passed only two or three places of his worship and he started trembling. I took his hand in my hand. He had a fever. I said, "My God, why do you have a fever?"

He said, "Just... I am trying, but my whole being is in such a fear, a nightmare. I am afraid that when I reach back home my wife will be dead, or perhaps my child will have gone mad -- one knows not what is going to happen today."

I said, "You go back and do your exercise."

He said, "Thank you, you are such a good person. But can I come for the morning walk?"

I said, "Yes, you can come. You just do whatsoever you want to do." And when he came back after paying his respects to the three temples that we had passed, I took his hand and the fever was gone.

The Indian has a formality which he has learned, and he goes on repeating it like a robot; he does not mean anything. Hence, I have never been asked by an Indian sannyasin, "What to do with my formality:? How to make it a heartfelt experience?" They are in a far more difficult situation.

From the Western sannyasins, questions have come many times -- "We see Indians, we see their joy, we feel their vibe and certainly it looks like we are missing something." You are missing something. And if you can put aside your ego, your gain will be better and more and deeper than any Indian disciple's for the simple reason that it will not be a formality. You have gone through a transformation to do it; it is a conscious doing. For the Indian it is an unconscious, sleepy thing. So don't feel that you are a loser. Anyone, whether Indian or non-Indian, who cannot put his ego aside is a loser.

The whole mystery of the path is to be in a state of nothingness. And out of that nothingness comes gratitude. The master is the closest. It is difficult for you to feel the invisible or to touch the intangible, or to hear the music which can be heard only by the heart. But the moment you are surrendered to the master, you are surrendered to a door from where you may get a fresh breeze of the divine, a fragrance from the beyond, a glimpse of the unknown. Then tears will come to you, tears of deep thankfulness -- tears, because words cannot say it.

But because you are aware, I hope you will be able to put the ego aside, just to experiment. And once you have tasted the sweetness of the beyond then there is no question of experiment, and there is no question of your ego making

any trouble for you. Your ego will start disappearing in the shadows. It will haunt you till you have something of the real in your hands.
The master is the closest door. Soon you will be able to experience the same bowing down before a rosebush or before a sunset or before the sky full of stars. Once you have known, then millions of doors open.
Just open one door -- that is for you to do -- and then existence opens millions of doors for you, unasked, unsought. Wherever you look you find something that reminds you of godliness, that reminds you of truth, beauty and fills you with gratitude.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN I LOOK AT MY LIFE, IT SEEMS THAT THE FIRST TWENTY-ONE YEARS WERE SPENT IN BEING PROGRAMMED FOR AN EXISTENCE WHICH WAS NOT MY OWN. WHEN I BEGAN TO DROP THIS PROGRAMMING, ENERGY BECAME AVAILABLE FOR THE SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH.
AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS I FOUND YOU, MY MASTER, AND DROPPING THIS SEARCH, I RECEIVED ENERGY TO EXPLORE THE NATURE OF LOVE. NOW, ANOTHER SEVEN YEARS LATER, I AM SHARING THE JOY OF YOUR PRESENCE IN LOVE WITH A BEAUTIFUL FELLOW DISCIPLE, AND IT SEEMS I HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO WISH FOR.
WILL THESE MOMENTS OF PERFECT CONTENTMENT LAST FOREVER, OR ARE THEY MERELY PREPARATION FOR SOMETHING ELSE?

There are moments on the path when one feels that this is the end of the journey -- not only feels it, but wants it, because it is so tremendously blissful that one cannot conceive that anything more can be possible.

You are at such a moment, and in such a moment the desire is natural that it should remain forever.

But I would like to say to you that you are asking something against yourself, because there is much more to happen. There will always be much more to happen. There will never come a point which can be said to be the full-point. Never think that this moment should last forever because if this moment lasts forever, then what about those beautiful moments that are still unexplored, still ahead?

I would like to tell you a beautiful story.

Rabindranath, one of the greatest poets the world has produced, says in one of his poems that he has been searching for God for thousands of lives. Sometimes he has found his shadow near a faraway star; he has rushed towards the star, but by the time he reached there, God was gone; he was always moving. Sometimes he would see God's face somewhere far away... and again and again, the same story, although he was coming closer, and each time he was seeing something more. From the shadow... he had started seeing God himself. At first it was only a vague figure. Slowly slowly, he could see the face, the eyes, the smile... he was coming closer and closer and closer.

And one day he came across a house, a beautiful golden house with a plate on the door saying: This is the House of God. He was immensely joyful. Thousands of lives' journey, so much trouble, so much arduous, tedious... but

finally he had made it. You could feel his joy -- he danced, and then he went up four steps to knock on the door.
Just as he was going to knock on the door, an idea came to his mind: "If this is really the house of God and he opens the door, then what am I going to do? All I know is searching, seeking, journeying. I have become an expert in millions of lives, an expert in seeking and searching. What am I going to do sitting in this house for eternity? It may be made of gold, but this is dangerous. It is entering into your own grave, life is finished. You have met God -- what more do you want? Now there is no challenge, nothing to explore, nowhere to go. Everything is finished; it is simply death."
He became so afraid that he took his shoes off his feet so that no noise would be made, because who knows? -- just a noise on the steps and God might open the door... although he had not knocked. And God will say, "Where are you going? Come in." And then he ran away.
And in the poem he says, "Since then I have been running. And people ask me, `Where are you going?' and I say `I am searching for God'. And I know where he is. This is one good thing about it," he says, "that now I know where he is so I avoid that place. And the whole universe is available for me. God is in his house, and the whole universe, with all its beauty and all its joy and all its journey, is available to me. I don't look in that direction and I am not going to enter that house."
His poem has a tremendous insight.
There is no end, because every end will be death. And life knows no death; it goes on and on and on.

So this is simply a preparation; it is always a preparation for a new journey.
You can have a little rest, but remember:
It is just an overnight stay in a caravanserai.
In the morning we have to go, so rest well, be ready.
As the sun rises, our journey starts again.
Life is from eternity to eternity.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #38

Chapter title: The conspiracy against the individual
26 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY IS IT SO DIFFICULT FOR THE WORLD TO ACCEPT YOU AS YOU ARE?

There are many implications.
First, the world never accepts anybody as he is. That is something very fundamental about the world and the way it treats individuals.
The individual is small; the individual is born helpless, a child. The world is always big; it has all the power to create or to destroy. The child has no idea who he is -- and certainly he needs an identity. The world gives him an identity. The world starts making him, manufacturing him according to its own needs.

The world does not exist for the individual. The whole effort is to make the individual exist for the world.
The world is always there when the individual comes. All its vested interests are there: its religion, culture, civilization, its way of living, its system of beliefs. And to make the individual function as a cog in the wheel, the world programs the child just like a computer is programmed.
The child is not accepted as a divine guest to be respected, to be loved, to be allowed to grow, to find his own identity. The child is accepted as a commodity: the whole question is how to make him more useful to the already-existent interests.
The whole education system, the priest, the politician, the leader, the so-called wise people -- they are all conspiring against the individual. Their conspiracy is to kill his individuality, his freedom, his intelligence -- any possibility of revolt. There should not be left in the individual any seed of saying no. He should be programmed in such a way that he becomes an obedient servant.
Hence, obedience is so much praised: parents like the obedient child, teachers like the obedient student, the society likes the obedient citizen. Those who are not obedient are thought to be misfits, they are condemned. Nobody wants to be condemned, and when the whole world is on one side, a single individual feels so tiny -- a dewdrop against the whole ocean -- that he cannot think himself to be right; the ocean must be right.
A strange split is created in the individual. If he follows the ocean, the collectivity, then he goes against his self nature, he commits suicide. He will live a posthumous life. He will

breathe, he will walk, but he will not be himself. He will be simply programmed, conditioned -- "His Master's Voice," a record which goes on repeating the same song. The song is not his own; it has been handed over to him. The society wants him to repeat it.

The society hates the individual. The society wants you to mix with the crowd, to fit with the crowd. Stop being yourself; just be a carbon copy of the ideal that the society has determined is how a person should be. It has not asked you how you would like to be -- the ideals are determined by others. You are simply victims.

Every individual on the earth is a victim of the crowd.

So the first thing to understand is that it is not only me, my individuality that the world finds difficult to understand. It is not in the very program of the minds of human beings to accept any individual.

This is the fundamental approach of all cultures, all civilizations: to destroy the individual in favor of the collective mind.

We have created a world of slaves. There are Hindus, there are Mohammedans, there are Christians, there are communists. But you will not find somebody who is simply himself and not a communist, not a Catholic, not a Hindu. These are the names of the crowds.

As far as I am concerned, things become more complicated -- to accept me is difficult, very difficult. Now because what I am saying is difficult -- my teaching is very simple, very obvious. The difficulty arises from the side of the crowd. To accept me means to reject their whole ages-long conditioning. To accept me means to reject their religions, their scriptures, their so-called leaders, their saints, their

whole way of life. And they have cherished it up to now as the most significant thing, as their rightful path.
And to drop all that heritage just for one individual... Although it appeals to your reason, it appeals to your heart, to drop thousands of years in favor of one individual is certainly difficult.
I am reminded of one of the great philosophers of this age, Bertrand Russell. He lived long, almost a whole century. He passed through many phases, he saw the world moving through many phases... one hundred years is a long time. He was brought up as an orthodox Christian. He belonged to the royal family of England, he was a lord. But as he started studying philosophy in the university, it was impossible not to see that Christianity is a very third-rate religion... because he became acquainted with Gautam Buddha.
He remembers in one of his memoirs...
He rejected Christianity. He wrote a book, WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN, and in the book he gave all the reasons why he was dropping Christianity. The book must have been in existence now for sixty years, unanswered. No Christian theologian has been able to answer that book, because his arguments are so simple and clear-cut. Intellectually, he tried to deprogram himself from Christianity; that book was an exercise in deprogramming himself.
Just one night when the book was finished... He was happy that he had finished with something superstitious, ugly, which has been the cause of so much bloodshed for two thousand years, which instead of teaching love has only created more hate in the world.

Bertrand Russell was tremendously impressed by Gautam the Buddha. Certainly Gautam the Buddha had a refinement of arguments and the courage to go with intelligence, not with tradition. Jesus was still believing in God. Gautam Buddha also had the tradition of believing in God, but his intelligence did not allow it.

It is a simple argument: if God creates man then there can be no freedom; the choice is between God or freedom. The choice is not between God or no God, the choice is between God or freedom -- because if God creates humanity, we are simply puppets, manufactured. And God seems to be whimsical...

For no special reason he created the world at a certain moment. And before that, for eternity, what was he doing? And what was the cause that motivated him to create the world at a certain point? And if he is simply whimsical, crazy -- the idea comes to his mind to create so he creates -- if the idea comes to destroy, who is there to prevent him? He can destroy it at this very moment.

Gautam Buddha said, "I cannot accept God because I cannot accept that consciousness is manufactured. I cannot accept that there is a whimsical creator because that implies a whimsical destroyer. Then what is the point of my being virtuous? If even the creation of the world is whimsical, and all its laws are just in the hands of God, then perhaps up to now good people have been going to paradise and from tomorrow they will start going to hell. What can you do? To whom are you going to protest? God is not visible, not available."

And Gautam Buddha also said, and he pondered over it -- if in the first place it is God who creates man then he creates

anger, sex, greed, jealousy, violence in man. And then there are religious priests and saints and mahatmas who condemn it. Looked at straightforwardly, they are condemning God. George Gurdjieff used to say that all mahatmas, all saints are against God, because God creates sex and these people teach celibacy. You have not created sex, you have not created ambition, and all the mahatmas of all the religions are together in condemning it. Certainly they are against God.

Gautam Buddha said, "Rather than accepting this position, I choose to reject the very idea of God and his creation." Bertrand Russell was immensely impressed. Gautam Buddha lived five hundred years earlier than Jesus Christ, but he had the courage to reject God in favor of freedom, in favor of evolution, in favor of man's own efforts to transform himself, to bring more consciousness and more being.

That night he thought, "Certainly Gautam Buddha was a far greater human being than Jesus Christ. But can I write this?" He closed his eyes... and then he wrote in his diary, "Rationally I understand that Gautam Buddha is a far superior human being, but my conditioning... although I have rejected Christianity, somehow in the darker corners of my unconscious it is still lingering. I cannot put Gautam Buddha above Jesus Christ. At the most I can put them as equals, understanding clearly that Jesus is just a pygmy before Gautam Buddha. Rationally I understand, but there is the irrational part, which is dominated by thousands of years of conditioning."

The world finds it difficult to accept me.

There have been individuals in the world -- the world has found it difficult to accept them, but the whole world was not against them. A part of humanity was always ready to accept them, because they were supportive to that part and its programming. For example, Christ is not accepted by the Jews, but now almost half of humanity is Christian -- they accept him.

Mahavira may not be accepted by the whole world, but he is accepted by a small section of humanity, the Jainas. Karl Marx may not be accepted by the whole world, but almost half of the world is communist and accepts him. All these individuals were in a better position than me: at least a certain section of humanity, a certain crowd, was accepting them. I am standing absolutely alone. The Hindu cannot accept me, the Mohammedan cannot accept me, the Christian cannot accept me, the communist cannot accept me, the capitalist cannot accept me. It is a unique situation.

One of the richest men in India was Jugal Kisore Birla. He heard me on the radio and he was very much impressed, so he inquired about me and said he wanted to meet me. When I was in Delhi, he invited me and I went to his palace. He was old.

He said, "I can give you a blank checkbook. And as much money as you want, you can always take it out of the bank, you need not ask me. You just have to promise me two things: propagate Hinduism in the world, and second, create the idea that cow slaughter is the biggest sin."

I said, "You have got the wrong person, but your blank checkbook is saved. You wait, you may find someone. I cannot propagate Hinduism, because I can see that Hinduism is one of the oldest religions. Being the oldest, it

needs much renovation, it is almost in ruins. Being the oldest, it does not have contemporary values."
He said, "What do you mean by contemporary values? Hinduism has all the values."
I said, "It is so simple. You call Yudhishthir DHARMARAJ `the king of religiousness' -- and he is a gambler. And not an ordinary gambler: he gambles his whole kingdom, he gambles all his properties, and finally he gambles his own wife. It is so ugly in the first place that he is a gambler. In the second place, he has no respect for a human being, his wife. He treats the woman just like any commodity. And still Hindus call him `the king of religion.' I cannot. It is impossible for me, I will have to condemn him.
And Hindus have not been courageous enough to go on refining their religion. They have carried the old exactly as it was, without changing anything. In fact, the more ancient something is, the more valuable it is in the minds of Hindus.
Parasurama, one of the incarnations of the Hindu god, obeyed his father and killed his mother. His father was suspicious -- perhaps every husband is suspicious -- and he had a beautiful wife. And Parasurama, who kills his own mother just because the father is suspicious, the father is jealous, is accepted as one of the incarnations of God. In the first place, jealousy is wrong, suspicion is wrong. In the second place, if your suspicion is right then divorce is the way, not beheading the woman.
And I asked Jugal Kisore Birla, "If the mother had told Parasurama to cut off the head of the father, what do you think would have been the situation? Would Parasurama

still be accepted as an incarnation of God? The god is a man, the father is a man, the son is a man -- this is a man's world; to kill the woman is okay."

And this man Parasurama was a brahmin, the highest Hindu caste, and the suspicion was that the mother was having a love affair with a warrior. You cannot find in the whole history of the world such stupidity, that because the mother was suspected... And it was only a suspicion, there was no certainty; the mother was never asked. There was no proof. Not only did he kill his mother, the story is that he killed all the warriors on the earth -- because it was not known who the warrior was, so finish all of them. Whoever he is, he will be finished. Such a violent man! I don't think there has ever been such a killer. Single-handedly, without any atom bombs or hydrogen bombs or nuclear weapons, he destroyed the second highest caste, the chhatriyas, the warriors.

But you find chhatriyas all over the world -- from where have these come? There was a system, and in the Hindu scriptures there is no condemnation of it: the system was that any woman could go to any Hindu mahatma, Hindu sage, and ask for a child. And it was just sheer courtesy that the mahatma would make love to the woman... so whenever you come across a kchhatriya, a warrior, he is not pure; the brahmin blood has destroyed their purity completely.

And the whole doing was that of Parasurama: he killed the men; now all the women were left without their husbands. And just to continue the race, they had to go to the brahmin mahatmas. All those women were prostituted by the brahmins, and still there is no condemnation.

I am just waiting for a summons... In the newspapers, the news has come that a summons is on the way from a court in Kulu Manali because I have said that in Hindu scriptures you cannot find truth. And this has hurt somebody's feelings so much that now I have to be present in court. And these idiots don't think at all that it is better not to provoke me -- because all your Hindu scriptures are nothing but pornography. Searching for truth in Hindu scriptures... you cannot find truth in any scriptures, Hindu or Mohammedan or Christian.

So I told Jugal Kisore Birla, "You just forgive me. I am perfectly in agreement with you that cow slaughter should be stopped, but what about other animals? What about bulls?" The cow is the mother of the Hindus. And the bull, the father is being slaughtered. So I asked him, "What about the father?"

He said, "What father?"

I said, "Your father."

He said, "He is dead."

I said, "I mean the bull."

He said, "You are a strange man."

I said, "I am not a strange man, you are strange people. In calling the cow your mother, you yourself are accepting that the bull is your father. You cannot deny that. And what about other animals? No Hindu is bothered about any other animal, so it is not respect for life, it is just superstition. The cows should be saved, just as every other animal should be saved. Life should be respected, and life should not be destroyed in any form."

With me, the trouble is that I am absolutely honest.

I was in Amritsar. And because I had spoken on one of their basic texts, japuji, the Sikhs were very happy. Because nobody other than Sikhs had ever spoken on it, and spoken with such a deep analysis. They invited me into their gurudwara, and the chief of the gurudwara asked me, "We will be very pleased if you speak on our other gurus too."
I said, "That is impossible. I can speak, but you will not like it."
He said, "Why?"
I said, "I can speak on Nanak. I feel a deep affinity with the man. But the remaining nine of your masters are none of them masters, just politicians -- and continually fighting and killing. Have you seen any picture of Nanak with a sword? But the other nine... " Sikhs have ten masters. The other nine have swords... so much so, that to be a Sikh you have to have five things; "the five K's" it is called.
In Punjabi, the sword is called katar -- one K, katar. Another K is kesh, hair. The third K is a very strange thing that I have never been able to understand... why? I have asked the Sikh priests, "All the K's are okay, but the third K... ?"
They said, "Leave it."
I said, "I cannot leave it because it is an essential part." The third K stands for kachchha. Kachchha means `underwear'.
I said, "This is strange; to be a religious man you have to wear underwear. I don't see any relationship between religion and underwear. But if you want me to support such things, I cannot. Neither is kesh important nor is katar needed. And kachchha certainly is not needed."
Strange people.
So they said, "You cannot speak on our other masters?'

I said, "They are not masters, and such things I will have to criticize."

Mohammedans have been coming to me with their KORAN so many times: "Speak on the KORAN." And many times I have tried to look into it, to see if something can be found worth speaking on. But I have failed to find anything worth speaking on.

The religions of the world cannot accept me, because to accept me is not a simple matter. First they have to reject whatever has been there in their minds, their idea of religion. That is the difficulty.

The politicians of all types are worried because their basic game is the same: how to dominate people. And my whole effort is to make people so strong, so freedom-loving that nobody can dominate them; so intelligent that nobody can exploit them. Naturally, no politician is going to be in favor of me.

Many parliaments of the world have passed resolutions so that I cannot enter into their countries. I have never been in their countries, I have not said that I want to enter their countries, but they are taking precautions IN CASE...

Even the German government, which was the first to give orders to all its embassies that I should not be allowed in Germany... Not only that, my jet airplane should not be allowed to land at any German airport, even for refueling -- I am not even getting out of the plane. I never thought that Adolf Hitler had left such cowards behind him. These are the grandchildren of Adolf Hitler -- so impotent. Adolf Hitler must be tossing and turning in his grave at what kind of politicians his country has.

And they all go on lying. Here in the parliament, the opposition leader asked, "Has the government made it a condition for Osho that no foreign disciples should be allowed to come to him?" And the minister concerned said in the parliament that "No such condition has been made. Any foreign disciples will have the same opportunity to come to India as other tourists have."

But I am receiving letters from sannyasins that they are being refused at Indian embassies.

In Athens they refused. Because the sannyasin had read the statement of the minister, she went to the embassy in red clothes. They immediately rejected her application and said, "No sannyasin can go to India."

Just two days ago, one sannyasin came from Australia and he said, "Two other sannyasins -- who were not wearing red, who were not wearing the mala -- were rejected. They asked, `Why are we being rejected?' and the ambassador insisted, `You are sannyasins.' They said, `We are not sannyasins; we don't know who Osho is,' but the ambassador said, `I know the very vibe of sannyasins.' They have taken a written statement from the man, because I have informed my sannyasins all over the world: Whichever embassy refuses you, take a written statement that they are refusing you and that the cause is that you are sannyasins. Then we can sue them in those countries, and we can sue this government in this country -- "Your ministers in the parliament are lying and deceiving the whole country. You say one thing in the parliament and you order your embassies to do just the opposite."

These politicians cannot accept me.

They have neither any understanding of human nature, nor do they have any understanding of human consciousness. They have no understanding of human evolution, nor do they desire that man should evolve. Man should remain retarded so that they can remain leaders. It is easy to be a leader in a retarded crowd. When people are intelligent, things become different.

I was a professor in a university. Doctor Radhakrishnan had become the president of India. Before becoming the president of India, he was the vice-chancellor of Varanasi Hindu University; so all educationists felt glorified in his glory and his birthday was made Teacher's Day: "A teacher has become the president of India."

In my university also, there was great celebration. The vice-chancellor was presiding, and there were great speeches in praise of Radhakrishnan. They had asked me to speak also. They had no idea that I don't believe in hypocrisy.

I asked the vice-chancellor, "Just a single question I would like to raise before the students and the professors: A professor becomes the president of the country and all the professors are feeling very gratified, their ego is satisfied. I don't agree that this day should be called Teacher's Day. We should wait for a president to become a teacher, to renounce the presidency in favor of being a teacher. Then we should celebrate that day as Teacher's Day. This is President's Day -- you are celebrating it because a teacher has become president, but the value is in being a president, not in being a teacher. A president should become a teacher -- that will certainly glorify the teacher. A president should

say that, "To be a president is nothing in comparison to being a teacher."

There was a great silence. The vice-chancellor looked at the chancellor, the chancellor looked at the deans -- "Somebody should answer."

I said, "Is anybody going to answer, or do I have to answer myself?" And I had to answer myself: "This is not a teacher's day. Wait. And I don't think it is going to happen ever, that a president will renounce the presidency in favor of being a university teacher."

Radhakrishnan was very angry. One of my friends who was a member of the parliament met him; he was very angry. Zakir Hussain was very angry. He was vice-president of India and he had also been a vice-chancellor of Aligarh University; both were teachers. When I passed through Delhi, I said, "If they are still angry I would like to meet them."

Radhakrishnan simply said that he was feeling very sick, but Zakir Hussain met me, and I asked him, "What is the sickness of Radhakrishnan? -- because this morning he was at the airport to receive some president of a foreign country; this afternoon he was in the parliament. And suddenly, just to see me... he has become sick. Then tell him that I will stay here in Delhi -- if I am his sickness, then I am not going away from here. And you should be sick also, because if you have any guts you should renounce your vice-presidency and become a teacher, and we will celebrate the Teacher's Day."

Zakir Hussain said, "But there are difficulties."

I said, "There are no difficulties, there is only one difficulty: that Radhakrishnan's term is going to be finished

and you are going to become the president. That is the only difficulty." And that's what happened. And when Radhakrishnan retired, the whole country completely forgot the man whose presidency had become a celebration in every school, college and university all over the country. From the day he was out of power, nobody knew where he was. People came to know only when he died; then just a small item was in the newspapers that "Doctor Radhakrishnan died last night." Nobody bothered about his death.

The politicians are power hungry.

My whole approach is that power-hungry people are psychologically sick people. They are suffering from an inferiority complex; they are feeling a wound deep in themselves. They want to be in power to convince themselves that they are something, and to convince you that you cannot take them as ordinary, they are extraordinary people.

And remember, this is the most ordinary desire, to be extraordinary -- a very ordinary, common desire found in everybody.

The only extraordinary person is one who has no desire to be extraordinary, who is completely at ease with his ordinariness.

It is difficult for the religious people, for the political people, for the rich people, because I am continually teaching that now science has enough technology, that there is no need for anybody in the world to be poor. This point is a little subtle to understand. Poverty can be erased, but the problem is that there are sick people who want to be rich, and if nobody is poor how they can be

richer? How can they compare themselves? Poverty can be destroyed, but the people with money who are in power are managing in every way that poverty should not be destroyed -- because once poverty is gone, their richness is gone too. It is a comparative thing.

Every year, America goes on dumping billions of dollars worth of food in the ocean. For the last year, Europe has been dumping so much food every six months that each time it costs two hundred million dollars to dump that much food. This is not the value of the food; it is the cost of dumping it, the labor charge.

And the world is dying from poverty.

Who are these people? And it is not that only in the East are people dying, so why should they bother. In America thirty million people are dying on the streets, and America goes on dumping its food, mountains of butter... and people are dying on the streets.

There is something to be understood: something is sick in the psychology of people. The rich people can remain rich only if there are poor people around; poor people are absolutely needed for a few people to feel rich. Ugly people are absolutely necessary for a few people to feel beautiful; otherwise, all ugliness can disappear, all poverty can disappear -- science has provided the technology for both. But that technology is not being used. It is prevented from being used by a few people whose whole enjoyment is in somebody being poor, in somebody being ugly.

In Calcutta, I used to stay in a house... the man was very beautiful, and always happy because he was always succeeding in being richer and richer. But one day when I landed in Calcutta -- he had come with his wife to receive

me -- he looked very sad. I said, "This is not like you. What has happened?"
The wife told me, "I will tell you. He will not tell you. He has suffered a great loss; he has just lost five lakhs, fifty thousand rupees."
I asked him, "What is the matter? Is she right?" I asked the wife, "Tell me the whole story. How has he lost five lakhs?"
She laughed, she said, "It is such a hilarious thing: he was hoping to gain ten lakh rupees in a certain business and he gained only five lakhs. I am saying to him, `You have gained five lakhs' and he says, `You be silent, I have lost five lakhs -- ten lakhs were certain."
These kinds of people are there, who are losing money which is only in their minds. They have gained five lakhs; that is nothing, that is not making them happy. They are miserable because they have lost a projected profit that was just their idea -- they have not lost a single rupee. He has made a profit of five lakhs but that does not make him happy.
The rich people don't want poverty to disappear from the world. Yes, they would like to open schools for poor children, hospitals for poor people, for orphans, for aboriginals. They will give Nobel prizes to Mother Teresa. These Nobel prizes are given to keep the world poor, to keep the world full of orphans.
Their difficulty in accepting me is very clear: to accept me they will have to change the whole world, the whole world outlook, and that seems to be too big a thing. It is easier for them to destroy me rather than to change themselves. But

even if they destroy me, they will have to change themselves sooner or later.
It may take a little time, but truth is going to be victorious.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
THE ART AND THE CULTURE IN THE WEST ARE BORN OUT OF THE MENTAL PERVERSIONS AND SUFFERING PROVOKED BY THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.
IN THE WEST, WE DON'T KNOW THE ART OF CELEBRATION.
WHAT CAN WE DO TO CHANGE THIS PARANOID PATTERN?

Christianity has to be declared dead.
Just as Jews one day had to crucify Jesus, we have to crucify Christianity.
It has created a very perverted, morbid mentality in all dimensions of creativity. And the reason is that the religion is based on the crucifixion of Jesus. It is a religion of death; that is the source of perversion. It is not a religion of life.
In a Christian church, when Jesus is hanging on the cross it creates a certain sadness; the sadness of a graveyard, the sadness of a young and innocent man being crucified. You cannot sing a beautiful song, you cannot dance; it will be simply out of tune with the whole atmosphere of the church.
Christianity has made its impression on painting, music, other forms of art. They are all sad, morbid, sick,

pathological. Unless Christianity disappears, the West cannot be free to dance, it cannot be free to celebrate. Christianity teaches that this life is a life of sin. You are all sinners, you are born in sin -- now with this background, how can you sing? Feeling guilty, how can you dance? Psychologically, it is an impossibility.

The attorney general of America has declared a few days ago in a press conference... He was asked why Osho had not been jailed. He said three things which are very significant to remember.

The first thing he said: "Our priority was to destroy the commune." But why should their priority be to destroy the commune? The commune was in a desert; the nearest American town was twenty miles away. We were almost an independent country. Nobody was going to visit the American towns. We were so blissful with our meditations, with our work, with our dances, with our singing, with transforming the desert into an oasis -- and we had succeeded.

That land had remained a desert for centuries. It had not seen a single flower; the day I reached there, there was not a single bird. It was one hundred twenty-six square miles of land, it was not a small space. Just barren, dead... we made it alive.

Five thousand sannyasins made houses, roads, cultivated the land. We were producing our vegetables, our milk products. Five thousand people were meditating in the morning, listening to me in the morning, being with me in the morning; in the day they were working. Five thousand people were eating together in one kitchen; even the lunch or suppertime was a celebration. And then people were

dancing late in the night, playing their guitars... we were not concerned with America at all.
We were not part of America at all, we had nothing to do with America. Why does the attorney general of America say, "Our priority was to destroy the commune"? The priority was to destroy our celebration, our smiles, our dances, our laughter.
They had never seen such a thing.
Their churches are sad and serious.
We were also meeting, but our meeting was a meeting of laughter, joy. And it was hurting their pride very badly that in the desert... At first they were thinking that we were going to fail. We succeeded; that was a wound. They were wondering... what were we going to do in the desert? We created a school for children, we created a hospital, we created a university, and people were coming from all over the world.
America had no place which could be called a holy place, like Arabia has Mecca and Medina, or Israel has Jerusalem, or India has Kashi or Virnar. America is without any holy place. We had created the first holy place in America, where people were coming on pilgrimage. And Americans started coming to see it, and they could not believe that people could be so happy, so loving, so peaceful.
In five years' time, five thousand people... nobody had hurt anybody, no fight had broken out. There was no government, yet there was no insecurity. There were no small family units; it was one big family -- my idea of the future family, the commune. And people had the best of food. There was no currency, because you could not purchase anything in the commune. All your needs were

fulfilled by the commune; money had disappeared. I myself have not seen what a dollar bill looks like.

The whole Christian church of America was against us because their very foundation was shaking. We don't believe in God, we don't believe in Jesus Christ. We don't believe in any religion, and yet we are so happy -- and we had created a paradise of our own.

The attorney general has unconsciously spoken the truth: "Our basic priority was to destroy the commune."

Secondly, he said, "Osho has not committed any crime, and we had no proof, no evidence for anything against him, so how could we jail him?"

And thirdly, "Even if we could jail him, we would not have done it because we never wanted him to become a martyr. Jailing him would have created a tremendous wave of sympathy around the world."

They had seen it. For just twelve days they had kept me in jail and they had seen that all over the world, America included, there was such tremendous sympathy that they simply wanted me to get out of America.

But his statement makes many things look very weird. He admits that he is the highest law authority in America; he admits I had not committed any crime -- they had no proof, no evidence -- yet I was fined four hundred thousand dollars. For what have I been fined? I am thinking to sue the attorney general of America, because if he is right, then that money should be returned.

But they had to fine me, just to show the world that they had not kept me in jail for twelve days without any reason. They were not ready to go to trial, so before the start of the

trial the attorney general called my attorneys: "Why don't we negotiate rather than going into trial?"
They had a list of one hundred and thirty-six crimes that I had committed, and he was saying that I had not committed a single crime -- can you think of bigger criminals in the world?
They invented one hundred and thirty-six crimes, and they said to my attorneys, "If you want to save Osho's life, it is better that you accept any two crimes and then there will be no trial. For those two crimes, we will fine you a small fine and you can take Osho out of America immediately -- within fifteen minutes. We don't want him in America more than fifteen minutes."
Now I can understand why they did not want me to be there more than fifteen minutes -- because all those crimes were bogus; I could have gone to a higher court, because this was blackmail.
They threatened my attorneys: "If you want to save his life, you simply accept two crimes. And just a little fine... and for five years he cannot enter America."
My attorneys came to me with tears in their eyes -- because after these twelve days they were no longer professional attorneys, they had almost become my disciples. They could not sit on chairs in front of me. Even when they came to see me in the jail, they would sit on the floor. I would say, "This is not right. You are not my disciples, you are professional people. You have never known me before."
They said, "It feels strange. It feels better just to sit on the floor."
I said, "But why do you have tears in your eyes?"

They said, "We have tears in our eyes because we have to accept two crimes which you have not committed, and we have to accept them because we don't want your life to be at risk. It is sheer blackmail."

They said, "We have never seen in our lives"... and they were the topmost attorneys in America. "We have never seen such a thing, that the government threatens that `If you go to trial then his life will be finished, so don't go for a trial.' Because they know that in a trial they cannot prove anything against you. But the pride of the government, the pride of the country has to be saved. So we have accepted the two crimes.

"We had come to fight for you, and we have tears in our eyes because we are not fighting; on the contrary, we are knowingly agreeing with lies. We can prove that these are absolute lies, but your life is far more valuable to us. So please don't disagree with us in the court, otherwise, we will be in a very difficult position."

So I let them accept two crimes. And this was again a lie, that it would be a "small fine." Four hundred thousand dollars is not a small fine -- and for two bogus crimes which have never been committed, nobody has done anything. And then five years with no entry in America, so that I cannot go back and say that what they have done is blackmail.

And ten years' suspended jail sentence... I only came to know here what a ten years' suspended jail sentence means. I said, "What does it mean?" It means that if I go into America after five years, then any small crime and the judge can send me into jail for ten years -- there will be no trial. So the police just have to bring me before the court,

saying that I have committed such-and-such crime and there will be no trial, and the judge has permission to put me into jail for ten years. So in fact they have prevented me from entering America for fifteen years.

And now the attorney general is saying that I have not committed any crime and they don't have any proof.

And they said that I had to be out of America within fifteen minutes. They did not give me even one day to remain in America, because even in one day things could be different -- I could go to a higher court. So directly from the jail to the airport, just exactly within fifteen minutes, I was out of America.

These are the politicians. How can they accept me?

Their fear that humanity might become a celebration is very valid, because it is out of human misery that they are in power. If you are not miserable, their power is gone.

If you want the West to become a place of celebration, Christianity has to die. And it is not much of a death because it is really a dead corpse that you are carrying on your shoulders. It is rotten, but your attachment...

In India we have a beautiful story about Shiva. He loved his wife Parvati so much that when she died he would not believe that there was not a physician somewhere in the universe who was not capable of curing her. Everybody tried to persuade him, "You are mad. In your attachment, you are blind -- she is dead; now no physician can do anything."

But he wouldn't listen. He took his wife on his shoulders and went around India searching for a physician who could cure her. By and by the rotten body started falling -- a hand

fell, another hand fell, a leg fell, and it was stinking -- but so is attachment. Blind, utterly blind...

There are twelve places, still marked with temples of Shiva, where one of the limbs of his wife had fallen.

When finally her head also rolled away, only then could he be brought to his senses: "Now it is enough. Even if you can get a physician, just the head is there, and that too is no more a head -- just a skeleton. You cannot even recognize who this is. Now come back home." It took twelve years for him.

Christianity is dead. All religions are dead. But our attachment is ancient, old, and we are carrying them. And under their weight we are dying.

Just to save yourself, let these dead ideologies be in the grave. You cannot dance with dead bodies on your shoulders, and it won't look right either -- everybody having a dead body on his shoulder and everybody dancing, it will be a very weird scene, very ghostly.

Let the dead disappear. Be clean of the past -- that's what I mean when I say let the dead disappear.

Be fresh in the present, and celebration will arise out of you just as new leaves come in the spring.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #39

Chapter title: Don't say goodbye, say good morning

27 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
BESIDE YOU NOW, I FEEL LIKE A HAPPY BUBBLE NEWLY CREATED AT THE BOTTOM OF A WATERFALL, LAUGHING AND DANCING ITS WAY DOWNSTREAM TO THE OCEAN. IF I SHOULD MAKE IT IN THIS LIFE TO REACH THE OCEAN, DOES IT REALLY MEAN THAT YOU AND I MUST SAY GOODBYE?I FIND MYSELF HERE NOW IN LOVING GRATEFULNESS TOYOU. IT SEEMS I HAVE NO MORE QUESTIONS, BUT A DEEP NEED -- BORN OUT OF MY GRATEFULNESS TO YOU, BELOVED OSHO, FOR ALL THAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR ME, FOR ALL THAT YOU ARE. THE WORLD HAS NOTHING LEFT NOW BUT YOU. I WOULD LIKE TO BE NEAR YOU NOW AND UNTIL I LEAVE THIS EARTHLY BODY, EVEN IF IT MEANS THAT THIS LITTLE BUBBLE HAS TO HOLD BACK A LITTLE BIT.
IS IT ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO SAY GOODBYE WHEN ONE HAS REACHED THE OCEAN OF BLISS?

Jivan Mary, the moment you meet the ocean you will meet me.
The question of saying goodbye does not arise at all; you will have to say good morning!
And don't be worried whether you will be able to make it in this life or not. Once you have started flowing, you have already made it.
Every river is constantly moving to be the ocean. The problem is only with those who have become ponds,

closed, not open to flow, having forgotten that this is not their destiny, this is death. To be a pond is to commit suicide, because there is no growth anymore, no new spaces, no new experiences, no new skies -- just the old pond, rotting in itself, becoming more and more muddy.
To be a seeker means dropping this static state and becoming a changing, moving, flowing river.
It does not matter when you reach the ocean.
The beginning is the end.
The whole beauty is in the beginning, because once you have started moving, the end, falling into the ocean, is absolutely determined. The beginning was in your hands; it was your freedom, hence the beauty of the beginning.
Falling into the ocean will be tremendously ecstatic, but it is not in your hands. What was in your hands was the beginning, and you gathered courage; you jumped out of a static, dead situation into a living being... alive, singing and dancing.
Who cares when the ocean comes?
The beginning is enough, more than enough -- because falling into the ocean is bound to happen.
Jivan Mary, you have started flowing. Rejoice in it. Don't think of the tomorrow. Today is enough unto itself, a blessing, a benediction.
And you are the ocean -- what more are you going to gain when you fall into the ocean? It is simply the realization that the water, whether in a dewdrop or in the biggest ocean, is of the same nature; every dewdrop contains oceans in it, and all the oceans are made only of dewdrops.
So the real seeker is not concerned about the goal.

The real seeker is concerned about the right beginning, and you are blessed because the right beginning has happened.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU ARE AGAINST SERIOUSNESS. YOU HAVE LAUGHED
ABOUT EVERYTHING, INCLUDING GODS, GODMEN AND
SCRIPTURES. HOW COME YOU THINK THAT PEOPLE
SHOULD TAKE YOU AND YOUR TEACHING SERIOUSLY?

Anand Maitreya, who has told you that I expect people to take me and my teachings seriously? I want to be understood joyously, not seriously.
I want to be taken playfully, not seriously -- not with a long British face, but with beautiful laughter.
Your laughter, your playfulness is the recognition that you have understood me. Your seriousness shows that you have misunderstood me, you have missed it -- because seriousness is nothing but sickness. It is another name of sadness; it is a shadow of death.
And I am all for life. If it is needed for your laughter, your dance, even to reject me, then reject me -- but don't reject the dance and the song and the life, because that is my teaching.
Why should you take me seriously?
And that's why I am not taking anybody seriously. Still you don't understand: I am not taking anybody seriously simply

to make it clear that you are not supposed to take me seriously either. Laugh about me, enjoy me, rejoice in me -- but for God's sake, don't be serious!
Seriousness has killed humanity. It has proved to be the very cancer of the soul.
My only contribution to human evolution is a sense of humor. No other religion, no other philosophy has accepted humor as something religious; it seems to them that it is something profane.
To me, humor is the most sacred experience in life.
And there is enough to prove it: except man, no animal in the whole existence has a sense of humor. Can you expect a buffalo to laugh? Can you expect a donkey to have a sense of humor? The moment your saints become serious, they fall into the category of buffaloes and donkeys: they are no longer human, because this is the only special quality that human consciousness has. It shows that only at a certain point of evolution does humor manifest itself.
And the higher you go, the more playful will be your approach towards life and its problems. It will not be a burden, it will be a joy to solve them. Life will not be a sin -- these are the serious people who have made life a sin -- life will be a reward, a gift.
And those who are wasting life in seriousness are being ungrateful to existence.
Learn to laugh with the flowers and the stars, and you will feel a strange weightlessness coming into your being... as if you have grown wings and you can fly.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,

IN A BOOK I READ ABOUT GURDJIEFF, IT WAS SAID THAT TWO OF HIS DISCIPLES, WHO HAD BEEN WITH HIM FOR A LONG TIME AND IN A VERY INTIMATE WAY -- FOR EXAMPLE, DE HARTMANN, WHO PLAYED HIS MUSIC -- SUDDENLY LEFT HIM.
CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHY THIS SEEMS TO HAPPEN AGAIN AND AGAIN IN THE MASTER-DISCIPLE RELATIONSHIP?

Turiya, the question is something of deep significance and with profound implications.
It is something in the very nature of things that this kind of thing happens again and again, and will continue to happen again and again; it cannot be stopped.
De Hartmann lived with George Gurdjieff for perhaps the longest period of any of his other disciples, perhaps forty years or more. He was a great genius as far as music is concerned, and he was playing music for special meditations which Gurdjieff had devised. The music was also devised by Gurdjieff; de Hartmann had to bring the device into reality.
Gurdjieff was a strange master, everything about him had the quality of strangeness. He himself was not a musician, but he understood what kind of vibrations could create certain states in man. His understanding was about man, his meditation, his mind, the possibility of his receiving certain vibrations and being affected by them.
He would explain his whole program to de Hartmann, and de Hartmann had become such an expert that he would make it a reality. But de Hartmann was not a disciple -- this

was where the trouble arose. He had come to George Gurdjieff to be a disciple, but his genius about music took him on a different route: rather than being a disciple, he became an associate. He started working for Gurdjieff insofar as he needed music for his special dances, and he forgot completely why he had come.

Gurdjieff reminded him many times: "de Hartmann, you are a perfect master as far as music is concerned, but you had not come here to play music. And now your ego is feeling so fulfilled and contented that you don't want to sit among the disciples. You have forgotten that your basic motive was not to play music here."

The separation was bound to happen one day, because finally Gurdjieff became very hard. And he said to de Hartmann, "You have to stop music completely, because music has become a barrier. Your music has helped others tremendously, but for yourself it has become a barrier. You stop music completely! Burn all your musical instruments."

This was too much for de Hartmann. He was not an ordinary musician.

He left Gurdjieff rather than leave music.

And because he had lived for forty years with George Gurdjieff, and had remained in a very intimate relationship... but not as a disciple, remember -- that was forgotten; that was why the problem arose. The intimacy was because of the music; Gurdjieff needed a musician. He was taking his disciples around the world, showing people the immense effect of vibrations.

In New York, in one of his shows, the disciples were dancing...

They have to dance intensely and totally; they have to forget the whole world. But if the music stops, then they have to stop in whatever position they are in -- if the hand is up, it remains up; if their eyes are open, they remain open, they don't blink -- a total stop. If one leg is up in dancing, it remains where it is.

And when the dance came to its climax, he gave the indication to de Hartmann to stop. As the music stopped, every dancer had to stop -- just like statues, as if suddenly they had become marble statues, no movement.

It is a tremendous experience. In that gap, when all movement has stopped, you simply feel your existence, your isness.

But when he said to de Hartmann to stop... the dancers were moving in a certain round and they were so close to the edge of the stage that with the sudden stop, one dancer fell from the stage. Because there was no way, you could not do anything -- whatever happened, happened, you had to stop. On top of him, another dancer fell. A whole line of dancers went on falling from the stage, as if they were dead bodies.

The people who had seen that show could not believe... the silence of the disciples, their becoming centered, created a new vibration. Even the people in the audience who had no idea of any meditation certainly felt a new breeze, a silence surrounding them, and a peacefulness.

For years, the intelligentsia of New York talked about the dance. They could not believe what had happened; it was simply sheer magic.

But nothing happened to de Hartmann. He was just a technician: he played the music -- he was an expert -- and when the indication was given he stopped it.
But he remained in close proximity to Gurdjieff for forty years, and people naturally thought that he was a disciple, and a very close disciple. And when he left Gurdjieff, he maintained the illusion -- perhaps he himself was in the illusion -- that he was a disciple, that he had learned everything that Gurdjieff knows... forty years is enough. That's why he went to America to open his own school.
A desire to become a master is a simple ego number.
His statement, Turiya, when he said to people, "You are more important to me than Mr. Gurdjieff," is simply shameful -- but this is the category of the Judas.
In every master's life there are bound to be Judases. It seems to be the law of nature that the people who come to a master don't come with the same motivation. A few come to seek the truth, a few come to learn how to be a master.
In the life of Basho, one of the great mystics of Japan, there is a beautiful incident.
He was sitting with his disciples and a man came and he said, "I also want to join."
Basho said, "There is no barrier; the doors are open, you can join. But let me tell you: disciplehood is an arduous thing. Are you ready for it, or is it just curiosity? If it is just curiosity then don't waste your time, because soon you will have to leave. If it is a sincere search that you are ready to stake everything -- life included -- only then can you be a disciple."
The man said, "I am not prepared. I never thought that to be a disciple costs so much." And then he said, "Then what

about the master? -- I can become the master. If it is easier, then I can drop the idea of being a disciple; I can become the master."

Basho said, "We will not prevent you from being a master, but unless one has passed through the arduous path of disciplehood, one cannot be a master -- although it is very easy. If there was some back door, I would have allowed you in. But there is no back door; you will have to come through the right channel of being a disciple."

The man said, "Then I will think it over, and I will come again," and he never came again.

A few people simply come to the masters because they see a certain dimension of fulfillment for their ego, their ambition. To them, it is the same: to have power, prestige, respectability, richness, or to be a great master with thousands of disciples. They have no desire to know the truth, no search for knowing oneself. To them, to be a master is just like any other ambitious project of the world -- to be a rich man, to be a politician, to be a prime minister, to be a governor. And you cannot prevent them, because sometimes when they come and they try to understand, they change. They see that when they came they had come with a wrong motive, but now that motive has been dropped. So they cannot be prevented from the very beginning... and one never knows when they will change; it may take years. The master has to be patient. But these people are in a hurry, because life is slipping out of their hands.

Judas betrayed Jesus not for any other reason. It was not for thirty silver coins that he betrayed Jesus; he betrayed Jesus because he was the only educated disciple. He was more educated and cultured than Jesus himself. Moving with

Jesus, seeing his teachings, he could easily visualize himself as a great master, greater than Jesus: "Because this man is simply a carpenter's son, knows nothing much; still he has created a great stir in the country."

It was a very simple arithmetic: Judas could see that if this man is removed, he can prove himself to be a great master; but if this man is alive he will always remain a disciple. Either he had to revolt against him and create a totally different following, which is more arduous... This was far better, if Jesus could be removed in some way. And Judas was bound to be the leader, with an established following. It is just like a shop with a credibility of hundreds of years -- rather than opening a new shop... You may be offering better things to the world, but still, the old name has a credibility, an established credibility. The competition is going to be tough and very difficult. The best way is somehow get the name of the old shop -- just old bottles filled with new wine. Nobody bothers about the wine, everybody looks at the bottle -- but the bottle has to be old. The old bottle is the proof of old wine. Simple logic...

And to remove Jesus was easy, because the Jews were after him and things could be done in such a way that nobody would ever know that Judas had done it.

But he forgot one thing: nobody would ever know that Judas had done it, but how can Judas forget it? That realization came only later on. That realization came only when Jesus was crucified. Judas was in the crowd. He could not believe that he had done this -- just to become a master, he had betrayed a friend, a master who loved him, trusted him. And now he forgot all about the old ego trip. Something new that he had never thought about, a great

repentance, a guilt... within twenty-four hours he committed suicide.

De Hartmann was not a disciple at all, but he knew certain techniques that Gurdjieff was practicing with disciples. He had become a technician. Because he had to supply the music to every technique, he knew the techniques in every detail -- but he had never practiced them; his work was to supply the music.

But this is how the mind deceives you. Your own mind leads you astray.

De Hartmann could not prove himself to be a master -- without Gurdjieff, the music fell flat. He knew the technique, he knew the music, but he was not aware that the technique, the music, all were alive because of the living presence of a master. He was only a technician. That is the difference between a technician and a master. Now if something goes wrong with the electricity any technician can come and fix it, but that does not mean that he is Edison who discovered electricity. Although he knows everything, he is not Edison. That master touch will be missing.

It took three years for Edison to discover electricity. He started with many colleagues and students -- he was a professor. And by and by, because every experiment went on failing, people started deserting him: "He seems to be mad, he is trying to do something impossible. Hundreds of experiments have failed, but that man seems to be strange... every day, early in the morning, he comes back to the lab with the same enthusiasm, the same zest." All his colleagues were feeling that it would be better to do something else -- "We are wasting our time." They were all

frustrated. Except for Edison, nobody had any enthusiasm, and within three years all his colleagues and students had left.

But Edison continued, and one night at three o'clock... the whole night he had been working, because he was coming so close. And that was his logic -- he was saying to his colleagues, "Don't desert me; you are deserting at the wrong time. We have tried hundreds of experiments and they have all failed. That means that the one experiment which is going to succeed is coming closer. Finally we will sort it out. We are dropping those which are going to fail, they are not on our list anymore. The list is becoming shorter -- soon we will be able to find the right method." They said, "Three years have been wasted, and we cannot imagine how long this `soon' is going to take."

And that night he started to feel from the very beginning of the evening that he was coming closer: "Things are fitting; the puzzle is to be settled tonight." He went on and on and on, and by three o'clock he saw the first electric bulb. It was so much light! No human eye had ever seen it before; people had seen only candles.

His wife was sleeping in the other room. She had been calling him again and again -- "It is time to go to sleep." He said, "Not tonight; you just go to sleep and don't disturb me. I am so close, and I don't want to miss. Tomorrow things may be different, I may have forgotten something. Today I cannot leave it."

At three o'clock, suddenly the light... It was almost like lightning in the house.

The wife said, "You idiot, put that light out! Neither are you going to sleep nor will you allow me to sleep. And from where did you get this light?"
And he was sitting with unblinking eyes in a state of awe... unbelievable! It has happened!
And the poor woman was saying, "Turn the light off."
He said, "This light is never going to be turned off. Now it is going to be on forever and ever."
Now every electrician knows -- but he is only a technician, he is not an Edison. He can fall into the illusion that he is also as knowledgeable as Edison himself, but the charisma is not there, the genius is not there. Those miracle-making hands are not there.
De Hartmann tried hard in America, because in America Gurdjieff had been such a success. He went through the same cities giving the same shows, but everything fell flat. He could not figure out what was wrong -- because the songs were the same, the dances were the same, the music was the same, the musician was the same... "And that man Gurdjieff was not doing anything, he was simply standing there. All that he used to do was to tell me, `Stop!' Just that much, anybody can do. And I myself know at what point he used to say stop, so I stop myself at those points, exactly at those points -- but the magic is not there."
He forgot that he had never been a disciple -- and he had become a master! He forgot that he had been only a musician. If he had remembered that he was only a musician -- and in that too, he was brought to such refinement by Gurdjieff, not by himself -- things would have been different.

Turiya, the same thing happened with Ouspensky, who was really a disciple.

De Hartmann can be simply cancelled; he was never a disciple.

But Ouspensky was a disciple, and one of the foremost disciples. But again, something took him away, and that something was similar to de Hartmann's music -- that was Ouspensky's intelligence. He was a world-famous mathematician, a great writer. Even before meeting Gurdjieff he was known all over the world. Nobody knew Gurdjieff.

In fact, it was Ouspensky who made Gurdjieff's name known to the world; the whole credit goes to Ouspensky. In this whole century there has not been another writer of the same caliber. He writes with such authority, with such beauty -- and that became his fall, because Gurdjieff became famous through his books.

Gurdjieff was not a writer; he had no special talent which is recognized by the world. He was purely a master. He could transform human beings, their consciousness, but that is not an art recognized by the world.

And when Ouspensky saw that he had made Gurdjieff world-famous, why should he bother? He knew everything about what Gurdjieff was teaching, he had written everything; through him the whole world knew about the teaching of Gurdjieff... "I myself can teach." He started a school in London. And such ungratefulness... he would not use Gurdjieff's full name; he would simply call him "G". Just to avoid the full name, Gurdjieff, he would use only the first letter, G.

And he made it clear to his students, that "Gurdjieff was right as long as I was with him. I left him because he started going wrong. So his teaching is valid till I left him -- beyond that, it has no significance."

But he was just a school teacher, a professor, with no aura of a master. It was really ridiculous to see him pretending to be a master, because even in teaching higher principles of consciousness he was using a blackboard. Just the old habit of being a mathematician... So he would write on the blackboard, as if the people who had gathered were students. He would not look into anybody's eyes. He was not an impressive personality. He would have been perfectly good as a professor in a university, but to be a master, to belong to the category of Gautam Buddha, Gurdjieff and Krishnamurti, is a totally different matter. He tried hard, but he could not manage anything; nothing happened.

And you will be surprised to know that the whole world condemned Gurdjieff, nobody condemned Ouspensky, nobody condemned de Hartmann. In fact, they had nothing worth condemning either. Gurdjieff had a teaching, a methodology to transform humanity.

But these persons wanted to be masters. Seeing the power of Gurdjieff, they became power hungry. Seeing his influence, they started feeling inferior; they wanted to move away and create their own sphere of influence. They all failed.

So it seems to be in the very nature of things that this will go on happening. Wherever there will be a master, there will be Judases, Ouspenskys, de Hartmanns.

With Mahavira there was Goshalak.

With each great teacher, these people have followed like shadows -- hungry for power.
But to be a master is not an ego game. The power of the master is not of the power of the ego; it is the power of his humbleness, it is the power of his nothingness.
So these people will continue to happen, but they don't make even a dent in human evolution. They simply spoil their own life and a great opportunity that was given to them.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
FULL WITH THE SWEETNESS OF YOUR FRAGRANCE AS I WALK THIS PATH WITH YOU, I FEEL THAT TO TRUST AND WAIT IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED OF ME.A WONDERING COMES UP IN ME AS TO WHETHER SOME KNOWLEDGE ABOUT ESOTERIC SUBJECTS -- FOR EXAMPLE, CHAKRAS, COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUSNESS, ENERGY FIELDS -- COULD BE HELPFUL ALONG THE WAY OR NOT.
OSHO, IS SUCH KNOWLEDGE USEFUL? OR WILL WHATEVER IS NEEDED COME TO ME THROUGHEXPERIENCE, IN ITS OWN TIME?

Anything that is needed will come of its own accord, in its own time.
All this so-called esoteric knowledge about chakras, energy fields, kundalini, astral bodies, is dangerous as knowledge. As experience it is a totally different thing. Don't acquire it as knowledge. If it is needed for your spiritual growth, it

will come to you in its right time, and then it will be an experience.

And if you have an acquired knowledge, borrowed knowledge, it is going to be a hindrance.

For example, Hindu yoga believes in seven chakras, Jaina scriptures mention nine chakras. And Buddhist scriptures say that there are dozens of chakras, that these are only the important ones which have been chosen by different schools. They don't give any fixed number. Acquired knowledge will be confusing: how many chakras? And what are you going to do with that knowledge, whether there are seven or nine or dozens? Your knowledge is not going to help; it can only hinder.

My own experience is that perhaps Buddha's experience is correct -- and that does not make the Hindu yoga or Jaina yoga incorrect. Buddha is saying that there are energy fields, whirling energy fields, from the lowest point in your spine up to the very peak of your head. There are many; now it is only a question of a particular teaching which ones are important for it. That particular teaching will choose those... Hindus have chosen seven, Jainas have chosen nine. They don't contradict each other, it is simply that the emphasis is on whatever chakra the teaching feels to emphasize.

As far as I am concerned, you will come across only four chakras which are the most important.

One you know is your sex center.

The second, just above it, which is not recognized in any Indian school of thought but has been recognized in Japan alone, is called the hara. It is between your navel and the sex center. The hara is the death chakra.

My own experience is that life -- that is the sex center, and death -- that is the hara, should be very close, and they are. In Japan when somebody commits suicide it is called hara-kiri. Nowhere in the world does such a thing happen except in Japan. Suicide is committed everywhere but with a knife... just two inches below the navel, the Japanese forces a knife -- and this is the most miraculous death; no blood, no pain -- and death is instantaneous.

So the first chakra is the life chakra; it is a whirling energy. Chakra means wheel, moving. Just above the life chakra is the death chakra.

The third important chakra is the heart chakra. You can call it the love chakra, because between life and death the most important thing that can happen to a man or to a woman is love. And love has many manifestations: meditation is one of the manifestations of love; prayer is one of the manifestations of love. This is the third important chakra.

The fourth important chakra is what Hindu yoga calls agna chakra, just on your forehead between the two eyes.

These four chakras are the most important.

The fourth is from where your energy moves beyond humanity into divinity. There is one chakra more which is at the top part of your head, but you will not come across it in your life journey. That's why I am not counting it.

After the fourth, you have transcended body, mind, heart, all that is not you -- only your being remains. And when death happens to such a person...

That's why in India the hara has not been taken note of; because in the Hindu or Jaina or Buddhist yoga, they were not considering people who commit suicide. They were

thinking about people who were transforming their energy from the physical to the immaterial.
So the fifth chakra is the sahasrar. Jainas count it, Hindus count it -- because when you have transcended the fourth chakra, sometime you will die. And a person who dies after transcending the fourth chakra... his energy, his being leaves the body, cracking the skull into two parts; that is the sahasrar chakra.
Because it is not part of your life experience, that's why I am not counting it. The four are your life experience.
This one is the death of a person who is enlightened. He does not die from the hara.
That's why in India no school has taken note of the hara chakra. But in Japan they had to take note of it, because in Japan suicide was a form of etiquette.
You will be puzzled: the Japanese have such a totally different culture from the whole world; from small things to big things, they have their own approach.
I am reminded of one incident...
For small things a Japanese can commit suicide, because he cannot live a life of shame. If he feels ashamed, that is enough to finish his life -- and you will not be able to conceive of what small things are thought to be so important that life is nothing.
One master, who was the greatest archer of Japan, was called by the king. The king wanted his son to become exactly as great an archer as the master was.
Now, it is Japanese etiquette that even when two persons are going to fight with each other, first they will bow down to each other's divinity with folded hands. Even though they are going to kill... but before killing, they will respect

each other. So in ordinary life, in Japan you will find people everywhere bowing down to each other -- on the road, in the restaurants. It is disappearing as the modern Western influence is changing the whole world.

But the master archer was such an egoist that even in front of the king he waited: first the king should fold his hands, and then...

The court of the king condemned the man and said, "You have committed such a shameful act. Just go back and commit hara-kiri." It was not such a big thing, but when the whole court had said it, the whole country would know about it. The man went directly to his home and committed hara-kiri.

He had three hundred students. When they heard that their master had committed a shameful act, all three hundred students committed hara-kiri, because it was so shameful that their master should have behaved like this.

Now this cannot happen anywhere else in the world. If the master has done something shameful -- although it was not much of a shameful act, but even if it were -- the students are completely innocent. But because they were the students of that master, it was enough to feel ashamed -- you had followed such a man.

People have been committing hara-kiri in Japan for centuries.

So when Buddhism reached for the first time, nearabout fourteen hundred years ago, and they started meditating, they were the first people to discover the hara center -- because they had been using that center for centuries, so that center was very much throbbing and vibrating and alive.

It all depends. In different cultures it may be a little bit different where the center is.

For example, when Japanese started coming to me for sannyas I was a little bit puzzled -- because all over the whole world when you want to say yes, you move your head up and down. And the Japanese, when they want to say yes, move the head from side to side -- which means "no." All over the world that is the sign for no -- but that is their sign for yes, and the head moving up and down is their sign for no.

So when I would ask them something I would be very much puzzled; I could not believe that... They had come to take sannyas. They were sitting before me and I was asking "Are you ready for sannyas?" and they would shake... "Then why have you come? You have traveled here from Japan unnecessarily and you are sitting here in front of me just for that purpose, and you are saying no?"

Then my interpreter said to me, "You are not understanding; that person is saying yes. In Japan, the head moving from side to side is yes; the head moving up and down is no." So you have to remember it when you are talking with the Japanese. Otherwise there is going to be great confusion -- you will say something, they will understand something else. They cannot speak but they can understand.

In the Caucasus, where Gurdjieff was born, they have a system of chakras which is slightly different. It seems to be the difference between the people of the Caucasus and the other people.

In India, three religions, Hinduism, Jainism, and Buddhism, all have exactly the same points. They may count five or

seven or nine, but the places are exactly the same. Centuries have affected their bodies in different ways.
In the Caucasus, there are thousands of people who are older than one hundred fifty years. The Caucasus is the place in the whole world which has the oldest people -- and they are not old; at the age of one hundred eighty the person is still young. He is working on the farm just like any young man.
In the Caucasus, people always die young; they don't grow old. Naturally their bodies have developed in a different way. Their food has something to do with it, their climate, their geography, their land. It has created a different psychology.
Throughout the whole world it is thought that seventy years is the time for everybody to die -- that is the average; you can be five years earlier or five years later, but the average is seventy.
When George Bernard Shaw became seventy he started looking in the small villages around London at the stones which are put on the graves, in their cemeteries, to see how long people in that village had lived. His friend said, "You are mad. Why are you wasting your time?"
He said, "I don't want to die at seventy. I have never been average in anything, and I cannot be average in death. So I am looking for a place where people don't believe that seventy is the average age to die, because that place will have a psychology of its own."
And finally he found a village where, on many stones in the graveyard, he found that it was written: This man lived one hundred and eight years, and died untimely.

He said, "This is the right place -- where a man lives one hundred and eight years and still people think the poor fellow has died `untimely,' that it was not yet time to die." After seventy years he moved from London -- he had lived seventy years in London -- to a village, after checking the cemetery. And he lived a hundred years. He proved it -- that village had the psychology, that village had the vibe, that village had the idea that one hundred years is nothing. When he would ask people if he could live to be one hundred, they would say, "One hundred is nothing; everybody lives to be one hundred. You can go to the cemetery and see -- one hundred forty, one hundred thirty; people live that long very easily. A hundred? -- that is too early."

He lived one hundred years.

Certainly he proved one fact: that your psychology, your mind, your body, are impressed by the vibrations in which you live.

So you will come to experience chakras, you will come to experience energy fields, but it is better not to be knowledgeable, because that is a difficult problem. You may read a book written five thousand years ago by a certain kind of people and you may not be of the same category. You may not find that chakra at the same place, and you will feel unnecessarily frustrated. And you will find a chakra in a place where the books don't mention it; then you will feel that you are abnormal, something is wrong with you. Nothing is wrong with you.

Energy fields, chakras and all esoteric things should be experienced. And keep your mind clean of all knowledge,

so that you don't have any expectations; wherever the experience happens, you are ready to accept it.
And each individual has differences, and differences come in such small things that you cannot conceive.
For example, in the East people sit on the floor. In cold countries people cannot sit on the floor; the chair is absolutely necessary. Naturally, their backbones, their spines will have a different shape than those of the people who sit on the floor, and the experiences of their kundalini will be different.
There are people who eat only one time a day. For thousands of years they have never eaten more often than that. In South Africa there are tribes which eat only one time in twenty-four hours. When they came across American missionaries, there was such laughter... "These idiots are eating five times! Breakfast -- and there is no fast at all, and they are having `break-fast.' And the whole day, something or other, and then coffee break and tea break, and they go on... and in between they are chewing gum. These mad people have come to teach religion to us, they are simply mad!"
And in a way they are right, because they have beautiful bodies, they live longer, their bodies are not fat. Their bodies are like deer's; they can run like deer -- they have to, because they are hunters. Their eyes are very clear, very perceptive; their bodies are very proportionate.
I am reminded...
There is a small tribe in Africa even today who are cannibals, who eat men too. In the beginning of this century they had a population of three thousand; now they have only three hundred left, because when they cannot find

somebody else then they have to eat from their own stock. So that is the only place where the population is falling down: from three thousand, in fifty years there are only three hundred left. By the end of this century they will be finished, without any war, without anything -- they will have eaten themselves.

The first Christian missionary came, really fat -- and when they caught hold of him they were so happy and dancing, and the Christian missionary thought they were happy because they had found a religious man. And he said, "I have brought you good news, gospels."

They said, "Yes!"

And they carried him on their shoulders, and he was very happy. He was not expecting that these people would give him such a great reception. And they then put him in a big pot. And he said, "What are you doing?"

They said, "You wait, you will see."

And then he understood what was happening; they were going to boil him! He tried somehow to convince them, "Don't do it, this is not good. I have come here to give you some taste of the Christian religion."

They said, "Don't be worried; soon we will have your soup, and that will give us a real taste of Christianity!"

Now, these people will have a totally different experience of their physiology. The meat-eaters and the vegetarians will find differences.

So it is better not to memorize from scriptures. Those scriptures are the experiences of certain people, of certain times, of certain circumstances; they were not written for you.

The scripture that is for you can be written only by you, by your own experience.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #40

Chapter title: My disciples are my garden
28 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE NO WORDS TO EXPRESS YOUR LOVE AND COMPASSION SHOWERING ON ME. MY GRATITUDE AND THANKFULNESS CANNOT BE EXPRESSED IN ANY WORD OR ANY LANGUAGE. PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR MY SHORTCOMINGS. ALSO, PLEASE FORGIVE ME, MY DEAREST LORD OSHO, THAT YOU HAD TO BEND DOWN TO TAKE MY HEAD INTO YOUR HANDS. I KNOW HOW PAINFUL YOUR BACK IS. IT WAS SO PAINFUL FOR ME THAT BECAUSE OF ME YOU HAD TO BEND DOWN.
ON THE DAY OF MY SANNYAS, YOU HAD TAKEN MY HAND IN YOUR HANDS. YESTERDAY YOU HAD TAKEN MY HEAD IN YOUR HANDS. I HOPE, PRAY, AND BEG EVERYONE'S BLESSINGS THAT I CAN BECOME WORTHY OF IT.
MY BELOVED MASTER, PLEASE TELL AND EXPLAIN TO ALL THAT THE JOURNEY HAS ONLY BEGUN. I AM NOT YET WORTHY OF THEIR

RESPECT. INSTEAD OF RESPECT, LET ALL GIVE ME THEIR BLESSINGS SO THAT ONE DAY I CAN BECOME WORTHY OF REALLY TOUCHING YOUR FEET.
I AM REQUESTING AND PLEADING WITH FOLDED HANDS TO YOU TO TELL ALL TO SAVE ME FROM EMBARRASSMENT, GIVING RESPECTS TO ME WHICH I DO NOT DESERVE YET.

Govind Siddharth, the laws of spiritual life are diametrically opposite to those of the ordinary mundane existence.
In the world, one wants to be respected whether one deserves it or not. In fact the less people deserve, the more they want. In the spiritual realm, the more you deserve the less you want.
I am happy to know that you feel embarrassed by people respecting you. That is a sign of real humbleness. And to say that you do not deserve it makes you worthy enough to be respected.
In the world, people declare themselves `the great'. When Alexander the Great met Diogenes, he introduced himself: "I am Alexander the Great."
And Diogenes laughed and he said, "If you were really great, you would not have used that word for yourself. You should be ashamed. The true greatness does not assert itself, the true greatness radiates itself. It needs no language, it needs no expression, it needs no words -- its presence is enough."
And I know the difficulty. When for the first time suddenly people start looking at you with respect, a humble person, a

person who deserves it, feels embarrassed. Because it is the ego that demands respect, begs for prestige, power, respectability. True greatness is simply oblivious to it. The moment you respect such a person, he feels embarrassed -- "What are you doing?" -- because he is not expecting it, it is so unexpected.

And the humbleness, the simplicity, the innocence does not make anyone holier-than-thou. It makes you stand last in the queue, because you are so certain of your integrity, you need not go shouting about it, you don't need any recognition from anybody. Your own feeling is so absolute that even if the whole world rejects it, it makes no difference.

Recognition from others is sought only by people who are suffering from inferiority. A real superior man is not aware of his superiority, is not in any need of recognition from others. His superiority is just his nature.

Govind Siddharth, don't feel embarrassed if people respect you. You will have to learn, and to see people's respect in a new light; when people respect you, they are respecting their own potential. They are respecting one of their brothers who has arrived. They are recognizing you not as you; you have become a mirror and they can see their possibilities opening. They are thankful to you because you have made them feel, for the first time, not inferior to anybody; you have given them their humanity, their respectability. You have become an argument, a proof for their own possible fulfillment.

So when they respect you, accept it with love, with respect, realizing the fact that they are seeing themselves in you.

You have been of tremendous help to them because you come from them, you have been a fellow traveler.
As far as you are concerned it is certainly a beginning, but it is also an ending; it is a death and a resurrection. One chapter is closed, another has opened. One life that you have been living is now just a memory and another life is opening its doors -- which you have dreamed about in thousands of ways, in thousands of lives, and for the first time the dream is becoming real. It is a beginning.
And remember it; it is always a beginning.
Changes will be coming, old chapters will be disappearing, new doors will be opening. And a moment comes when your sensitivity is such that each moment you die and each moment you are born. You die to the past and you are born for the future.
But it is tremendously beautiful on your part to feel that you don't deserve it. That is felt only by people who deserve it.
That's what I meant when I said that in the spiritual life, laws are diametrically opposite to what they are in the ordinary mundane world. Here you have to try to be somebody, because you go on feeling that you are nobody; you feel so empty, so meaningless, so faceless, that you are begging everybody -- "Give me a face, a name, an identity." And people give it to you but those faces are just masks, those identities are just false. They make you hypocrites. They make you believe what you are not. And you have wasted many of your lives in believing in things which you are not and you have never been.
In such a moment of transformation as Govind Siddharth has passed through, one for the first time drops all the

masks, all the old identities. One accepts oneself as nameless, as a nobody. And this is the tremendous miracle: that the moment you accept yourself as nobody, for the first time you have become somebody. For the first time you have attained to your original face.
And if people see it happening... it is good for people, because it will become a remembrance to them. Something that they had forgotten, your presence may make them remember. And you cannot take away their right to thank you. That's what `respect' means.

The word `respect' is beautiful. It does not mean honor; that is a dictionary meaning. Existentially it means re-spect, a desire to see again. Somebody looks at you, remembers something, wants to remember more, wants to look at you deeper, wants to be closer to you, wants to look into your eyes, wants to hold your hands. It has nothing to do with honor, it is simply an effort to remember his own forgotten treasure.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
THE DISCOURSE OF GOVIND SIDDHARTH'S DECLARATION WAS SO BEAUTIFUL FOR ME. I STRANGELY BELIEVED IN EVERYTHING, FEELING VERY HAPPY ABOUT GOVIND'S INSIGHT AND FELT A PUSH FOR ME TO GO INSIDE MORE.
WAS THAT YOUR INTENTION?

We are together here only for a single intention: to remind you that you are not what you have been taught that you are, that you are somebody else.
And you will remain miserable till you find your reality. Your whole tension, anguish, anxiety consists only of a single thing: that you are trying to be somebody which you are not. Your whole life has become so strained, and it will remain so until you realize that your personality is only a drama and it is time to go home.
Sometimes a shock is needed, sometimes an accident, so that your mask slips down -- and suddenly you look in the mirror; it is not your face. Sometimes a certain device is needed so that you can uncling yourself.
I have always loved a small incident....
In India, every year in every village, people dramatize the life of Rama. They are not great actors, but it has become almost a religious tradition, for thousands of years. And there are many difficulties.
There is a war between Rama and his enemy Ravana. Rama's young brother, Lakshmana, is hit by Ramana's arrow and falls down, unconscious. The greatest physician of those times is called. He says, "Something is possible but it is very difficult: a certain plant is needed to prepare the medicine, and that plant grows on a mountain far away.
Hanuman, a devotee of Rama, says that, "I will go and I will bring whatever is needed. Just describe it to me, because the mountain will be full of vegetation.
The physician says, "There will not be much difficulty, because in the night this certain plant gives light as if it were a candle. So you can recognize it without any difficulty."

Hanuman flies, reaches the mountain, waits for the night... but he is very much puzzled, because there are many plants, all different, which are radiant with light. He had forgotten to ask, "Is this the only plant which is radiant, or are there other plants too?" Now it is too late; he cannot go back. But he is a monkey god....

The only way is to take the whole mountain, so he takes the whole mountain so that the physician can choose the right plant for the medicine.

Now, in the drama it is a very difficult problem: writing all these miracles and fictitious things in stories is one thing, but to dramatize them is a real difficulty. The first difficulty is to make people see that Hanuman is flying -- and he is not flying; he is just hanging on a rope and the rope is being pulled from the other side of the stage, and he is going fast, on the rope. And then he comes back with the mountain -- and the mountain is nothing but a plastic mountain with beautiful small plants; each plant has candles hidden in it. And he comes with one hand on the mountain and the other hand on the rope.

But something goes wrong -- the wheel, on which the rope has to be rolling, is stuck. In a village, particularly in India, it is expected. Now Hanuman is hanging in the middle of the stage, getting very embarrassed, and people are shouting and clapping and enjoying as they have never enjoyed... the mountain in one hand, the other hand on the rope, and the poor fellow cannot get down.

The manager rushes backstage, tries hard, but it is just a mistake of the carpenter who has made the wheel on which the rope has to move. And the situation is becoming so hilarious that just out of nervousness he cuts the rope --

something has to be done.

Lakshmana is lying down flat on the platform, dead. Rama is standing there. Although he can see Hanuman is just over his head, still he is saying, "Hanuman, it is getting very late. Come soon! Where have you gone?" And people are laughing, because this is stupid.

And even Lakshmana, who is supposed to be unconscious, hearing so much laughter opens his eyes and looks at Hanuman and starts laughing. And Rama says, "Shut up! You are not supposed to laugh, you are unconscious." So the poor fellow remains unconscious.

And at that moment the rope is cut and Hanuman falls on the stage. The whole mountain is shattered all over the stage. And he has a fractured leg -- he is one of the wrestlers in the town -- and he forgets completely that he is Hanuman.

And Rama goes on repeating the dialogue that is supposed to be..."Hanuman, you have done great."

He said, "Oh, shut up! First tell me who cut the rope!"

And Rama said, "But my brother is dying."

He said, "Let him die! My leg is broken. Where is that physician?"

Now the manager sees that things have gone from bad to worse. People are jumping and enjoying, and the poor Rama is trying somehow to manage but Hanuman is really angry; he has forgotten completely. The curtain is dropped; the manager can see no other way. And somehow the Hanuman has to be taken behind the stage: "Don't create such a scene. Have you forgotten that you are Hanuman?"

He says, "Who says I am Hanuman? First my broken leg! And I don't care whether Lakshmana dies or not; let everybody die. First my leg has to be taken care of."
But they say, "You have forgotten completely that you are Hanuman?"
He said, "Nonsense, I have never been Hanuman, it is just a drama. I am myself: Ram Kishore Pande is my name. `Hanumana, Hanumana....' In being Hanuman this has happened! Next year, I will see who becomes Hanuman. I am not going to become Hanuman, and I will not allow anybody else to do it either. In this village, nobody is going to become Hanuman. If you cannot manage things rightly, you should not impose such things on us poor people. Now I will remain lame for my whole life. My leg... neither is Hanuman going to help nor Lakshmana, nor Rama. And where is that physician?"
The physician had escaped, because he was afraid -- that rascal is dangerous, he may start beating him or doing anything: "You were trying to revive a dead man. Now at least make my leg right."
The identity that you have got is a drama.
It is not your reality.
And this is our whole intention -- and this has been the intention for millions of years, at least in this country, of all those people who are intelligent -- to discover the original face, to find out who exactly you are.
It looks surprising that except in this country, nowhere in the world have people been sitting and trying to find out, "Who am I?" This is the only country where, for centuries, people have been trying to find out who they are. They are not asking you, they are not asking anybody else. They are

trying to dig deeper and deeper within themselves to find the very source of their life and being.
Yes, this is my intention. And this should be your intention. We meet only because of this intention. There is no other meeting ground between me and you.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF AN AUTHENTIC MAN? WHAT IS HIS NATURE, AND HIS WAY OF LIFE?

Jayantibhai, the authentic man means one who has come out of his personality.
You have two words: personality and individuality. Personality is the false identity given by the society to you. And individuality is what nature has given to you. Individuality is existential. Personality is social.
Ordinarily, everybody is living as a personality; hence, his life is not authentic. It is false, it is deceptive, it is a hypocrisy. He is not only cheating others, he is cheating himself. He is deceiving others and he is deceiving himself too.
The word `personality' comes from Greek drama. Greek drama has a speciality: in ancient Greek drama all the actors have masks. You cannot find out who the actor is, you see only a mask, but the voice that comes through the mask is of the actor.
It was called persona in Greek: sona means sound, sound coming through a mask. You cannot find out who the real face is.

Slowly, slowly, we have forgotten the origin of the meaning of the word `personality'.

But watch yourself, and you will be surprised: everything that you are is borrowed. All your thoughts are borrowed. Even about feelings you are not certain.

People write letters to me and they say, "I think I have fallen in love." Great..."I think that I have fallen in love." They cannot trust their feeling, they are thinking.

The personality is surrounding you from everywhere, and your individuality becomes almost a hidden thing. You never allow it to live -- because the society does not want you to live in freedom according to your nature; the society wants you to live in the way that the society finds useful.

The personality is very useful: it is never rebellious, it is always a slave. It has no guts to say no. It knows only to say "yes sir." Even in moments when your innermost being is saying no, your personality goes on saying, "Yes sir." You are living a split life.

Society supports your personality; hence, the personality has become very powerful.

There is nobody to support your individuality; hence, individuality -- which is your nature, which is your real power, which is your authentic being -- remains in darkness, repressed.

You are asking me: What is an authentic man?

An authentic man is a man of rebellious spirit. He rebels against his own personality, whatever the cost. He is not ready to compromise as far as his freedom is concerned; he would rather die than to be enslaved.

My whole teaching is to bring the authentic being to the surface, from the hidden corners of darkness where you have pushed it.

You are enemies of yourselves; you have crippled your own being. And then you go on complaining that life is miserable -- it is your doing! You have compromised, for small comforts from the society. And for small comforts from the society, you have sold your soul. Now you have comforts but no soul -- good furniture, good house, good salary... but for whom? You are non-existent. This is the misery, this is the hell that every man is passing through.

And there are people who are exploiting the situation. The politicians become your leaders because they say they will bring a utopia into the world -- soon there will be no poverty, there will be no suffering, no exploitation, no inequality. All their slogans give you a consolation, and a feeling, "Follow this man." Although for thousands of years these same people, the same kind, have been giving you the same idea of utopia, the utopia never comes.

Perhaps you may not be aware that the very word `utopia,' in its roots, means that which never comes.

The politicians are giving you great utopian ideas; the religions are giving you great ideas of heaven, paradise, moksha. But if you have an authentic life, you don't need the priest. You are so fulfilled, you are so blissful that no paradise can become in any way an improvement on it.

You are living this day in the most beautiful way possible... loving, in friendship. No utopia is going to make your life richer.

You have to see the strategy: keep people false, so they remain miserable. Miserable people need priests,

politicians, psychoanalysts, all kinds of charlatans, because they are in such misery they are ready to fall in anybody's trap, whoever gives them hope.
Hope is almost like opium: you forget your misery, you start dreaming beautiful dreams.
I don't know what the situation is now, but in my childhood I have seen laborers working on the farms or making the roads, and they were so poor that their women also had to work... with small children, a six-month old child. Now what can the woman do with the child? How can she manage to work and keep the child? I was surprised to see that whenever there was any road being made, there were children lying in the grass by the side of the road -- enjoying, so blissful.
I inquired, "What is the matter?" -- because these children are such nasty people. The whole day they will sleep, and the whole night they will cry; strange ideas they have. But here are the mother and the father working on the road and they are just by the side, under a tree in the shade... so blissful. I asked, and I found out what they did: they gave a little opium to the child so that the whole day -- whether they were hungry, whether they were lying in the heat, it didn't matter -- the opium would keep them unconscious of their reality.
Hope is the opium of the people.
And they go on giving hope.
Hope is the greatest business in the world. For thousands of years priests have been exploiting, giving hope: "In the next life..." And nobody has asked them, "Why not in this life? And this life must have been `the next life' in the previous life. We have been miserable in the past life, and

we waited for this life -- we are miserable. And you are again saying `next life' -- or in paradise."

Not a single eyewitness, no proof, no evidence exists of any paradise.

But the miserable person is ready to believe in anything; the belief has to be a consolation.

Why are people, the masses, against me? The psychological reason is that I am trying to destroy their hope -- and if their hope is destroyed, their reality is misery. And I want them to realize that they are miserable so that I can point out to them why they are miserable:

They are miserable because they are not authentic.

Drop the personality. Live naturally, live intensely. Do not allow anybody else to dominate you; you have allowed too many people to dominate you.

I was staying in a home. A small child was playing. I asked him a few questions and we became friends. And I asked, "What are you going to become in life?"

He said, "As far as I know, I am going to become insane."

I said, "Why? Why you are going to become insane?"

He said, "Because my mother wants me to become a doctor, my father wants me to become an engineer, my uncle wants me to become a professor, my other uncle wants me to become a scientist. My whole family is wanting me to become this, to become that. I know that if I become all these things, one thing is certain: I will become insane. And nobody is asking me -- `What do you want to become?' Nobody seems to be interested in me; they have their own ambitions, and I am simply an excuse to fulfill their ambitions."

Everybody is in a place where he should not be. The poets are making shoes, the shoemakers have become prime ministers. Everything seems to be topsy-turvy, and everybody is miserable.

The authentic person has to rebel. He has to say to the whole world, "I am going to be myself, whatever the cost. If I want to be a musician.... Perhaps everybody cannot be Yehudi Menuhin or Ravi Shankar. Most probably, I will be a musician on the street begging, but still I will be happy that I am fulfilling my own desire, that I am not being dominated by somebody else."

Those who are dominating may have good intentions. Nobody is doubting their intentions. And perhaps if you had followed their intentions you would have been the richest man in the country, and now you are just a beggar with your guitar on the street. But I say to you that to follow your own nature and to be a beggar with a guitar in the street is more fulfilling, more blissful than to be the richest man in the country, if it is not your desire.

One great surgeon, the greatest in his country, was retiring, and his friends had gathered to celebrate. His students had gathered -- because he was really a master surgeon; there was no comparison at all with anybody else. He was a brain surgeon. Even at the age of seventy-five, his hands were not shaking a bit -- because while you are performing surgery on the brain, if your hand shakes just a little bit, it can cut thousands of small nerves in the brain. You can damage the person for his whole life. Your hand has to be almost like steel, and you have to hit the exact point... because there are seven million nerves in the brain, and seven hundred centers in your small skull. The instruments

are very fine, and the man has to be really an artist not to cut any other cells, any other nerves, which are so close knit... seven million, in a small skull. And to remove exactly the nerve that you want to remove... it is the most delicate job in the world.

And he was successful. No operation of his had ever failed. He was respected all over the world, rewarded with a Nobel prize, but on the day that he was retiring he was not happy. Everybody was enjoying, drinking, dancing. He was standing in the corner, sad, lost. A friend came close to him and asked, "What is the matter? We are celebrating here for you, and you are standing so sad -- as if somebody has died."

He said, "I am thinking of something which makes me utterly sad."

The man said, "You, and sad? The world's greatest brain surgeon... everybody is jealous of you."

He said, "But you don't know my inner feeling. I never wanted to become a surgeon in the first place. I wanted to become a musician, but my parents forced me to become a surgeon. My whole life has been nothing but a long slavery. I would have been far happier to be an unsuccessful, unknown, anonymous musician than to be a world-famous surgeon -- because this is not me.

"This was my parents' desire, it was their ambition. I have been manipulated, exploited, my whole life has been destroyed just in fulfilling my parents' desire. And now I am too old, and I don't think that I will be able, but I am going to try.... Because this was not my life. I lived somebody else's idea."

The authentic man is one who lives his life according to his own innermost core, who lives his individuality. It needs guts, it needs courage, because you are moving into an unknown area.
While your parents and your well-wishers are experienced people -- they know what will be right for you, they know what is going to produce more money, more respectability -- you don't know anything.
But the authentic man lives the unknown, allows the unknown, moves on the unknown path, risks everything. He may not find gold mines, but he finds a tremendous satisfaction. His life is a life of blessings; his death is a death of fulfillment.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
IN RAJNEESHPURAM I WAS YOUR GARDENER, AND IT WAS THE BEST AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND FULFILLING TIME IN MY WHOLE LIFE.
NOW, SITTING HERE AT YOUR FEET, I SUDDENLY REALIZE THAT YOU ARE MY GARDENER. IS IT SO?

It is so.
But the realization has come a little late, because in Rajneeshpuram also I was the gardener.
Think it over again. With me, you cannot be a gardener. My disciples are my garden, and when they blossom and flower I rejoice as any gardener rejoices.
With each of my disciples coming to flower, I attain enlightenment again -- because from my side, there is no

distinction at all, no distance. Particularly as you become blissful, the distance starts becoming less and less. In your misery -- you have to forgive me -- I cannot be with you. The greater your misery, the further apart we are.
But in your blissful moments, you are are so close that there is no distance at all. In your enlightenment, you are not even close -- you are one.
I feel that again another spring has come to me.
So this time you are right. The last time you were wrong. Those two years there in Rajneeshpuram in my garden, working as a gardener, were only a device to keep you close to me -- but I was the gardener. And from now onwards, wherever you are, I will remain the gardener.
So behave like a beautiful rosebush -- bring as many flowers to your being as possible.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU MUST BE THE ONLY ENLIGHTENED MAN IN THIS WORLD OF ALMOST FIVE BILLION PEOPLE.
, PLEASE BE STRAIGHT WITH ME: HOW EASY IS IT TO BECOME ENLIGHTENED?

Milarepa, it is very difficult for me to be straight.
I am not a straight guy.
Enlightenment is very close, but it all depends on you whether you allow it to happen or you keep yourself closed. I know the night is very dark, and in the darkest part of night to believe that the morning is very close is very difficult. But that's how it is: when the night is darkest, the dawn is closest.

But the sun can rise and you can still keep your doors closed, you can keep your eyes closed. And the sun is a gentleman; it will not knock on your doors -- "Open! It is morning." It will come up to your door and wait.
The question is very relative. Enlightenment can happen any moment if you are really bent upon it; otherwise, you can go on postponing for lives. You have been doing that. How have you passed your many lives before? It is not that you have heard the word `enlightenment' for the first time. It is not that the desire to be enlightened has arisen in you for the first time. Perhaps thousands of times... but it never became intense enough, it never became total enough, it remained lukewarm.
So it depends on you: if your desire for enlightenment is lukewarm, it may take many, many lives; if it is intense, there is no need to wait for tomorrow -- it can happen this very moment, herenow.
And please don't ask me to be straight.
These matters are not for straight guys.
It is not simple arithmetic, that I can say three years, two years, one year, one life....
It all depends on you. You can go on sleeping forever, you can wake up right this moment.

Question 6
BELOVED OSHO,
WITH EACH NEW STEP INTO THE UNKNOWN, HOW CAN I BE SURE THAT I AM ON THE RIGHT PATH?

The indications that you are on the right path are very simple: your tensions will start disappearing, you will

become more and more cool, you will become more and more calm, you will find beauty in things in which you have never, ever conceived could be beautiful.
The smallest things will start having tremendous significance. The whole world will become more and more mysterious every day; you will become less and less knowledgeable, more and more innocent -- just like a child running after butterflies or collecting seashells on the beach.
You will feel life not as a problem but as a gift, as a blessing, as a benediction.
These indications will go on growing if you are on the right track.
If you are on the wrong track, just the opposite will happen.

Question 7
BELOVED OSHO,
WHERE IS MY HEART? WHERE BEFORE I COULD FEEL IT EVEN PHYSICALLY WITH A LOT OF WARM ENERGY AND AN EXPANSION INSIDE MY CHEST, NOW IT FEELS EMPTY MOST OF THE TIME, OR LIKE A HOLE NOT THERE, OR I CANNOT LOCATE IT.

Purna, your heart is with me.
I am a master thief.

The Osho Upanishad
Chapter #41
Chapter title: From information to transformation
29 September 1986 pm in

Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHAT AN ENLIGHTENMENT IS. OH, MY BEAUTIFUL MASTER, WILL YOU PLEASE SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE TASTE OF ENLIGHTENMENT?

Chetna, there are things in life which cannot be understood. They can be experienced, but they cannot be explained. To explain them is to explain them away.
About such things, you have to go through a transformation.
You are asking for information. Information can be given about objects; the whole of science is information. And the whole of religion is transformation -- the moment religion becomes information, it is dead.
You are asking me to give some taste of enlightenment to you. Can't you see a simple fact? -- that tastes cannot be transferred; either you have them or you don't have them. Even ordinary tastes... the taste of a sweet fruit is unexplainable. You will have to taste it yourself.
I can show you the way, where the fruit is available, where the ripe fruit is waiting for you, where the flowers have become tired, because they have been waiting for you for many many lives, still hoping that one day you will come.
I am reminded of a beautiful incident in the life of Ramakrishna's wife, Sharda Devi.
Ramakrishna died, but before dying he told Sharda, "Remember, I have been here always and I will be here always, so don't think of yourself as a widow. Only my

body is going to die -- but you are married to me, not to my body."

In India, when a husband dies -- and particularly in Bengal it is more severe for the woman, for the wife -- her head is shaved... because half of the beauty of a woman is in her hair. She cannot wear any colored clothes; only white is allowed. She cannot use any ornaments, particularly the glass bangles that are used by married women. When the husband dies, she has to break her glass bangles.

Just by the way, I have to inform you why the glass bangles have been chosen as a symbol of marriage: because here in this life, everything is just like glass -- breakable, easily breakable.

And when the husband dies, she has to break her bangles on the floor. They need to be made of glass, not of metal, not of gold.

But Ramakrishna prohibited her: "In spite of the whole tradition, I prohibit you. Continue the way you have lived with me. I have loved your food, your sweets. Every day, prepare my food, my sweets; and sit just the way you used to sit before me while I was eating. One day I will be coming."

Ramakrishna died.

Everybody tried to convince Sharda, "Don't be mad, don't go against the tradition. Ramakrishna was always half mad, and it seems that before death he has lost his mind completely!"

But Sharda said, "I am not married to the tradition, not married to the convention -- I am married to this beautiful half-madman and I am going to follow him." She did not

cry. She continued using ornaments, glass bangles, colored clothes; she did not shave her hair.
People said, "We used to think Ramakrishna was mad; this Sharda is even more mad. She is a widow, and she is behaving as if she is newly married."
And she would prepare the food with the same enthusiasm, and would bring it to Ramakrishna's room and sit in front of him with a small fan in her hands, as she used to sit -- as for thousands of years in the East, wives have sat with a fan, so that no fly or anything can sit on the food.
And people said, "You are mad. There is nobody there."
And twice every day the ritual was repeated, and she lived many years.
Whenever she was asked she said, "Whatever happens... I know he is going to come one day." Such patience.
I reminded you of this incident because your fulfillment, your enlightenment, is waiting with infinite patience, for millions of years. One day you are bound to come.
Ramakrishna may come, may not come, but one day you will be sitting under a bodhi tree, enlightened -- that is guaranteed. That is intrinsic to your nature. It all depends on you: you can be lazy and you can reach to your own bodhi tree in many, many lives' time. You can be total, your intensity can make you an arrow, and you can move with the speed of light.
And certainly enlightenment is nothing but your becoming light, your inner being becoming light.
Perhaps you are aware that the physicists say that if anything moves with the speed of light, it becomes light -- because the speed is so great that the friction creates fire.

The thing is burned, there is only light. The material disappears, only immaterial light remains.
Enlightenment is the experience of an explosion of light within you.
Perhaps your desire to be enlightened is moving with the speed of light, like an arrow, so that your very desire, your very longing becomes a flame, an explosion of light. There is nobody who becomes enlightened, there is only enlightenment. There is only a tremendous sunrise within you.
Chetna, you cannot borrow the experience from somebody else, but you can have the experience. Why borrow in the first place? You do not understand what enlightenment is? You will never understand, unless you experience.
In the world, the law is: first understand a thing and then move towards experiencing it.
But in the inner world just a diametrically opposite law applies: experience first, then move towards understanding it.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE HELD THE FOLLOWING EVENTS CLOSE TO MY HEART OVER THE YEARS. I RELATE THEM TO YOU NOW BECAUSE THEY MAY HAVE SOME CONNECTION WITH THE BEAUTIFUL REVELATIONS OF SWAMI SIDDHARTH AT DARSHAN SEVERAL EVENINGS AGO. THE EVENTS MAY NOT BE DESCRIBED AS MOMENTOUS, BUT THEY HAVE A SIGNIFICANCE OF THEIR OWN, AND

I BRING THEM BEFORE YOU IN GRAVE HUMILITY AND FROM THE DEPTHS OF MY BEING.

I WAS THIRTY-TWO YEARS OLD. BY THEN I HAD FOUR BABIES, AND WAS KEPT TIED TO THE HOUSE. TO KEEP MY SPIRIT ALIVE, I WAS TAKING ON A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE. ON THE DAY OF YOUR ENLIGHTENMENT, MY HUSBAND WAS OUT, THE BABIES WERE ASLEEP. I WAS DRAWING A LIFE STUDY OF MY LEFT HAND; SUDDENLY THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH A WHITE SHIMMERING LIGHT -- NO LIGHT WAS EVER LIKE IT. I COULD SEE NOTHING BUT THE LIGHT. I DO NOT KNOW HOW LONG IT WAS THERE; I ONLY KNEW THAT SOMETHING TREMENDOUSLY SIGNIFICANT HAD OCCURRED. IT LEFT ME BREATHLESS.

WHEN MY HUSBAND CAME HOME, I TRIED TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAD HAPPENED, BUT THERE WERE NO WORDS TO DESCRIBE IT SO WE DID NOT DISCUSS IT. I HAD TO WAIT ANOTHER THIRTY-TWO YEARS BEFORE THE TRUTH OF THAT EVENT BECAME CLEAR.

I HAD BEEN TAKING A THEATER CLASS WITH SEVENTEEN YEAR OLDS, TWO OF WHOM CAME TO ME DISTRESSED, WITH FEELINGS OF HELPLESSNESS BECAUSE THEY HAD SEEN A FILM DEPICTING THE EFFECTS OF A NUCLEAR WAR. I TOOK THEIR PAIN HOME WITH ME. ONCE INSIDE THE DOOR, I THREW MYSELF FACE DOWNWARDS ON THE FLOOR, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED. I WAS IN AN EMPTY DARK SPACE, OPENING MYSELF TO EXISTENCE FOR SOME KIND OF ANSWER. I WAS

THERE FOR A LONG TIME. LATER I WENT INTO MY BEDROOM AND LAY ON MY BACK ON THE BED. SUDDENLY THE SAME WHITE SHIMMERING LIGHT ENVELOPED ME; THE ROOM SEEMED TO DISAPPEAR, AND AFTER A FEW MOMENTS THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF THE MAN CAME INTO THE LIGHT, HIS EYES TOWARDS ME. SOON THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF THE WOMAN APPEARED IN PROFILE IN FRONT OF HIS LEFT SHOULDER, HER HANDS CUPPED TOGETHER IN FRONT OF HER AND AGAINST HER BREAST. INTO HER HANDS CAME A SMALL CHILD. ALL WAS ENCOMPASSED IN THIS LIGHT. I CANNOT SAY HOW LONG THEY WERE THERE, BUT THEN THEY AND THE LIGHT WERE GONE. I WAS PANTING AS IF I HAD BEEN RUNNING.

I KNEW THAT THE FIRST LIGHT THIRTY-TWO YEARS BEFORE HAD BEEN OSHO'S LIGHT AS IT FILLED THE WORLD AND WAS AVAILABLE TO ALL THOSE TO RECEIVE IT. I WAS NOW READY TO RECEIVE HIM.

I KNEW THAT THE SECOND EVENT BROUGHT ME TO THE ONE WHO WAS THE TRUTH OF OUR TIME. THE FIRST REALITY WAS WHEN I WAS THIRTY-TWO AND YOU WERE TWENTY-ONE, THE LIGHT WAS YOUR ENLIGHTENMENT AND IT FILLED THE UNIVERSE.

THE NEXT DAY, MY SANNYAS FRIEND -- WHO WAS DOING SOME WORK FOR ME -- OBSERVED A GREAT CHANGE IN ME. IT WAS NOT LONG

BEFORE I WAS AT THE FEET OF MY BELOVED MASTER.
I WRITE THESE THINGS BECAUSE THIS LIGHT WITHIN US CANNOT BE HIDDEN. I BOW DOWN TO THE ULTIMATE TRUTH OF THE ENLIGHTENED ONE.
MY BELOVED MASTER AND FRIEND, I REALIZE THESE EVENTS MAY SEEM SMALL BESIDE THE OTHERS THAT ARE REVEALED TO YOU AT LAST; BUT THEY ARE BROUGHT TO YOU FROM MY LOVING HEART.

Jivan Mary, the path of spiritual realization knows no differences in experiences.
There are not big, significant experiences and small, insignificant experiences. All experiences on the path are exactly of the same significance, because each experience takes you a step deeper into reality, deeper into yourself, deeper into existence.
Your first experience of suddenly encountering a white, shimmering light, and after thirty-two years you came to know that it was the day I had become enlightened.... You are not alone in experiencing that; perhaps ten persons more have related the same experience to me. And naturally they were amazed, and there was no clue available to them. Only later on, years afterwards, it became clear to them that there seemed to be some correspondence between my enlightenment and their experience.
There were great distances between me and all these people.

But as far as man's spiritual being is concerned, space and distances do not matter at all. If you are open, if you are available, if you are receptive, then one man becoming enlightened... the experience, the vibration, the light goes around the whole earth. Wherever there are people who can receive it, who can welcome it, who can take it in.... They will not only see a shimmering white light -- that is the outer manifestation -- there is something more hidden behind it. In their seeing, their being has taken a quantum leap.

They will never be the same as they were before. The experience of the light has drawn a line, a discontinuity in their life. Something new has entered: they have become available to the beyond; they are no longer only psychological human beings. Something of the spirit has come up out of the darkness, just like an iceberg -- a part is above the water, one-tenth. Most of the iceberg is still underneath the water, but a revolution has started.

Your second experience is of even deeper mystery. It is also connected with the first experience.

The first experience was my enlightenment. You shared it, you participated in the celebration. You were a welcomed guest.

The second experience is indicative of my whole philosophy: I have gone beyond enlightenment, something new is born.

Enlightenment has been, up to now, the ultimate.

It is not the ultimate any more.

I have broken the ice. I have opened a small door -- a new birth, of a new man, of a new humanity, of a new future.

Enlightenment will always remain of tremendous value, but up to now it was the end. Now it will be again a beginning of a new journey.
This breakthrough has immense implications. A few are worth remembering.
One, the old idea of enlightenment was partial. It was partial in the sense that all the religions of the world have emphasized the fact that the man has to renounce the woman, to renounce the world, renounce all the pleasures of the world. He has to become an ascetic -- in reality he has to become a self-torturer, because to cut man from woman is the beginning of torture.
Man and woman are part of one whole; they are not opposites, they are complementaries.
My emphasis is: no more renunciation, no more self-torture, no need to create a painful, miserable life for yourself.
The woman is not against the man.
The new humanity has to create the right atmosphere where men and women are friends, fellow travelers, making each other whole. The journey becomes a joy, the journey becomes a song, the journey becomes a dance.
And if men and women in total harmony can give birth to children, those children will be the `superman' we have been dreaming about for thousands of years. But the superman can be created only out of the harmonious whole of man's and woman's energy. Then he will be born enlightened.
In the past, people had to seek enlightenment. But if a child is born out of a couple who are in total harmony, in absolute love, he will be born enlightened. It cannot be

otherwise. Enlightenment will be his beginning; he will go beyond enlightenment from the very first step. He will seek new spaces, new skies.

Your second experience is indicative of my whole philosophical approach.

I am bound to be condemned by the old religions. I cannot even complain against them. I accept it, it is just natural -- because I am trying to bring a totally new religious experience into the world. And with the new religious experience there is bound to be a new world, a new humanity, new eyes to see and new hearts to feel.

Jivan Mary, you are blessed that, far away from me, you experienced my enlightenment and you also experienced my transcendence of enlightenment. You are absolutely ripe, mature, to explode into the beyond, the unknowable, the ecstatic existence.

You are old, but only in the body. Your heart is younger than the so-called young generation. You have not just grown old, you have grown up, you have matured.

And I can say it without any hesitation: this is going to be your last life. You will not die without experiencing your immortality, your eternity.

It is very difficult to predict any such thing, because there are so many hazards. One can go astray from the very last step -- just one step more and he would have arrived home, but one can go astray.

There is a Sufi story.

A king who was not just a king, but also an enlightened human being, was talking to the court astrologer. He told the astrologer, "Your science is the most difficult one. Predicting anybody's behavior, future, is almost an

impossibility, because on each step there are crossroads, and one never knows where the person will start moving and changing. And life is so accidental and everything is in darkness; people are unconscious."

But the astrologer said, "No, that is not so."

The king said, "Then you will have to prove it by experiment. I know a beggar who sits just in front of the palace...."

In front of the palace there was a beautiful, big river, and the beggar used to come across the bridge to sit in front of the palace. And certainly he was the richest beggar; he was the royal beggar. And he was a very strong man -- he had made it clear to all the beggars of the capital that this place belonged to him, nobody should ever try to enter here.

You may not know that beggars go on doing this. You may not be aware that you belong to some beggar, that no other beggar can approach you; you are a possession of some beggar.

In one of the cities where I used to go, I always used to find a beggar at the railway-station and I would give him one rupee. One time I went there, the beggar was not there. A young man was standing there. I said, "What happened? What happened to the old man?"

He said, "I am his son-in-law."

I said, "Son-in-law? But where is the old man?"

He said, "He has given the railway station as a dowry to me. Now it belongs to me."

Only then did I become aware that we may not know at all who the beggar is who possesses us, our house, our street... nobody knows. That is their decision amongst themselves; there are divisions.

So the palace of the king was the kingdom of the beggar. And the king said, "Tomorrow when this beggar comes towards the palace, we will put a golden pot full of gold coins in the middle of the bridge. He comes so early that he is almost the first man to cross the bridge, and he will get hold of the pot and all the money that the pot contains."
And the astrologer and the king and their other friends were waiting and watching from the palace. The beggar came, but they were all surprised: he was coming with closed eyes, with a walking stick to find the way. He was not blind; he had never been seen with a walking stick.
The astrologer said, "This is strange."
And the beggar certainly missed the pot, because the bridge was big, and he was walking with closed eyes.
He reached the palace.
The king called to him, "What is the matter? You are not blind."
He said, "No, I am not blind."
"And you have never carried a walking stick."
He said, "Never."
"What happened today?"
He said, "Just this morning when I was coming out of my home, the idea arose in me that if I should become a blind man -- anything can happen in this world; people become blind -- will I be able to find my way to the palace? So I said, `It is better to try.' I am not blind, but it is better to try, as a rehearsal, in case I become blind."
The king said to the astrologer, "Do you see my point? This man passed by the pot full of gold. But an idea in his mind... `If some day I become blind, it is better to have

some rehearsal beforehand.' And it is a coincidence that he has chosen today to practice it."
It is very difficult to predict that somebody is going to become enlightened, because people have slipped from the very last step -- they were just at the door of the temple and they turned back... some idea....
But about Jivan Mary, I am saying she is going to make it in this life. Her experiences show the purity of her heart. She is not a woman of the mind. And her purity has been growing, and death cannot be so cruel. She is going to become enlightened any day... but certainly before her death.
She should go on just as simply, as ordinarily, as humbly as she has been going up to now. She should not start thinking that she is going to become enlightened; otherwise the idea has entered, and can distract.
She should not bother about enlightenment or no-enlightenment. She is perfectly good as she is, and she should continue in her humbleness, in her love, in her purity, in her compassion.
Enlightenment will come on its own accord. She is not to desire it, she is not to expect it.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
TODAY'S QUESTION IS BEYOND BELIEF: HOW TO DIE UTTERLY WITHOUT GRIEF? I HAVE HEARD YOU SAYING THAT YOU ARE A MURDERER AND THAT YOU DO NOTHING. IS YOUR ULTIMATE INACTIVITY YOUR INVISIBLE SWORD? PERHAPS THE FORCE OF MY OVERPOWERING AND

MYSTERIOUS LOVE FOR YOU IMPALES ME ON THE POINT, AN INVISIBLE HARA-KIRI.

The question has its own answer in it.
I certainly am a murderer.
And also, I never do a thing, so I am a murderer of a very strange category. Just like the candle, and the moth comes towards it, dancing, and dies on its own accord... the candle does not do anything, but certainly it kills.
The whole function of the master is to create such energy, such a magnetic force that you are pulled in and slowly, slowly start disappearing. And a point comes when you have become one with existence. This I call real death.
The ordinary death that you see every day is not real death; It is only a change of the house, or a changing of your clothes. The master is the real death -- because once you are consumed in the energy that the master makes available to you, you will not be coming back into any form; you will disappear into the vast universe.
It is death from one side: you will not be this small, imprisoned soul.
It is life eternal from the other side: you will be freed from the prison and you will become one with life itself.
You will not be separate; you will be immortal, you will be universal. Just all your misery, all your limitations -- the birth, the death, the old age -- all these will disappear. You will be simply young, vibrating, eternal life.
On the one hand the master is a death.
On the other, he is the resurrection.

Question 4

BELOVED OSHO,
WHENEVER I SIT SILENTLY, DOING NOTHING, A DEEP SADNESS SURROUNDS ME. OSHO, WHAT IS THIS SADNESS? AM I NOT SITTING SILENTLY IN THE RIGHT WAY?

It is the right way.
In the beginning silence feels like sadness, because you have always been active, engaged, busy -- and suddenly all your activity, all your busyness-without-business, all your doings are gone. It feels as if you have lost everything, your whole life. It looks like sadness.
But just be a little patient -- let this sadness settle. This is the beginning of silence.
As sadness settles, you will start enjoying the peace, the inactivity, no turmoil... and a point will come where you will see that it was a misunderstanding: it was silence, but you misunderstood it as sadness. You just have to become acquainted with it. A little deeper friendship with what you are calling sadness and the same sadness will become your deep, cool silence.
But we are so much accustomed to being busy. Nobody allows himself or others just to relax, not to do anything. People condemn such people.
I have heard that one day as the archbishop of New York entered the church he saw a young man who looked like Jesus Christ.
He thought, "It is impossible... Jesus Christ? He must be a hippy; many hippies look like Jesus Christ. So keep your courage, don't be afraid."

He went in and asked the young man, "What are you doing here?" -- although inside he was trembling: "Who knows? He has said that he would come again; perhaps he has come." But... New York? He should go to Israel.
The young man laughed. He said, "Don't be worried, and don't tremble inside."
He said, "My God, so you know that I am trembling inside?"
"Yes," he said, "I know, and you are thinking I am a hippy. You idiot! You can't recognize your lord Jesus Christ?"
He said, "I had recognized you. In fact, when I first entered, I had the idea: `My God, the man looks exactly like Jesus Christ.'"
He said, "I do not look like Jesus Christ, I am."
The archbishop said, "Just wait a minute" -- because he thought, "Now what to do?" He had never in his life thought that he was going to meet Jesus Christ. And if you meet Jesus Christ, what are you going to do? So he immediately made a long phone call to the Vatican in Rome. He asked the pope, "It is very urgent. Jesus Christ has come into my church. And the guy seems to be really Jesus Christ, because he even reads my thoughts!"
Even the pope started trembling inside..."This is strange!"
The archbishop said, "What should I do?"
The pope said, "Do? -- just look busy, and inform the police! What else can we do? Just look busy so the lord does not think that his archbishops and bishops are wasting time and doing nothing. Just do something, anything will do. Don't bother me. It is good that he has not come here! And inform the police."
Looking busy....

Even if you are sitting silently in your shop or your office and somebody comes, you start looking busy -- putting this file there, and that file there, and you know it is useless. But just sitting in your chair not doing anything looks somehow not right. What will the man think? `Business' is accepted, busy people are accepted.

I was a student of a professor who was a very traditional man, and he had taken the vow of celibacy. Just teaching Indian philosophy, by and by he became so much involved in it....

Just like all the Bengalis -- he was a Bengali -- he used to keep an umbrella. But all other Bengalis feel embarrassed that whether there is rain or not, heat or not, they carry their umbrellas; the umbrella is something essential. But this Professor Bhattacharya was not embarrassed, because he was always using it. He was using it to save his celibacy: he kept his umbrella so close to his head that he could see only two or three feet ahead, so he was saved from all kinds of women in the university.

The most troublesome thing was that there were only three students in his class -- two were girls, and I was the third one. And because of the two girls he used to teach with his eyes closed. Because you cannot keep the umbrella while you are teaching, that will look really... too much!

And it was a great joy for me, because he kept his eyes closed, I kept my eyes closed. Really, I slept; that was my time to sleep. And he thought that perhaps I was also a celibate; he had great respect for me.

One day it happened that those two girls were absent. He started teaching with his eyes open, but I was accustomed

to my sleep, so I closed my eyes. He said, "You can open your eyes, because those two girls are not here."
I said, "Girls or no girls, this is my sleeping time."
He said, "My God, and I had so much respect for you and I thought that you were also a celibate."
I said, "All nonsense. If I were a celibate I would always have an umbrella with me! You could have figured it out, that this man never carries any umbrella. Without an umbrella, can anybody be celibate?" I said, "You can go on teaching, it does not disturb me. You have trained me so well... because for two years I have been listening to you, and sleeping perfectly well. It has been a discipline. Now I can sleep anywhere."
He said, "Then what is the point? You sleep. I should go home."
I said, "That is up to you."
He said, "But these girls not coming has revealed a fact."
I said, "It has not revealed anything. In fact, first you see the girls, then you close your eyes. You have seen the girls -- do you accept that or not? -- otherwise how do you decide whether to close your eyes or not?"
He said, "That's right."
"And why have you not closed your eyes today? -- because you have seen that the girls are not here! So you are seeing girls unnecessarily -- why are you creating trouble for yourself? And I suspect that even under your umbrella you must be watching who is passing by, whether it is a man or woman. You cannot see the face, that is true; but you can see the feet, you can see the legs. And your celibacy is so thin... even a girl's naked legs, and it is finished. The umbrella cannot save it. No scripture says that celibates

should carry umbrellas. From where did you get this idea? Just being a Bengali, conventionally...

"You are not a celibate, because a celibate need not be so afraid. He should be fearless, and you are so full of fear. In this state of fear, forget all about celibacy."

The question contains its own answer. But it seems that you are writing your question with closed eyes, or you are writing your question unconsciously, not even thinking twice about the fact that you have answered it also.

The moment you come in contact with a master, you start dying.

It is a slow process. It is so slow that you are not aware of it. You become aware of it only when you come to a place which I call the point of no return -- from where you cannot return, because almost three-fourths of you is dead. Even if you return, people will think you are a ghost; nobody is going to recognize you again.

The same is the situation about sadness. You ask the question, but you have not allowed the sadness to penetrate your being. You have not allowed yourself to be acquainted with it. If you had allowed it, you would have seen that sadness is just the beginning of silence.

Because you are coming from a world of too much activity and suddenly you have stopped everything, it looks sad. Before entering into silence, you have to pass the transitory period, which will be sadness.

But sadness has its own beauty. It has tremendous depth, it has its own calmness, quietness, softness. It is a beautiful experience.

So don't try to avoid it. If you avoid it, you are avoiding the door to silence.

Enjoy it, receive it with open hands, embrace it. The more you are welcoming, the sooner sadness will start changing into silence.
And silence, slowly slowly, becomes a music without sound.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
I MARRIED TWELVE YEARS AGO. AFTER TWO YEARS, I WAS INITIATED INTO SANNYAS BY YOU, AND THEN I STARTED DOING MEDITATION. BUT STRANGELY, AFTER MY SANNYAS, MY WIFE AND I STARTED GROWING IN LOVE. SHE ALSO LOVES YOU, OSHO.
BUT THE SAGES ARE SAYING THAT TO LOVE ONE'S WIFE IS A HINDRANCE IN ATTAINING THE ULTIMATE.
ARE WE ON THE RIGHT PATH? BELOVED OSHO, PLEASE GUIDE US ON OUR FURTHER PILGRIMAGE TO THE ULTIMATE.

Anybody who says that love is a hindrance on the path of self-realization is not a sage.
But I can understand your question.
In the past, many so-called sages have been teaching people to be unnatural, unpsychological. These people were basically sick, they were not sages. But they were capable of doing certain things which normal human beings cannot do, and because of their doings people thought they had special powers and that those powers were coming from their sagehood.

For example, you will find people in Varanasi lying down on a bed of thorns -- they are worshipped as sages; thousands of people come to worship them. Naturally you cannot lie down on a bed of thorns because you don't know the trick. The trick is very simple; once you know it, you will laugh. It is not any power; this man is befooling you. On your back, there are spots which are sensitive spots and there are spots which are insensitive spots. Just tell your child or your wife or your friend to take a needle and prick you in different places on your back, and you will be surprised: in a few places you will feel the pain and in a few places you will not feel even that the needle has been inserted into your body. There is no sensitive nerve there, these are blind spots.

Those beds are made by experts in such a way that the thorns only touch the non-sensitive parts of the back -- but the man becomes a sage. He has not done anything creative, he has not shown any talent, he has not shown any intelligence, but through a simple trick of cheating he is befooling people.

There are people.... I was passing through a village and I saw a big crowd, so I stopped the car. I inquired what was the matter. They said, "In our village we have a great sage."

I asked, "What is his greatness, what is his sagehood?"

They said, "He has been standing for twelve years."

I said, "Even if he is standing for twelve centuries, that does not make him a sage."

I went to see the man. He had a support for his hands, and his legs had become elephant legs. It is a certain disease: if you go on standing for twelve years, the blood goes more and more into the legs, and the legs start becoming thicker

and thicker. The upper side of his body had become shrunken, his whole weight had gone to the lower side. His face was that of an utterly tortured man. There was no intelligence in his eyes. He was not capable even of speaking. Those twelve years had taken everything from him, but it had given him tremendous honor.

And there was a circle of priests around him, continuously chanting songs, day and night, collecting money, donations. People were coming and worshipping him.

The ego is such that it can make you do stupid things if it feels a certain gratification in it.

Now he was known around many villages as a great sage -- and so cheaply.

If you look at your sages, you will rarely find any intelligent person, any genius. You will find all kinds of retarded people, but they have managed at least one thing: they have done something which you cannot do, and that makes them special. It seems as if they have attained to something spiritual.

You are saying to me that sages have said that the woman is a hindrance.

Anybody who has said it.... The woman must have been a hindrance to him, that much is certain. That much can be said with a guarantee -- that he was suffering from sexual repression. Now he is trying to make a general theory out of it. His own repression is a sickness, and he is creating a theory for all human beings that women are hindrances. They are not.

I used to know a saint who was teaching continually against women. I asked him, "If women are hindrances to men, then women are in a far better position to reach heaven,

because nobody is hindering them. Men are not hindrances to women; no sage has said that, no scripture says that."
So it seems that all women have reached heaven, and all men are suffering in hell -- naturally, because if there is no hindrance where will women go? You will have to make some place for them too. And all men have suffered and suffered badly -- but they were responsible for their suffering, because they escaped. And whenever you escape from anything, it follows you. It becomes your fantasy, it comes in your dreams. They did not solve the problem, they were cowards.
My people are not escaping from anything.
Life is a beautiful experiment to solve problems. The more problems you solve, the more intelligent you become. Escaping is not the way.
If the woman is your problem, then find out the reasons why. Perhaps you are the cause. Perhaps you want to dominate the woman. And naturally, if the husband wants to dominate the woman, the woman reacts in her own way: she starts trying to dominate the husband. Their methodologies are different.
Men are responsible for keeping women ignorant, uneducated, uncultured, are responsible for keeping women almost imprisoned in their houses. Now, if they react, who is to be blamed?
You have taken all their freedom, you have taken all their independence. Financially, they cannot stand on their own feet. Educationally, you have deprived them completely. They cannot fight with the man in the competitive world. The man has all the privileges, the woman has no privileges. This is a man's world in which the woman has

been simply accepted as a slave, for centuries, in every culture and in every country.

Now if she reacts, if she nags you, if she makes your life miserable, I think it is perfectly right. And by escaping from her... where are you going to escape? You can escape from the woman, but you have an instinct within you that wants a woman -- that instinct will go with you. You can escape from your wife, but then that instinct within you will create problems somewhere else.

I have heard a story. A great sage was dying, and he called his chief disciple and told him his last message. There was great silence, because it is the last message; it has to be something immensely important. And the sage said to the disciple, "Remember one thing: never keep a cat in your house" -- and he died.

Everybody was shocked. A great sage... and what a message!

People will ask... what will he say? -- the chief disciple was at a loss. He inquired of the elders in the society what to make of it.

They said, "You don't know the story of your master; we know it...."

He escaped from his wife. He remained in the forest near a village where he used to come to beg for his food.

The villagers said, "We are poor people, and every day you have to come -- in the rains, sometimes it is too cold, sometimes it is too hot -- you have trouble. And we are poor people. So we have a suggestion, a simple suggestion, and it will help you also in the other problems for which you again and again come" -- because there was one problem.

He had two angots -- that is a special saintly underwear -- and the trouble was that there were rats in the forest, and they would make holes in his underwear and he would have to come to the town so somebody could mend it.
And they said, "It is unnecessarily tiring. We suggest to you.... We have gathered money and we have purchased a cow. You keep the cow, and we will clear some land by the side of your cottage so you can cultivate some grass. And what are you doing the whole day? So the cow will be supported by the grass, and you will be supported by the cow's milk.
"And we have a beautiful cat, so take the cat also. The cat will take care of the rats, and your underwear will not be damaged anymore. But you have to give the cat milk also, because just the rats will not be enough."
He thought that this seemed to be a good plan, so he took the cat, he took the cow. For a few days things went well, but then troubles started arising.
Living just on the milk was difficult; it was not full nourishment. It is full nourishment for small babies, but not full nourishment for a grown-up man.
So he went back to the town: "It is okay for me, and your cat has been very helpful -- she has finished the rats and the problem with the underwear is no more a problem. But a new problem has arisen: just living on the milk, I am feeling very weak."
So they said, "There is no problem. We will clear a little more land for you. There is so much land lying around you. And we have a widow in our town who needs some work. She is a nice woman, so take her with you."

He hesitated a little..."I have escaped from one wife"... but this was not a wife.
And the people said, "Sometimes you will be tired -- she can massage your feet. And if you have a headache, she can massage your head. She will take care of the cow and the cat. And she was a farmer's wife, so she will start farming -- and you can help her also -- so you can grow your own food. You need not bother us any more."
So he took the widow. The widow was really nice, and beautiful. He was trembling inside, but he said, "Now this seems to be the only solution."
And the widow started working. She took hold of the whole house, and managed everything beautifully. And she would massage his feet, and she would give him a good bath. And by and by, as things grow, they grew... love comes through such strange doors. Soon there were children, and there was the whole world again.
So the elders of the community said, "That's why he said to you, `Never bring a cat into the house', because that is where things start going wrong."
But you cannot avoid.
Man is half, so is woman half. The whole idea of separating them is creating unnecessary misery, and in misery there is no development of consciousness.
Consciousness evolves only in a blissful, happy way -- when you are in a dancing mood, when you are in a singing mood.
So what has happened to you, that with your wife....
You are a sannyasin, your wife loves me, you both are meditating and you have been feeling to go deeper into meditation. Don't be bothered by any sage who has said

that women are hindrances. Look at your own experience: your wife has been a help.
And the sage who has said that women are hindrances must have been an escapist.
Never listen to the escapists.
The world is for those who can live in it and not allow the world to enter into them; who can be in the world, and will not allow the world to be in them.
And that is the whole secret of sannyas.

Question 6
BELOVED OSHO,
IT IS SAID THAT TO TAKE HUMAN BIRTH IS A GREAT FORTUNE, BUT TO GET AN ENLIGHTENED MASTER IS EVEN MORE FORTUNATE: AND IF A DISCIPLE IS DEEPLY IN LOVE, DEVOTED AND SURRENDERED TO HIS MASTER, HE ATTAINS EVERYTHING. HE IS THE MOST FORTUNATE AND BLESSED ONE; LOVE DOES EVERYTHING.
OSHO, I AM NOT THE BLESSED ONE, I AM A SMALL DISCIPLE. PLEASE SHOWER LIGHT ON THE PATH.

There is no one who is a small disciple or who is a great disciple.
One is either a disciple or not a disciple.
You cannot be a small disciple. What do you mean by a small disciple? -- the size? the weight?
Discipleship is the same. It is not a quantity which can be more or less -- it is a quality.

So it is perfectly right that you are a disciple. You are as blessed as any other disciple has ever been. And because you think you are a small disciple you are even more blessed, because that feeling of being small is nothing but humbleness.

Question 7
BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN I TOOK SANNYAS, I HEARD YOU SAYING THAT WITH CONSTANT EFFORT THE HIGHEST PEAK IS POSSIBLE.
ALTHOUGH I AM A GERMAN, I REALIZED THAT I AM A LAZY ONE WHO ONCE IN A WHILE MAKES SOME EFFORT, GETS A GLIMPSE, AND FALLS ASLEEP AGAIN. IT SEEMS THAT I HAVEN'T GOT IT YET.
OSHO, DO I HAVE TO MAKE MORE EFFORT?

No one has to make any effort.
One has to be more relaxed.
You are feeling a difficulty because you are a German; hence, relaxedness looks like laziness.
You don't have to make any more effort. You just open your eyes and look around: you are sitting on the top of the mountain where you want to reach.
Everybody is where he wants to reach. It takes time -- sometimes years, sometimes lives -- to go round and round and round in the world. And finally one comes to a place, and is amazed: this is the place where he had been sitting in the very first place.

There is no need to make any effort. Just once in a while, when you can open your eyes, just have a little glimpse of the place where you are, who you are.
Nobody is a German and nobody is an Indian. Nobody is an Italian. You are a sannyasin. What nonsense are you talking, that you are a German? After being a sannyasin, you cannot be a German.
That's why the German government is so much afraid. They won't allow me into Germany because they know that if I am in Germany, Germany will disappear. So many Germans have already disappeared; they are no longer Germans.
Whoever becomes a sannyasin immediately drops his religion, his nation, his race. For the first time he realizes that just to be a human being is so beautiful... why carry unnecessary luggage?
So it is perfectly good; as far as I am concerned, to be lazy is perfectly good. Just once in a while, when you open your eyes, just see where you are. Enjoy that moment.
Don't think of any goal. Don't be goal-oriented.
Sannyas is not goal-oriented. Sannyas is a realization of the moment, now and here. No effort is needed -- because you are already here, you are already now. And the laziest person can, just once in a while, see where he is, who he is. In fact, the laziest may reach before the so-called active people.
And the active German is dangerous. A lazy German is perfectly good. If the whole world becomes lazy, we will have such a beautiful world, with no wars, no atomic weapons, no nuclear weapons, no crimes, no jails, no judges, no policemen, no presidents, no prime ministers.

People will be so lazy that they won't need all this nonsense that our activity makes absolutely necessary. Just think sometime: has any lazy person in the world done anything wrong? And still, poor lazy people are condemned.

Two lazy persons were lying down resting under a tree, a beautiful mango tree. And the mangos were ripe, and one mango fell from the tree. It was just by the side of one lazy person, but he didn't move. Just by stretching his hand he could have picked up the mango.

Just then the other lazy person said, "What kind of friend are you? A dog has been urinating in my ear and you never did anything."

He said, "Why should I do anything? A beautiful, juicy mango is lying by my side, and you pretend to be my friend and you have not done anything -- and you have heard it fall, you have seen it fall."

Lazy people have never done any harm to anybody -- they cannot. They will not go through that much trouble.

It is the active people who are the real problems.

So don't be worried about your laziness. It is totally acceptable as far as I am concerned. I want the world to become less active, more enjoying laziness: relaxing on the beaches, taking sunbaths, playing on their guitars... doing everything that is allowable to a lazy person, and not doing anything that only active people have been doing up to now. The active people have created Nadirshah and Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin and Mussolini and Ronald Reagan. The world needs to get rid of these active people. And nobody writes about the lazy people, there is no history about them. There must

have been lazy people in the world, but nobody writes any history about them. And they are the very salt of the earth.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #42

Chapter title: Be a seeker, not a believer
30 September 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY WELL WHY YOU ARE DRIVING US, SLOWLY SLOWLY, TO BE INDEPENDENT OF YOUR PHYSICAL PRESENCE, BUT I WONDER HOW.
THE OTHER DAY YOU SAID THAT YOU HAVE YOUR OWN METHODS. I TRUST YOU TOTALLY, AND I KNOW THAT YOU WILL NOT HURT THE DELICATE VEIL BETWEEN US AND YOU; AND IF YOU DO, IT IS BECAUSE SOMETHING IS MISSING IN OUR JOURNEY.
BUT I CANNOT AVOID THINKING AND BEING WORRIED: "HOW WILL HE" -- YOU -- "MOVE AWAY FROM OUR BEINGS?"
BELOVED ONE, YOU ARE THE KING OF THE WORLD NOW, AND YOUR COMING TO INDIA TO ME IS A TREMENDOUS ANALOGY TO JESUS COMING BACK TO JERUSALEM. IS IT TRUE?

The moment you cross the boundaries of personality the consciousness is one.

It can be of Gautam Buddha, it can be of Jesus Christ, it can be of Chuang Tzu. These names are names of the personalities. These names have nothing to do with the beyond, with the pure consciousness. It is always the same: wherever superconsciousness exists, it is Jesus coming back to Jerusalem.

I understand your fear, because you do not understand my method.

It appears to you as if there is only one way of disappearing so that I am no more a hindrance to you, and that is by leaving you alone. That's why I have said I have my own methods.

I can merge in you; I can allow you to merge in me. We need not be two. We can become one, and the hindrance disappears.

The idea that the hindrance has to be removed is very crude; there is no need to remove it.

If you are ready, you can merge with me.

If you are afraid, I can merge with you.

The basic question is that the gate of the paradise is very narrow and only one can enter-two cannot enter together. Now, it is not my fault! -- simply old architecture...

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

AS A CHRISTIAN I WAS TAUGHT, "JESUS LOVES YOU AND LIVES WITHIN YOU." I COULD NEVER FIND HIM -- NOT WITHIN ME, NOT WITHIN OTHERS, NOT IN CHURCHES -- NOT TO MENTION GOD, WHOSE HOUSE A CHURCH IS SUPPOSED TO BE.

NOW I'VE MET YOU. I FEEL YOUR LOVE; AND SEEING OTHERS, I FEEL SOMETHING IN THEM. YESTERDAY I SAW YOU IN THE HOUSE. I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO LOOK FOR YOU; YOU WERE JUST THERE.
WHEN I TRUST, EVERYTHING GOES WONDERFULLY.
IS IT YOU WHO ENTERS ME, WHO COMES IN?

It is your trust that creates miracles.
Nobody else can create a miracle for you, but your trust is the source of all miracles.
You were brought up as a Christian; that is a misfortune, but nobody can avoid it.
If you had not been brought up as a Christian, you would have been brought up as a Hindu, as a Mohammedan, as a Jew -- and all these diseases have the same quality of destroying you and your trust.
In fact, to destroy your trust is to destroy you.
Because you were brought up as a Christian, you were told that Jesus loves you, Jesus is in you. But these were words told to you, not your experiences. They were false; they never tallied with your own understanding, intelligence, intuition. Still, you had to believe in them because everybody else was believing in them. Not to believe in them would have created many kinds of troubles.
It is easier to go with the crowd; otherwise, the crowd can be very crude, very primitive. It respects people, gives them honor if they are obedient to its superstitions -- and naturally, everybody wants to be respected, honored. A natural instinct to be respected is exploited.

A natural desire to live a comfortable, easy life is exploited, because if you start raising questions about beliefs, you will be continuously struggling with your neighbors, with your family, with your teachers, with your priest, with your husband, with your wife, even with your children. Your life will become a chaos. Nobody wants to make his life a chaos.

These are natural longings of every man, and these can be exploited very easily. And the best way to exploit is to give you beliefs -- beautiful beliefs, but they remain superficial. They never ring any bell in your heart.

"Jesus loves you" -- you hear the words, but nothing happens in your heart. "He will come to you, he will come to your rescue, he is your savior" -- but these are just empty words to you, and you go on carrying these empty words your whole life. They become more or less just part of the formalities; your religion becomes a formality, something of the same category as etiquette.

You have to live with so many people -- naturally, you have to adjust, to adapt, and not to create an unnecessary nuisance, not to become a target of their enmity. But this is not going to help your growth.

On the contrary, because these words, these beliefs remain empty for your whole life, deep down a suspicion settles that all religion is bogus. It is very difficult for an intelligent man not to come to this conclusion... a whole life of belief, and your hands are empty and your heart is empty. There have been no golden moments, no experiences that go beyond this world.

So you perform the ritual: you go the church just as you go to the Rotary Club, there is no difference at all. Perhaps

going to the Rotary Club or Lions' Club or some other club, you feel more excited than going to church. Going to church seems to be a burden, a duty that has to be done. Remember, `duty' is a four-letter ugly word.

Love knows no duty. It does many things, but it loves to do them -- it is not duty.

The moment you utter the word "duty" it means there is no love. You have to do it because you have to do it; the pressure of the crowd is so much. But it is deep down a humiliation, an insult, a destruction of your self-respect. Naturally, you live a so-called religious life -- Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan -- but absolutely superficial, it has no authenticity.

And the trick is very simple: they have substituted belief in place of trust.

Trust is something that grows in you. It is not imposed on you; it is not a plastic flower but a rose that grows, blossoms, releases its fragrance. Trust is the most poetic experience of life. But the basic necessity for trust to happen is that you should not be burdened with beliefs. Beliefs are false coins; they look like trust, and they can deceive small children very easily. And once you have accepted those beliefs as trust, you will never try to find the distinction -- and the distinction is abysmal, unbridgeable.

If you love your children, don't give them any belief. Help them so that they can grow trust. If you don't know something, never lie to the children because sooner or later they are going to find that you lied -- and when a child finds that the father lied to him, the teacher lied, the priest lied, all possibilities of trust are destroyed. He could not

have conceived that the people he has loved -- and has loved totally, because a child loves totally....

An innocent child, absolutely dependent on you, and you have the nerve to deceive him, to say things which he is going to find one day that you never knew. If he asks about God, if you are an authentic father, sincere, honest, you should say "I am seeking, I have not found yet." Give your child a desire to seek, a desire to search. Help him to go on a pilgrimage, and tell him, "It may be that you find it before I find it. Then don't forget me; then help me to find it. Right now, I don't know."

Your child will never disrespect you; your child will never come to a point when he will say that you were dishonest towards him, that you lied. And your child will have tremendous honor for you because you made him, his innocence, his questioning, into a search. You created a seeker, not a believer.

Real parents will not create Christians and Hindus and Mohammedans. Real teachers will not create believers, only authentic seekers.

I had to leave my professorship for a strange reason -- perhaps nobody has ever left for such a reason.

I had to teach Shankara, Bradley, Kant -- and I don't agree with these people, so I made it clear to my students: "For half an hour I will go into the minutest detail of Shankara's philosophy, unprejudiced, remaining absolutely aloof, and then in the remaining half hour I will give you my opinion, because I cannot teach you something which seems to me to be creating belief, not creating search. I will create doubt in you -- not faith, not belief."

The students were very much confused. I was doing the best that I could do when I was teaching them Shankara, Ramanuja, Nimbarka. I was as fair as anybody can be, but after half an hour I was just as critical -- creating doubt, creating questions, making it clear that their whole philosophy was not based on any foundation of experience. The students were in a difficulty.

They said, "What are we going to do in the examination?"

I said, "That is your problem. That is not my business; I have nothing to do with the examination. My function here is to teach you. The examination is your business, and that of your examiners."

Finally they reported to the vice-chancellor, that "We are getting into a mess. Naturally he is very fair about anybody he teaches, but when he comes to criticize, then it is something of his heart. When he teaches, it is only his mind; and when he criticizes, it is his heart. And our problem is that we are left in an absolute uncertainty: we cannot answer any question because we know that if we listen to him, Shankara is wrong. And if we write that Shankara is right, then we are not only betraying him, we are betraying ourselves too -- because we have also felt that the whole philosophical system is based on belief, not on experience."

The vice-chancellor told me, "It is a strange way of teaching. We have never heard...."

I said, "It has to be strange -- have you ever heard of me? -- I am doing my best. You should look at my situation: I am walking on a razor's edge. I am being fair to people whom I would like to crush completely; still, I am giving them as

much support, reason, logic, as humanly possible. But I cannot lie to my students."

My vice-chancellor suggested, "You'd better resign; you are not supposed to be a professor. These people have come here to get some degrees to become clerks, to become teachers, to become station masters, postmasters. They are not interested in God, they are not interested in truth."

I resigned.

If every teacher, every parent is honest, there will be Christs and there will be Buddhas and there will be Mahaviras, but there will not be Christians, there will not be Buddhists and there will not be Jainas.

There is no need for believers.

When you can become a Christ yourself, why become a Christian?

Being a Christian means you are avoiding being a Christ. You are avoiding the crucifixion, you are avoiding the resurrection. You have found a very cheap escape -- you have become a Christian. You go to the church every Sunday... for six days there is no difference between Christians and Hindus and Mohammedans -- no difference, because there are only Sunday Christians, and that, too, for one hour. And you can see the difference: if you are a Christ there is a possibility you may be on the cross, but if you are a Christian, at the most you can have a beautiful, golden cross hanging around your neck, an ornament. Jesus did not have an ornament.

A single insight... that if you are carrying borrowed knowledge, please drop it. And drop it totally, not in installments -- because that is sheer wastage.

I am reminded of a beautiful incident.

One man came to Ramakrishna and he had brought one thousand golden coins to present to him. Ramakrishna said, "I don't need them, but I don't want to hurt you either, so I will accept them." He accepted the golden coins -- and in those days it was a lot of money, one thousand golden coins. And then he said, "Now, I have accepted them... now these coins are mine?"

The man said, "Yes, I have given them to you."

He said, "Now, take them and throw them into the Ganges" -- which was flowing just behind the temple where they were sitting.

The man was shocked, but now there was no way to refuse. They were no longer his coins, he had already given them. So he went with the coins to the Ganges... almost half an hour passed.

Ramakrishna said, "What happened to that man? Has he jumped with the coins into the Ganges? Just the shock was so much -- I had seen it in his face. Just go and look -- what has happened, what he is doing, why he has not come back."

Somebody went there, and came back and reported, "That man is throwing the coins one by one. A crowd has gathered, and he is counting `one, two'... and slowly, and making the crowd bigger, and enjoying."

Ramakrishna went there, took hold of the man and he said, "What nonsense are you doing? I told you to throw the coins in the Ganges. Why are you counting?"

The man said, "Just old habit. I have collected them one by one, counting every day: `Now I have that many... now I have that many'... this was my desire, to present one thousand golden coins to you."

Ramakrishna said, "When one is earning, counting is relevant. But when one is losing all, then throwing them one by one is sheer stupidity. Just throw them all! And if it is too much, you jump too."
A single insight, like a lightning.
But your Christianity is borrowed, your Hinduism is borrowed, it is not your experience -- hence, renounce it. And because it is just on the surface, renouncing it is so easy that it can be done in a split second. And you will feel immense freedom, an expansion of consciousness, an openness... eyes fresh, to look at things again with no prejudice.
And here with me, you can be as close with me as your knowledge is less.
If you are innocent, you will find existence loves you. "Jesus loves you" is just an expression. "Buddha loves you" is just an expression, so that you can understand.
You may not understand that existence loves you, because existence seems to be so vast and you seem to be so small, and you cannot conceive how existence will love you. Jesus or Buddha or Mahavira are small windows: you can accept those small windows from where the rays of the sun enter and a pure breeze comes in, and you can see the sky.
But when the whole sky can be available to you, why get attached to any window? And at each window there is such a crowd that there is not much chance that you will be able to see from the window.
At the Christian window, half of humanity is hanging around; just the Catholics are seven hundred million. Don't torture poor Jesus.

I had to stop to go to Punjab for a small reason. You know Punjabis, and particularly the Sikhs... they are loving people, and it was difficult for me. At the stations they would come, and I would have to hug so many people -- and hugging a sardar is like hugging a wolf. And there is a limit, but sardars don't know any limit: you may leave, but they go on. When I started feeling that these people were going to fracture my ribs, I finally stopped going to Punjab. This love was too much.

Seven hundred million Catholics.... You should think of poor Jesus, too. First you crucified him, and now you are torturing him for two thousand years, hugging, hugging.

Just come under the open sky.

Drop these windows, because every window is so crowded and the queue is so long, and the hierarchy is such that you don't have much chance... in hundreds of lives perhaps, you may come close to the window.

Why not come out in the open? The moment you are not a Christian, not a Hindu, not a Mohammedan, you come into the open and you understand for the first time that the whole existence is made of the stuff called love. It is not that it is loving towards you; it is made of the stuff called love. It has nothing to do with you especially; it is simply love energy, a love phenomenon, an ocean of love.

Here, you are close to me, and at least while you are in front of me you forget your knowledge, your prejudices, your beliefs. And suddenly your eyes are clear, and you can see things which were always available but you were blind -- blinded by your prejudices, blinded by your opinions, blinded by your beliefs.

Let me repeat again: it is your trust that has created the miracle that you have seen Christ in me.

These are just names. The reality is nameless, so whichever name you prefer makes no difference.

And you have felt love from me, you have felt love from the sannyasins here. The love that you had been taught from the very beginning has become for the first time a reality -- not in a church, not with a bishop, with a cardinal, not with the Christians, but here -- with people who have dropped all kinds of nonsense, who are simply human, natural, whose very presence is love.

It is not that they are making an effort to love anybody; there is no effort here. It is just that when you are unburdened of beliefs, a trust arises which is natural to your being -- and that trust has the aroma of love. And whoever comes close to you feels that you are a very loving being. You may not even be aware that you are loving; you may not be even thinking of love, but your very presence becomes love.

And this is one of my basic principles: that unless your very presence becomes love, all talk about love is empty.

So if you have found love in me, love in my people, remember: it is not the fulfillment of what you were taught in your childhood as a Christian. For so many years you missed this love because of that teaching. If that teaching had not been there, this love would have happened long before. It is our intrinsic nature.

Everybody is full of love. If there are no hindrances, the springs of love start flowing in all directions, without any address.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
GURDJIEFF CALLS WHATEVER IS HAPPENING BETWEEN MASTER AND DISCIPLE "OBJECTIVE DOING" AS FAR AS THE MASTER IS CONCERNED. HE SAYS THAT ONLY A MASTER CAN DO SOMETHING.
PLEASE COMMENT.

My approach towards life and George Gurdjieff's approach are very different.
I love Gurdjieff as one of the great masters history has produced, but it is not my path.
I will explain to you what he is saying, first according to him, second, according to me.
Gurdjieff had a division between subjective and objective actions: ordinary, unconscious people act subjectively; alert, conscious, crystallized beings act objectively. Now, this is a totally different language and a different philosophy, so you have to understand it clearly.
Sometimes you see somebody, and for no reason you feel a certain dislike. Or sometimes you feel a deep liking, but you cannot give any reasons. These are unconscious, subjective emotions -- there must be reasons, but they are hidden in your unconscious mind and you will behave according to these reasons.
According to Gurdjieff, unconscious people are not doing anything; they are almost robots, machines. Their unconscious mind is driving them, and they are doing it; they cannot answer exactly why they did it.
Objective action needs awareness.

Gurdjieff's father died. He was only nine years old. The father called him... he was an extraordinarily intelligent child. The father said, "I have nothing to give to you. I am a poor man, I am not leaving any inheritance. I have condensed my whole life's experience in a simple statement, so that you can remember it. You are too young: right now you may understand it, you may not understand it -- but you can remember; you are intelligent enough to remember it. Later on you may be able to understand it and when you understand it, start behaving accordingly."

The principle he gave was, strangely, very simple. He said, "If somebody insults you and you feel angry, don't act out of anger, because in that way you are becoming a slave. That man is your master: he insulted you, he manipulated your anger, he managed you in how to act. You think you are behaving on your own -- you are not. So if somebody insults you, just tell him, `I will think it over, and after twenty-four hours I will come and answer you.' And this has to be your lifestyle about everything: don't be in a hurry, take twenty-four hours' time to think."

Gurdjieff was very intelligent. He started behaving exactly like that from the next day. Somebody would insult him -- and people were shocked when he would say, without any anger, as if nothing had happened, as if you had proposed a certain theoretical problem for him, "Please give me twenty-four hours just to think it over. It is possible that you may be right; then I will not come back. If you are not right, then I will see whether it is worth coming back to answer you or not -- but twenty-four hours are absolutely necessary. My dying father has told me, and I have to follow him."

People were simply at a loss to understand what this boy was saying. And for twenty-four hours he would think it over: most of the time, the people who had insulted were right. So he would go just to thank them: "You were right, and I have come just to thank you. And please remember, whenever you find anything wrong in me, don't hesitate, just tell me. Tell me as harshly as you can."

He became phenomenal. In his young age, people started looking at him as if he were a sage. Or he would come and say, "Whatever you said was not right, but it is not worth quarreling about it; it is below me. So I have come only to remind you: you can say anything you want, but say something that is a proof of your superiority, of your intelligence. This was such that it is even below me, and I am just a child. I don't want to answer it."

And sometimes he would not come at all, and people would find him afterwards and say, "You did not turn up."

He would say, "It was so meaningless. It was not even worth coming to say to you that it was meaningless, it was so meaningless."

Gurdjieff remembers later on that that simple statement of his father changed his whole life. He started behaving objectively: emotions, sentimentality disappeared. Because you cannot remain for twenty-four hours angry; these things are momentary. And most often it happens that somebody insults you and you become hot and you become angry and you do something, and later on you repent: it was not worth it, you unnecessarily made a scene. It would have been better if you had remained calm and quiet; it would have shown your integrity, your strength. You proved to be very weak.

Gurdjieff divided everything into subjective and objective. For example, all the paintings and music of modern times he calls subjective. His statement is that the modern paintings are like vomiting: you are subjectively filled with a certain idea and you paint it. You are not concerned with the people who will see it and what the effect will be on those people, whether it is going to be beneficial or not. You are not concerned at all. Your whole concern is how to unburden yourself: you are feeling sick, you will feel relieved.

And that's why you will see so many paintings, particularly the most ultra-modern paintings... you cannot keep them in your bedroom, they will drive you crazy. Just look at them long enough and you will start feeling nauseous. Because they have come out of a nausea, naturally, their effect will be nauseating. These are subjective paintings, subjective stories, subjective fiction, subjective poetry. There is no concern at all for the person who will be reading the poetry. Objective art is a totally different thing.

For example, Gurdjieff used to say that the Taj Mahal is objective art. On the full moon night, if you sit silently near the Taj Mahal watching its beauty, you will fall into a deep serenity, into meditativeness. The whole architecture, the stone work, everything, has been made in such a way that it will create in you a peace that passeth understanding.

So when he says that a disciple cannot do anything... because a disciple is one who is asleep. For example, if you are all asleep here, what can you do? Only the person who is awake can do something.

The master is awake.

I am reminded of an old story.

A master had two disciples. He had many disciples but two were the chief disciples, and there was great competition between the two over who was going to be the successor. It was a hot afternoon and the master was taking a nap, and both the disciples were massaging his feet. One disciple was on the right leg, another was on the left. The master turned, and the right foot went on top of the left foot. The disciple who was in charge of the left foot said to the other disciple, "Remove your foot! Remove it. Otherwise I will take my staff and hit the leg so that it will never be of any use at all."

The disciple said, "Nobody can touch my foot -- and it is my foot, and it will do whatever it wants to do. You think only you have a staff? I have my staff here. If you hit my leg, I will hit your leg."

They were shouting and fighting, and the master woke up and listened to their talk. He said, "Just wait a minute! You idiots, both legs are mine! And you were going to make me crippled for my whole life."

But this is how the unconscious man behaves.

Gurdjieff's idea is that as far as doing is concerned, only the master can do something -- because he is awake, and you are asleep. This is his approach, and it is perfectly right in its own context.

As far as my work is concerned, neither can the disciple do anything nor can the master do anything, because it is not a question of being asleep or being awake. The disciple is asleep; certainly he cannot do anything except dream. The master is awake; hence, he cannot interfere. Even to wake you is an interference in your life which a wakeful person

cannot do. It is your life; he cannot trespass. Waking you up, disturbing your dream or your sleep, is a trespass.
In my work, neither the master does anything nor the disciple -- but things happen. There is no doing on either side, but things happen. The master goes on creating devices without interfering with the individuals.
For example, I am talking to you. It is possible that you may start at first by just hearing my words, and then hearing my silences -- first the visible, and second, feeling the invisible presence.
This is only a device. I am not doing anything to you in particular. I am just available here and if by chance, by coincidence, you open your eyes, you wake up, you see something, you hear something, you feel something and it starts working on you.... I am not doing anything, you are not doing anything, but something starts happening.
You must have seen, and you must have wondered: a woman gives birth to a child, the first child; she has no experience, but in the night, perhaps a dozen times... a small movement on the part of the child and the mother wakes up. And there may be clouds, thunder, the house may be on fire and she will not wake up, but just the child... something... perhaps the blanket has slipped off the child's body and she wakes up. It seems that she is asleep for the whole world, but not for the child. There is a link -- you can call it telepathic -- a subtle link, so that every movement in the child is immediately transferred to the mother's heart.
Something similar happens between the master and the disciple.

The master is there with his immense presence, and the disciple -- although he is asleep, he is not unconscious. He has somehow stumbled and found the place where the master is, perhaps from a faraway country.

Already there are three hundred sannyasins here from faraway countries, and we are preventing them because we don't have any space, we don't have any arrangement for them. So every center around the world is trying to prevent people: "Don't go, because right now there is no arrangement for you, and you will not be able to see Osho more than once or twice a week."

But still, three hundred sannyasins have arrived. We are preventing them, the Indian government is preventing, the American government is preventing, other governments are preventing -- still, they have come. And soon you will find Bombay full of my sannyasins. You are not seeing them because I have allowed them not to use red clothes, not to use the mala.

For a few years, the sannyas movement has to go underground.

There must be some part of them which is awake, some part of them which is not only awake but is capable of finding the way, and they have reached here. Now, being with me, that small part that has brought them here will become bigger, stronger, nourished, and things will start happening.

Gurdjieff is a great doer. His whole philosophy is a philosophy of action.

My whole approach is of relaxing and allowing the existence to do whatever is right.

Trust the existence.

And existence has never betrayed anyone.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
WHENEVER I HEAR SANNYASINS TALK ABOUT THEIR RELATIONSHIP TO YOU, I HEAR THEM SAY THAT THEY HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU. FOR ME, SOMETHING ELSE SEEMS TO BE TRUE. MOSTLY, I AM AFRAID OF YOU AND OF WHAT YOU ARE GIVING. IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME? AM I NOT A SANNYASIN?

Nothing is wrong with you. You are just not understanding what is happening.
The others who are saying that they have fallen in love with me may be simply talking. You have really fallen in love with me; hence the fear.
When you are not in love, you can talk about it easily. You can discuss and gossip about it and there is no problem. But you are in trouble -- you have fallen in love, hence you are afraid of coming closer. Otherwise, why should you be afraid of coming closer?
Love is fire, and if you come close you will be consumed by the fire.
Love consumes, transforms, brings the death of the old and the birth of the new.
You are a sannyasin, but you are not very clear about your own heart. Your heart is throbbing with love. Your head is full of fear. You are watching your head, but you are not looking at your heart. Forget the head.

I am reminded of a great Sufi mystic, Sarmad. The story is strange -- it may be true, may not be true -- but it is significant. And I don't care whether it is factual or not. All that I care about is whether it signifies something, and it signifies something tremendously beautiful.

Sarmad was killed in New Delhi....

Mohammedans have a mantra; every Mohammedan is expected to repeat it. The mantra is simple: There is only one God. That's what the mantra means: There is only one God, one prophet, one message -- the prophet is Mohammed, the message is KORAN. This is the meaning of the mantra.

Sufis repeat it, but only half; they simply say, "There is only one God" and full-point; they don't go beyond that. They don't say that there is one prophet, one holy message, Hazrat Mohammed is the prophet and KORAN is the message; that they don't say.

The emperor was Mohammedan. The priest, the high priest informed the emperor about Sarmad: "He is a heretic, because he is not repeating the whole mantra, and his disciples are also repeating only half the mantra. And that half of the mantra has nothing to do with Mohammedanism, because to say that there is only one God... that has nothing to do with Mohammedanism. The real Mohammedanism comes in the second part, that Hazrat Mohammed is the only prophet and the KORAN is the only message. And this Sarmad is simply teaching his disciples that the first part is enough, that the second part is unnecessary and there is no need to repeat it."

Sarmad was called to the palace and the emperor asked him, "What is your mantra?"

He repeated the mantra: "There is only one God."
The king said, "Are you not aware that this is only half?"
He said, "No, this is full. Anything added to it will be unnecessary."
The emperor said, "That means your head has to be cut off immediately, so that everybody knows what will be the result if half of the mantra is left out."
So from Jama Masjid -- from the top there are many steps -- his head was cut. Before his head was cut Sarmad said to the thousands of people who had gathered, his disciples and others -- and this is what is significant in the story -- he said, "What you are cutting is the place of your half of the mantra, and what you are leaving with me -- my heart -- is the place of my half of the mantra. `There is only one God' -- that is my heart. And `Mohammed is the only prophet and KORAN the only message' is just your head. Cut my head -- but even without my head, my heart will repeat the mantra, because that mantra has nothing to do with the head."
His head was cut, and thousands of people heard....
The head was rolling down on the steps, and the dead body was standing on top of the steps, and from nowhere in the body the sound was coming, "There is only one God."
I say this may not be factual, because it is difficult for the heart to speak -- and particularly when the head is cut!
There are some other stories of that kind in the world, but this is the most significant. The others may have some fact -- this seems to be non-factual, but many books of that time repeated that it happened, that there were eyewitnesses who heard it.

Life is mysterious. Sometimes things can happen which may not be immediately explainable.

A similar story is told about Rana Sanga, a great warrior who was fighting -- and his fighting method was his own. When warriors fight in the war, in one hand they have their sword, and in the other hand a protective shield. That was not the way of the man, Rana Sanga. He used to fight with two swords, one in each hand, and with no protective shield. And he used to rush into the army of the enemy like a whirlwind, cutting this way and that way. It was almost impossible to see him, to see where he was. He was simply cutting heads; heads were falling all along the way, and he was doing it so fast.

The story is that the last time, when he died... he had cut many heads, and somebody cut his head but he was in such a momentum that, without the head, he went on! That seems to be possible. There was such a momentum -- perhaps he never understood that his own head was no more there. Just the hands were so expert....

It is just like when you are bicycling and coming down a hill: you need not do the pedaling; you can just sit, and just from the momentum the bicycle will go on. When you have come down the hill, the bicycle will go for one mile even on the plain road without your pedaling, just from the momentum.

Perhaps Rana Sanga had such a momentum, was in such a mood, and was doing his work so totally that he never became aware that his own head had been cut, and he went on cutting. This is possible. This story too had its eyewitnesses. And these people are not very ancient;

Sarmad and Rana Sanga have both lived within the span of the past two thousand years.

But Sarmad's story has a significance -- it may not be factual -- and the significance is that the head has its own way: it is always afraid of death, it is always afraid of love. These two things -- love and death -- are the most fearful objects for the head.

Perhaps these two things are not two; perhaps they are two sides of the same coin.

But the heart is immensely willing to be drowned in love, even if that drowning in love means death. Even if it is at the risk of life that love becomes possible, the heart is ready.

You have fallen in love. Now only your head is afraid. Others, your friends who are saying that they have fallen in love, are just talking through their heads; they are not afraid.

You should be alerted. If you want to escape, escape soon, because tomorrow escape may not be possible. Once you find that your heart is pulling you towards love, then the head cannot prevent it. The head has no power; it is simply a chatterbox, it goes on chattering. Its only function is to chatter.

The heart cannot chatter and cannot say anything, but it makes it possible for miracles to happen.

If you are still here, perhaps you cannot escape.

Tonight, just try to find out what your heart says. Your mind is saying -- which is very indicative -- that the heart is in love; otherwise, mind is not afraid.

Question 5

BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRUSTING AND BEING NAIVE?

Shunyo, the difference is vast, yet the dividing line is very subtle.
Being naive means being ignorant.
Trusting is the most intelligent act in existence.
And the symptoms to be remembered are these: both will be cheated, both will be deceived, but the person who is naive will feel cheated, will feel deceived, will be angry, will start distrusting people. His naiveness will sooner or later become distrust. And the person who trusts is also going to be cheated, is also going to be deceived, but he is not going to feel hurt. He will simply feel compassionate towards those who have cheated him, who have deceived him, and his trust will not be lost. His trust will go on increasing in spite of all deceptions. His trust will never turn into distrust of humanity.
These are the symptoms.
In the beginning they both look the same. But in the end, the quality of being naive turns into distrust, and the quality of trusting goes on becoming more trusting, more compassionate, more understanding of human weaknesses, human frailties. The trust is so valuable that one is ready to lose everything, but not the trust.

Question 6
BELOVED OSHO,
HOW CAN THIS WORLD, WE PEOPLE, HAVE SUCH A BEAUTIFUL OSHO AMONGST US?

It should not be a question.
The question should be: when everybody has the potential to become enlightened, how is it possible that so few people have ever achieved it?
It is like a garden in which you have millions of rose bushes, and once in a while one rose bush brings one roseflower. What should the question be? Should this roseflower be the question, or should the question be: How is it possible that there are millions of rose bushes and only one roseflower, and that too, after centuries?
Something is wrong with our gardening. Something is wrong; perhaps the garden is in the wrong hands. Perhaps enough water is not made available. Perhaps it is in the interests of the powerful people that many roses should not be in the world.
I remember, I used to have a beautiful garden and a very intelligent gardener. Every year he used to win the first prize in the city competition for growing the biggest roseflowers. I asked him, "How do you manage it? -- because whatever you are doing, any gardener can do; every gardener is doing it. I don't see you doing anything special."
He said, "I cannot be dishonest with you, but please don't tell anybody my secret. I am your servant. I will tell you the secret." He told me the secret.
I said, "This is absolutely wrong! No more participation in the competition."
What he was doing was that he was not letting many flowers grow on the bushes -- he would cut the buds and just leave one bud. Naturally, the whole juice which was

going to create hundreds of roses will create only one roseflower.
I said, "This is murderous. Just to win a competition, you are killing hundreds of flowers."
And naturally I would have never become aware of it, because he used to do it in the night so that nobody would ever know the secret, Naturally, if you cut all the buds and leave only one bud, that bud is going to get more juice, out of all proportion, and is going to become a big roseflower.
Perhaps our whole way of life is such that only once in a while a Gautam Buddha blossoms. Perhaps the society does not allow it; it goes on cutting the buds.
So the real question is that amongst so many people, five billion people in the world, you don't have even five Gautam Buddhas. This is shameful, this is ugly. It seems there is a conspiracy against human evolution, against the evolution of consciousness.

I am doing everything to make it clear what the conspiracy is and who the conspirators are. And because these are the people who are in power, they want to stop my voice from reaching the people. Because if the people come to understand and realize that they have been continuously cheated, for centuries -- not from small things, money and power, but even from their souls, from their consciousness; that they have been prevented from their potential of becoming enlightened just to serve some vested interests -- there is going to be a tremendous rebellion in the whole world.
I do not call it revolution, I call it rebellion. Each individual has to rebel -- there is no need to make a party, there is no

need to make a collective organization. Each individual can manage to protect himself from the conspirators and allow his consciousness to grow, and to become the blessed one. In a really human world, the situation will be just the opposite: almost everybody will be a conscious human being. Only rarely will there be someone who is lagging behind and is asleep; that will be a rare case.
Gautam Buddha should be the rule, not the exception. And I don't see any difficulty at all.

Question 7
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE FEAR BEHIND WANTING TO BE DECLARED ENLIGHTENED BY THE MASTER?

Dhyan Om, it is very simple: you are not enlightened yet. You will have to wait a little, because there is a long queue ahead of you!

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #43

Chapter title: The sunflower always faces the sun
1 October 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WITH WHAT LOVE AND COMPASSION YOU FOLD YOUR HANDS AND DO NAMASTE TO US -- THANK YOU, THANK YOU, OSHO.
I HAVE NEVER ASKED -- YET, ALL MY QUESTIONS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED.

OSHO, COULD YOU GUIDE US AS TO WHAT KIND OF QUESTION A DISCIPLE SHOULD ASK?

The disciple is not to ask but to drink.
He has no questions but only a quest. He is not inquiring. He has felt the truth, he has seen a glimpse of it, he wants to become it. The distance hurts.
The disciple is not a student full of curiosities, full of thousands of kinds of questions.
The disciple is silent. There are no questions at all.
And you know it. You yourself have written that you have never asked a question and all your questions have been answered.
To ask a question does not mean that you will get the answer, because the very mind that asks the question is not the receiver of the answer, and cannot be the receiver of the answer. This is something very fundamental to understand: questions come from the mind, and the answer happens in the heart.
The heart never asks, and the mind is never satisfied with any answer. Give an answer to the mind and it will create a hundred questions out of that answer. And only the mind can ask.
The heart knows no language -- it knows how to love, it knows how to be grateful, it knows how to be open, it knows how to come so close to the master that you are consumed in the very silence of the master.
His silence becomes your silence.
His truth becomes your truth.
This is the mystery that happens between the master and the disciple, but never between the teacher and the student.

The disciple has learned one thing, perhaps in hundreds of lives: that the head is a factory where questions are manufactured -- put anything into it, and out comes a question. The head never receives any answer, that is not its function. And we should not ask something from a certain faculty that is beyond its capacities and limitations.

You never ask to see music, because you know your eyes cannot see music. You never ask to hear the light, because you know that your ears are not meant for that; they are specialized parts of your body for a special function.

The function of the head is to create questions, doubts, suspicions, skepticism. It is helpful as far as scientific research is concerned, as far as the objective world is concerned. A man with a heart cannot be expected to become an Albert Einstein. To be an Albert Einstein you need a trained head, which can go on asking questions infinitely.

The poet, the mystic, they know the answer. The poet knows it once in a while. The mystic knows it every moment -- waking or asleep, living or dying -- because it is not something separate from him; he is the answer.

For the poet the answer is separate; once in a while the window opens, a little breeze comes in and poetry is born, a song arises, a dance takes birth. But the poet is not in control of the window -- it is only rarely, in certain moments, when the poet becomes available to existence.

Hence I always say to my people that if you love someone's poetry, someone's music, someone's dance, someone's painting, sculpture, never try to see the man because that is going to be an utter frustration.

But if you hear and feel a statement of a mystic, forget about the statement, search out the man -- because the statement is bound to be wrong, and the man is bound to be right. The very presence of the mystic will be his argument, his evidence. He is an eyewitness.

The poet has also seen something, but from a faraway distance; and that too for a few moments, and then it is gone.

And when you reach for a few moments to a high peak and then the peak disappears, you fall far below the ordinary man. The ordinary man is at least on solid ground, on the plain -- he never goes up, never goes down -- but the poet goes up and down.

The poet will be found drunk, lying in a gutter, and you cannot believe that this man has such golden moments and is capable of bringing them to language. You will find the painter in the house of a prostitute -- and this man has talked about beauty, has painted beauty, beauty that surpasses the material world, that seems to belong to the beyond. But the man? -- the man is just absolutely the opposite of his painting, of his poetry, of his music, of his dance.

The poet also gets the answer from the heart, but it is accidental. It is not in his hands; sometimes it happens and sometimes it does not happen. Sometimes months are barren, sometimes years pass like a desert,
and the poet cannot do anything. He is at the mercy of existence.

The mystic is not at the mercy of existence, he has become one with existence. He has the answer each moment, just like his breathing, just like his heartbeat. It is not something

that he has to see again, something that he has to go on remembering, otherwise he will forget.

A disciple means someone who has found a master, someone who has come close to a mystic. And as you come closer to the mystic, your questions will start disappearing and his answer will start spreading in you. And there is only one answer and there are millions of questions, and that one answer can only be experienced in a deep, loving at-one-ment with the master.

So there are no special questions for the disciple. There are no questions for the disciple; the disciple has to learn how to drop questions. I allow you to ask questions so that they can be dropped. Remember, I am not answering your questions, that is not my business -- although from the outside it appears that I am answering your question. I am not answering your question, I am trying somehow to take the question away from you. I am not giving you the answer, because it cannot be given to you -- only the question can be taken away.

And one day when all questions are taken away from you, the one answer will be found, in the oneness of the disciple and master.

You have also said that my greeting to you with folded hands means a great humbleness on my part, and you are thankful for it.

Please don't misunderstand me. I am not a humble man. By the very nature of things, I cannot be a humble man; only an egoist can be a humble man. When there is no ego, there is no humbleness either -- one simply is.

But our mind is such that it moves like a pendulum of a clock, from one extreme to another extreme: either ego or

humbleness, either love or hate, either friendship or enmity. And the reality is somewhere exactly in between, where you are neither an egoist nor a humble man -- you are simply without any attributes of ego or non-ego.
When I greet you with folded hands it is not my humbleness.
Secondly, I don't greet you. I greet something which is within you and beyond you.
My greeting is nothing but an effort to remind you that you are not what you think you are, you are not where you think you are. I am greeting you deep inside -- not on the circumference where you exist, but at the center where you never go. I am greeting you just as a reminder that you are carrying within you something divine, something that is waiting to be fulfilled. It is a seed, but it is ready to become at any moment a sprout; new green leaves, ready to become a flower. I am greeting you as you should be -- I am greeting your future.
Right now you are only your past. You are not even your present; you are just all that has passed by, a collection of memories. I am not greeting that. I am utterly against it.
I want you to look into the new, into the coming, into the future -- the moment that has not come but is going to come any moment.
Don't just thank me, because the danger is that by thanking me for my greeting you may feel that the chapter is closed. The work is done: I have greeted you, you have thanked me.
No, you can thank me for my greeting only in one way, and that is by realizing the godliness to which the greeting is

addressed. There is no other way to show your gratefulness, your thankfulness to the master.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE BEEN TEACHING US TO ENJOY ALL PLEASURES OF LIFE, AND NOT TO BE LED BY SOME KIND OF MORALITY OR DISCIPLINES, MY LIFE WITH YOU STARTS TO LOOK MORE LIKE THAT OF A MONK -- A LIFE OF DETACHMENT FROM THE USUAL KICKS OF LIFE, AND MORE OF SIMPLICITY AND SILENCE.
IS THIS A NATURAL HAPPENING? OR AM I CREATING NEW DISCIPLINES FOR MY LIFE?

It is a natural happening. Not only that -- it is my whole intention.
I want you not to repress, because the person who represses anything remains stuck with the repressed thing for his whole life. Repression is the way to drive people insane.
I have heard about a man who was brought to a psycholanalist because his family was tired, his friends were tired... he had taken a vow of celibacy, but he was continually talking in roundabout ways about sex. And the easiest way for such people is to condemn sex -- that is their only joy in life. The whole day he was condemning everything. The psychoanalist listened to him and he said, "Wait, I will draw a few figures and you tell me what they remind you of."

He drew a line on the paper, and the man closed his eyes; he said, "Don't do it, don't do that! It is pure sex and nothing else."
The psychologist said, "It is pure sex? I will draw another thing"... he drew a triangle.
The man simply covered his eyes with both hands and he said, "You will kill me! You are reminding me of such things... I am a religious monk, and if I go to hell you will be responsible. Are you a psychologist or a psychopath? You seem to be neurotic. And my friends and family, those idiots, have brought me to you for treatment! You need treatment; I can treat you."
The psychologist said, "Just one figure more...".
But before he could draw the figure, through the window they saw that a camel was passing by on the road. So he said, "Forget the figure, you just look outside; a camel is passing -- what does it remind you of?"
And the man jumped on the psychoanalist, hitting him hard and said, "You idiot! You will destroy my whole religion. That thing is pure sex! I never look at camels -- sex, and ugly sex -- they harass me in my dreams, and they do such ugly things that I would rather remain awake the whole night than go to sleep and see the camels doing ugly things. And from drawing lines, you suddenly went to the ultimate in obscenity."
All the religions of the world, with good intentions, have created a very crazy and pathological world. Because they had no idea how the mind functions: you try to repress anything and you will become obsessed by it. It does not matter what it is.

You have laughed at this man because those were just lines and triangles, geometric figures, having nothing to do with sex. You try, and you will not find yourself in a different position.

Just don't think of three. Take a vow, that "I will not think of three." Whatever happens, three is renounced -- you have become a celibate as far as three is concerned -- and from that moment, you will be tortured by three. Wherever you look, you will be surprised: before, you also used to see these things, but you had never thought that they were three. In some way you will work it out so that everything turns out to be three. It is you, who without understanding a simple mind-process....

Repression is creating obsession. And when you repress vital things like sex, when you repress things which you feel are pleasant... Nobody represses painful things. Have you heard of anybody repressing headaches, heart failures, cancer? Strange world -- if you want to be a great saint, renounce all these things. "I renounce headaches, I renounce tuberculosis."

No religion asks you to renounce any painful experience. They want you to renounce everything that you enjoy.

I was taking a morning walk with a Jaina monk, and I showed him a beautiful roseflower. He would not look at it. And when I said, "It is so beautiful" he said, "Please, don't disturb me."

I said, "I am disturbing you?"

He said, "Because I am a monk, anything pleasant is not allowed for me."

Certainly the fragrance of the rose is pleasant, the color of the rose is pleasant, the petals' opening is a miracle. This

man cannot see the full moon, this man cannot allow himself to enjoy beautiful music.

Mohammedans have abandoned music: before their mosques you cannot go dancing, singing, playing on instruments; there will immediately be a Hindu-Mohammedan riot. Music is worse than murdering hundreds of people.

You have been told by religions to repress anything that is pleasant. Naturally your mind is obsessed. All that is left to you is pain, misery -- have it as much as you like.

Your religions are really very compassionate to you: you can have as much pain as you want. Just avoid pleasure, and in avoiding pleasure much pain is created. Life becomes just a long, stretched-out anguish.

My strategy is diametrically opposite to all religions, although my intention is the same. They wanted you to go beyond pleasure, because there are more blissful experiences but they are beyond pleasure. If you get stuck and glued to pleasure, you will never reach to the blissfulness, to the silence of the universe. Their intention and my intention are the same, but our methods are diametrically opposite -- and they have failed.

I tell my people to enjoy everything -- only renounce pain; avoid pain, there is no need. If you have a headache, just a small aspirin tablet and it is gone -- why unnecessarily suffer? That aspirin has been found by human intelligence, and human intelligence is part of the intelligence of the universe. It has not come from somewhere else, it is our creativity. Why suffer a headache? Why suffer tuberculosis? Why suffer any pain of any kind?

So basically, renounce pain, destroy pain; and don't miss any opportunity to enjoy pleasure. And a miracle happens....
That's what has happened to you.
When you enjoy pleasure, there is a point where you become fed up with it. How long? Even if you have a beautiful woman like Cleopatra or Amrapali, just get married....
Mulla Nasruddin and his wife had gone to see a picture. Mulla was very reluctant...
Because even if the picture is good, the wife is sitting by your side. She is such a pain in the neck that you cannot enjoy it, no aspirin helps. Against the pain in the neck that a wife creates, medical science has failed -- up to now they have not been able to come up with anything.
... So he was reluctant. He wanted to go to the picture; he had been planning to go, but his wife suddenly gave him the news that she had bought two tickets. He said, "My God, she has spoiled a chance to sit with somebody else's wife." He had been thinking and planning and enjoying, but this chance was also gone. So he had to go.
The picture was beautiful, everybody was enjoying it except Mulla Nasruddin, who was sitting so seriously, so saint-like, as if he were sitting in a church.
The wife asked him once or twice, "Why you are sitting so silently?"
He said, "I don't see much in it. I know this man, the hero in the picture -- he is such a nasty fellow. And he is kissing that woman! It is good that I have not brought my gun with me, otherwise I would have shot this fellow. Somebody else's wife, and you are kissing her publicly!"

The wife said, "Are you mad? This is just a film on the screen, and you were thinking of bringing your gun? And moreover, you are wrong! -- that woman is not anybody else's woman, that woman is that same man's woman. They are wife and husband in real life also."
He said, "My God, that means they both need to be shot! This is too much -- his own wife and he is kissing her so joyously? Such a cunning fellow, a hypocrite. I was thinking it was somebody else's woman; that would be acceptable, okay, but his own wife -- my god, he is really an actor! But I am not going to let them get away with it. And what do you think, that I will shoot them here on the screen? Just let me get home and I will take the gun and go directly -- I know their house -- and shoot both these fellows, because they are spreading such lies in the society."
You are bound to get fed up with everything.
Enjoy all the pleasures, and soon they will lose their attraction. Slowly slowly, you will start moving beyond them and looking for something more in life.
Your religions have stopped you from looking for something more in life, because they taught you to repress and you are stuck.
My whole effort is that all the pleasures of life should be made available to man.
My own calculation is that after each seven years, life goes through a completion of a circle, and a change. The first seven years are of childhood, innocence, playfulness, trust. Life is certainly golden... memories of those days haunt people to the very end, because never again in their lives are they able to manage to find something better.

The next seven years are the maturing of sex energy. At the age of fourteen, one is sexually mature -- mind starts functioning in a totally different way; the body starts functioning in a totally different way. Fourteen is the biological age for man: he is now able to produce children. As far as biology is concerned, man has come of age. That's why the psychological age of humanity remains at fourteen: because now biology takes no interest in your psychological development unless you yourself are interested. Nature has brought you up to that point for its own purposes, for reproduction; its work is done. It is now only up to you if you want to be a seeker, to grow psychologically, to grow in your awareness. If you want a spiritual experience then everything is left to you; now it is up to you. Nature has ended its work. And because nature has stopped, 99.9 percent of people stop with nature. They were not evolving, it was the push of nature that brought them up to the age of fourteen.

From fourteen to twenty-one man has the greatest sexual power, he reaches to the climax.

And the problem society has created is that nature brings the climax of sexuality between fourteen and twenty-one, but the society wants you to study in the university up to the age of twenty-five, or twenty-seven if you are going to become a Ph.D. But by that time, after the twenty-first year, sexuality starts declining. People get married nearabout the age of thirty in the advanced countries. That is the wrong time to be married -- your energy is declining. Marriage gives no satisfaction and it creates a thousand and one complexities, conflicts.

By the age of twenty-eight, you have come to a point where your sexual energies are at their lowest. At this age and afterwards, you cannot have sexual orgasm, you can have only sexual ejaculation -- and those two things are totally different. Ejaculation is just like a sneeze: you were full of a certain quantity of semen that has to be thrown out of the body. Because the body is creating new semen and you have only a certain capacity to contain it, it has to be thrown out, but you don't have any orgasmic experience. So your scriptures and your monks and your saints appear to be right, that you are unnecessarily wasting your energy. You feel weak, you feel the hangover the next day. You feel that it is unnecessary, and for this unnecessary thing you have to go through so much trouble -- earning a livelihood for yourself, your wife, your children... because children are produced even without orgasmic experiences.
By the time you are thirty-five, if you have not been repressive you are finished, you are completely fed up. You start withdrawing all your desires, longings, ambitions. Forty-two is the time... it is as important as fourteen.
The story of pleasures -- physical, biological, psychological -- begins at fourteen, and if nobody interferes and you are allowed to experience them, at the age of forty-two you will be naturally free of all kinds of bondages. It does not mean that you will escape from the world. It simply means that your wife will become your friend, your husband will become your friend. You will both understand that it was a certain biological force, which is spent, and now there is no need to harass each other unnecessarily. Now it is better, rather than harassing, to sit in meditation.

And I am saying this: if everything goes naturally then reaching age forty-two will automatically bring a tremendous change in your life. You will remain in the world but absolutely unattached. This is true renunciation -- no obsession, nothing repressed. The heart is clean, there is no garbage inside.

But if you are intelligent and you live in an intelligent society, one need not wait for forty-two -- because nature moves slowly. And we have been forcing man and women to live apart.... If by the age of fourteen we allow boys and girls to come closer, we teach them birth control methods, we allow them to enjoy... and that is the time when they will enjoy the most, because they have the energy. And all other enjoyments are connected with your sexual enjoyment. If your sex is starved, then everything else becomes disturbed.

For example, if somebody's sex is not fulfilled, he may start eating too much. It is now a well-established fact that after marriage women start becoming fat. Not before marriage... strange. It is just that once they get married there is no problem; they have got a lifelong servant. Now they can eat and rest, and they start becoming fat. And the more fat they are, the more their husbands start looking at other women. The more the husbands look at other women, the more they eat -- because eating becomes a substitute; they are very much associated. Life begins with sex, but life remains because of food, so sex and food are both associated with keeping life in existence.

And it is strange -- why don't you feel attracted to a fat woman, why are you not attracted to a fat man? There must be some basic reason, and the reason is that the fat man is

showing clearly by his fatness that he has replaced sex with food. He is no longer interested in sex, he is interested in food. The fat woman is saying she is not interested in sex; her fatness is a signboard: "Keep off!" -- she is going towards the fridge.
If society is intelligently arranged and we give a chance to young people to live their lives as fully as possible, there is no need to wait for forty-two years. Perhaps by the time they are thirty, they may be ready, without any repression, to go beyond.

And you can go beyond only if you are not repressed.
If you are repressed, you are pulled down. Your repressed feelings are like anchors: they go on keeping you down. And you can't see them, they don't appear on the surface; they are down in the water.
But if you don't have anything repressed and you have never listened to any kind of inhibitory principles and theologies -- you have simply lived a natural life, uninhibited -- by the age of thirty or even before it.... It will depend on your intelligence.... The more intelligent you are, the earlier you will become fed up.
And this is not renouncing; you are not escaping, you are simply finished. You are not escaping from pleasures -- now they are no longer pleasures, there is no question of escape. This gives you such a weightless feeling that you can look beyond. In this mundane life, then there is nothing that can hold you back. You have lived it out.
This has been the experience of my sannyasins, particularly in the commune where five thousand people had been with me for five years. They had no idea what my intentions

were. They had come there to enjoy; they had heard that I teach people to live life totally and intensely, without inhibition. The young people had come there not knowing my design, but within two years, three years' time it became clear to them that something strange was happening: they had come to enjoy; now those pleasures didn't look like pleasures.

And the first to report to me were women: "It is a strange place. Everywhere in the world men are running after women. Here in your commune, we women have to run after the men -- and men are running so fast! In the outer world women also run, but they don't run so fast. They don't really want to run, it is just a game. They run in such a way that they can be caught. But here, your men run in such a way that it is impossible to catch up."

In the first place, women are not naturally trained to run after men; they are doing something unnatural. They want men to chase them, but nobody chases them. They stand there in the marketplace and nobody looks at them. They go on talking by the side, about great things -- esoteric, occult, spiritual. How long can you stand there?

Finally the women started chasing. I suggested to them, "Don't wait; they won't start chasing you. This is a totally different place. You start chasing them."

Then they reported, "We chased them. We have been chased before, but we always allowed ourselves to be caught. But these fellows simply run away, and you never see them again or where they have gone. They don't stop to look back, they are so much afraid."

It was the old story repeated millions of times by millions of people: every day the husband will come and the wife will turn to the other side and say, "My head is hurting. Don't disturb me, just go to sleep."

In the commune the women started coming to me and saying, "We had never heard of men turning to the other side and saying, `I have such a headache, you just leave me alone. Go to sleep, or anywhere you want, but leave me alone' -- and they are absolutely lying. But what to do when somebody says that? We also used to lie, but then the men used to persuade us and we used to be persuaded. But these men don't know how to be persuaded. They really maintain that they have a headache! They DON'T have one. What is happening?"

I said, "Nothing is happening. Soon it will happen to you too, but it will happen to you a little later than men" -- because there are physiological differences between men and women. A few things happen later to women. For example, death happens five years later to women than to men, and that can be a criterion.

Meditation is a self-willed death. So there will be a five-year gap.... Men will become bored five years earlier than women. Women will try for five years more and then, seeing that the whole thing is useless, it is better to meditate. That five-year gap is bound to be there, because it is built into their life pattern.

But the commune which was known all over the world as a "free sex commune" was the least sexual place in the world. Men came into contact with so many women, women came into contact with so many men, that the old idea that "Perhaps this man that you have got is wrong,"

that "Everybody seems like a hero and this stupid guy that you have got is just a mouse, not even a man," so that the desire remains that perhaps with somebody else.... One thing is certain: that you were not made for this man; neither was this man made for you. It is something wrong, some accident that you are caught up with each other. So both are looking for somebody who is made for them.... Nobody is made for anybody.

But it takes a little time -- a few women in your life, few men in your life -- then you understand that it is the same game. Faces change, bodies change, but the game remains the same -- and a boring game! Not only boring, but if you keep all the lights on, then disgusting too.

Strange type of thing.... Just this game of sex is enough proof that no god has created man, because if this is what God has created then he seems to be really a rascal. Some better arrangement could have been made. But this is the arrangement -- that everybody feels ashamed of it, that people go in the dark, turn the light off.

I have loved a beautiful story: One couple from the Earth reached another planet, Mars, and of course they met people. The first couple they met, they invited them into their house. And it is very natural, because life is the most important thing... they were interested in how children were produced on Mars, because they were getting fed up with the way they are being produced on the earth; it seems like such a bullock-cart method -- no improvement, absolutely unintelligent.

As they went on talking soon they came to the topic, and the couple from the Earth asked, "How do you create babies?"

They said, "Very simple. On Mars, it is such a simple thing."
They said, "Can we see?" -- fearing, and a little shaky also, that God knows what type of thing they are going to see now, and wondering whether it was right to ask.
But the Martian couple said yes, and the woman ran to the fridge, opened the fridge, brought out two bottles.
The couple from the Earth could not understand what was going on.
And in a third bottle she poured some liquid from one bottle, some liquid from the other bottle -- some red liquid, some green liquid -- looked at the bottle; "Right proportion"... went, put it into the fridge and said, "After nine months we will get the child."
They said, "My God, this is so intelligent... and so spiritual!"
And now it was their chance: the Martians asked, "How do you produce children?"
They felt very ashamed. They said, "You have to forgive us... but this is the only way we do it there; we have never heard of this new method that you are using. But there is no harm -- because we are alone here, there are no other Earth people" -- so they undressed.
The Martians started laughing, that "What are you doing? -- going to have a sunbath or what?"
They said, "Just wait."
So they waited with great curiosity: "What is happening? -- the woman lying down, and the man doing pushups.... And they said, "Is it some kind of yoga? So much trouble! And the man is perspiring and huffing and whuffing, and the

woman is lying down dead with closed eyes. What is... and you think this is pleasure? Then what is pain?"
And they said, "Now, for nine months the baby will be in the woman's belly."
They said, "My God, now she has to carry the baby for nine months in the belly? And then?..."
They said, "Then there is more difficulty: the baby has to come out of the belly."
The Martians said, "Don't spread such ugly ideas to this planet. You please go back. If some idiots get the idea and start doing such things, our whole serenity and silence will be disturbed. But one thing is strange, and before you leave we would like to ask you -- what was your feeling about our method of creating babies?"
They said, "Our feeling? We make instant coffee that way."
The Martians said, "My God, and what you are doing is the way we make instant coffee, so there is not much difference. Our saints are very much against instant coffee, and they condemn it: `Never make instant coffee.' And our monks take a vow not to make instant coffee, and they go into the monsteries and they never make instant coffee. But this is strange, that it is the same method, exactly! For instant coffee it seems good, but for making children? Nine months waiting, the woman suffering... it seems to be arduous for the poor woman."
The more intelligent you are and the more availability of experiences you have, the sooner you will see that this cannot be the meaning of life. All these pleasures -- sexual or non-sexual -- pale, and finally create boredom.
And life cannot be just to create boredom. There must be something more.

So your question is perfectly right. You are not moving in any wrong direction; it is absolutely right.
If things change on their own accord, smoothly, without repression, without any effort on your part but just your understanding, no repression of any kind, then if you drop all your pleasures of life it is perfectly right. Because along with dropping all those pleasures, you will be dropping all pain -- they are together.
And by going above pain-pleasure, you will find in yourself for the first time something of bliss, something of benediction, something of eternal beauty, immortal life -- something that you can never be bored with. The deeper you go into it, the more and more interesting, the more and more blissful it becomes.
Gautam Buddha is reported to have said: The worldly experiences are sweet in the beginning but very bitter in the end; and the other-worldly experiences may be a little bitter in the beginning, but are always tremendously sweet in the end, and forever. Their sweetness goes on deepening.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
BEING NEAR YOU, I FEEL VERY CENTERED, SILENT AND STRAIGHT. WHY IS IT SO? IS IT BECAUSE OF THE GREED TO ACHIEVE SOMETHING, OR IS IT A PART OF YOUR BLESSINGS?
BELOVED OSHO, PLEASE EXPLAIN.

It is neither.

If it was a greed to achieve something, you could not have felt the silence, the blissfulness that you are feeling.
And it is not due to my blessings, because there are people who sometimes insist to come out of curiosity, and then have to leave in the middle, as you can see....
If it were in my hands, if it were my blessings, then anybody who was here would not be able to leave the place.
No, it is something else.
It is my presence and it is your availability, your openness, your receptivity.
Have you seen the flower called `sunflower'? It opens its petals in the early morning when the sun is rising, and it is facing towards the sunrise, towards the east. And as the sun goes on moving, the flower also goes on moving. By the evening, when the sun is setting, the flower is facing west, not east; it has gone the whole journey with the sun. And as the sun sets, the flower closes its petals again.
This is actually the relationship between the master and the disciple -- the sun and the sunflower.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
IS THERE ANY SIGNFICANCE IN A DISCIPLE WORKING FOR THE MASTER BESIDES WORKING ON HIMSELF? OR ARE THEY THE SAME?

They are the same.
If you are working on yourself, that's exactly the work of the master -- because as you become more and more silent, more and more fragrant, more and more magnetic, you will

start spreading the message of the master without any deliberate effort.
I hate missionaries. I don't want anybody to be a missionary.
A missionary is one who is spreading some message but he has not worked upon himself. What he is saying to others is not his own experience.
My sannyasins first have to become what they want to say to others. Their very becoming will be their message. Their very life will be their mission. They will not be missionaries.

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO,
A NEW UNIVERSITY AND NEW INSTITUTES HAVE BEEN ANNOUNCED TO SPREAD YOUR VISION. IS EVERY DISCIPLE ALSO ALWAYS A MEDIUM TO SPREAD THE VISION OF THE MASTER?

Certainly.
I am against any kind of organization because every organization has proved an enemy of truth, a murderer of love.
I trust in the individual.
Each and every sannyasin, alone, is my medium.
Each and every sannyasin is connected to me directly.
There is no organization between me and you. There is no priesthood between me and you. So the more empty you become, the more you will be able to receive my vibrations, my heartbeat, my song, the more you will be able to dance in tune with me -- and that is the only right way to spread

the message. Because the message is not of language; the message is of being, of experience.
We cannot create catechisms, principles, ten commandments, five mahabritas -- we cannot do that.
I can only do one thing: to help you to be empty, so that you can radiate me as totally as possible.
And no religion in the past has ever tried to spread its message by word of mouth, individual to individual. They have all been dependent on organizations, churches. And all those churches and organizations have betrayed them, because those churches and organizations, sooner or later, start having their own interests. Then the real message is put aside.
I want my message to remain from individual to individual -- pure and simple, immediate, without any mediators.

The Osho Upanishad

Chapter #44

Chapter title: Paradise is only for the courageous
2 October 1986 pm in

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY IS IT THAT WE ARE ALL SO AFRAID OF A HIT FROM THE MASTER? WHEN IT IS HAPPENING, IT IS PROOF THAT IT IS JUST WHAT WE NEEDED, YET THE FEAR REMAINS. IS COWARDICE AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THE EGO?

The ego is cowardice.

Cowardice is not an essential part of the ego, it is the whole of the ego. And it is bound to be so, because the ego lives in constant fear of being exposed: it is empty within, it is non-existential; it is only an appearance, not a reality. And whenever something is only an appearance, a mirage, the fear is bound to be there at the very center of it.

In the desert you see the mirage from far away. It looks so real that even the trees standing by its side are reflected in the water, which does not exist. You can see the trees and you can see the reflection; you can see the waves in the water and also the reflections shimmering with the waves -- but it is all from a distance. As you come closer, the mirage starts disappearing. There has never been anything; it was just a byproduct of the sunrays being reflected by the hot sands of the desert. In this reflection and the sunrays returning, the mirage of an oasis is created. But it can exist only when you are far way; it cannot exist when you come close. Then, there are only hot sands, and you can see the rays of the sun being reflected back.

It will be easier to understand in a different context.

You see the moon, you see its beauty, you see its cool light. But the first astronauts were shocked, because as they came closer to the moon, there was no light. The moon was just a flat, barren piece of earth -- no greenery, no life -- a dead rock. But standing on the moon, when they looked at the earth they were amazed: the earth was radiant with beautiful light.

In comparison to that light, the moon and its beauty is nothing, because the earth is eight times bigger than the moon; its light is eight times more intense, all silver. And

the astronauts knew that it was all false, but they were seeing it. It is not there... but a strange thing: when they were on the earth, they were seeing the beautiful silver light shimmering from the moon. Now they were on the moon, and it was just a dead rock, and the whole beauty was radiating from the earth. And they knew the earth, they have lived their whole lives on the earth; they had never seen anything of the sort. To see the reflection of the sunlight, you need a distance.

The earth is also radiating: when the sunlight comes, some of it is absorbed by the earth, but most of it is reflected back. That reflected light can be seen only when you are far away from the earth; otherwise you cannot see it.

The ego is a non-existential phenomenon -- the people who are farther away from you can feel it, can see it, can be hurt by it.

Your only concern is that they should not come too close. Everybody is keeping everybody else at a distance, because to allow people to come too close means opening the doors of your emptiness.

The ego does not exist.

And you are so identified with the ego that the death of the ego, the disappearance of the ego feels as if it is your death. It is not so; on the contrary, when the ego is dead then you will know your reality, your essential being.

The egoist is going to be a coward. He cannot allow anybody closeness of any kind -- friendship, love, even companionship.

Adolf Hitler never allowed anybody to sleep in his room. He always slept alone, locking the door from within. He never got married for the simple reason that if you are

married then you have to allow the woman inside the room -- not only inside the room, but in the bed. This is too close and too dangerous.

He had no friends. He always kept people as distant as possible; there was not a single person in his whole life who had ever put a hand on his shoulders -- this much closeness he would not allow.

What was the fear? Why was he so afraid? The fear was that the moment he allowed anybody such closeness, his greatness -- "the great Adolf Hitler" -- would disappear. You would find a very tiny and pygmy creature, nothing of greatness -- that was all on the posters, that was all part of a great propaganda.

The more egoist a person is the more he has to remain lonely. And to be lonely is miserable, but one has to pay. You have to pay for a non-existential ego to appear real -- with your misery, with your pain, with your anguish. And anyway, even if you succeed in not allowing anybody to be close to you, you yourself know perfectly well that it is just a soap bubble -- a small pinprick, and it will disappear

Napoleon Bonaparte was one of the great egoists in the history of egoism, but he got defeated, and the reason he was defeated is something worth consideration.

When he was a small child, just six months old, the nurse who was his caretaker left him in the garden and went for something in the house, and a wild cat jumped on the child. Now a six-month old baby... the cat must have looked like a big lion. Things are always relative and in proportion, and to that small child it was a big lion. The cat was just being playful, but the child was so much shocked, and the shock went so deep... when he became a young man, he fought

many wars, was a great soldier, was able to fight with a lion -- but he was afraid of cats. The moment he would see a cat, he would lose all his courage; he would suddenly become a six-month old baby.

This fact was known to the English commander-in-chief, Nelson; otherwise Nelson was no comparison to Napoleon Bonaparte. And this was the only war in which Napolean Bonaparte was defeated. Nelson brought seventy cats in front of the army, and when Napoleon Bonaparte saw seventy cats -- one was enough for the poor man -- he had a nervous breakdown. He simply told his assistant, "You take charge of the army. I am not in a position to fight; neither am I in a position to think. These cats have killed me."

And of course he was defeated.

Historians who say he was defeated by Nelson are wrong. No, he was defeated by a psychological trick. He was defeated by the cats, he was defeated by his childhood, he was defeated by a fear over which he had no control.

He was kept imprisoned on a small island, Saint Helena. There was no need for handcuffs because the island was small and there was no way to escape from there.

On the first day he was going for a walk, and because of the nervous breakdown and the defeat, he had been given a doctor to take care of him. The doctor was with him. They were walking on a small footpath, and a woman carrying a big load of grass was coming from the other direction. The path was very small; somebody had to give way. Although the doctor was English, he shouted to the woman, "Stand aside! You don't know who is coming. Although he was defeated, it doesn't matter: he is Napoleon Bonaparte."

But the woman was so uneducated, she had never heard the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. So she said, "So what? Let him stand aside! And you should feel ashamed. I am a woman carrying such a load... I should stand aside?"
Napoleon Bonaparte took the hand of the doctor, stepped aside and said, "The time when mountains used to give way to Napoleon Bonaparte is gone; the soap bubble is no more there. I have to give way to a woman who is carrying grass."
In his defeat he could see what had happened: for his whole life he had been repressing a fear. It was kept as a secret, but now the secret was known, the fear exposed. Napoleon Bonaparte was just nobody.
This is the situation of a great egoist.
So don't think that cowardice is an essential part of egoism; it is the whole of it. Ego is cowardice. And to be without ego is to be fearless -- because now nothing can be taken away from you; not even death can destroy anything in you. The only thing that could be destroyed by anybody was the ego.
The ego is so fragile, so much always on the verge of death, that the people who are clinging to it are always trembling deep inside.
Dropping the ego is the greatest act a man can do. It proves your mettle, it proves that you are more than you appear, it proves that there is something in you which is immortal, indestructible, eternal.
The ego makes you a coward.
Egolessness makes you a fearless pilgrim of the eternal mystery of life.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN I SIT WITH YOU, SOMETIMES I HEAR YOU SAY THAT ENLIGHTENMENT IS A SORT OF DEATH AND IT MEANS NEVER COMING BACK TO THIS LIFE AGAIN.
MY MIND FREAKS OUT ABOUT THIS, AND I AM NOT SURE IF I WANT THIS OR NOT. THEN I ASK MYSELF, `WELL, THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THIS CRAZY GUY?' THEN ALL I KNOW IS THAT YOU ARE IRRESISTABLE TO MY HEART AND THAT IS WHY I AM HERE.
OSHO, WHAT IS HAPPENING?

You have heard only half of the truth, and a half truth is far more dangerous than a full lie.
Enlightenment is ultimate death, but this is only half of the truth. It is also the beginning of an eternal life. You have not heard the other half. Perhaps the first half was so much a shock that you started thinking about it, and missed the other half.
It is true: after enlightenment you will not be coming back to this life. But that does not mean that you will be dead; that means you will be having a real, authentic, universal life.
And what have you got in this life that you are so much afraid to lose? -- very precious misery? What have you got except anxiety, pain, anguish, and a constant feeling that all is meaningless, that you are not living but simply moving towards the grave? Your living is nothing but a slow kind of death.

You should write down what it is that you have got that makes you so much worried that you will not be coming back. Perhaps there are enemies -- you have not been able to take revenge, and you want to come back.

I have heard about a man who was dying. He called all his four sons and he said, "My dear sons, I am dying and I hope that you will fulfill my last wish. Promise me...." But nobody would raise his hand. They looked at each other. The old man said, "Now this is not the time to think. My breaths are numbered. Gather courage."

The youngest raised his hand. He said, "I will fulfill the promise."

The three said, "What are you doing? Are you mad? You are too young. You don't know this man."

But the old man blessed the young boy and he said, "I have always known that you are my real son, my blood, my bones, my marrow, my everything. And these three idiots... they will not even promise a dying father a simple thing; they won't even ask what the thing is."

The young boy said, "You forget about them. You just tell me what the thing is that I have to do."

He said, "It is very simple, but I will whisper it in your ear. These three idiots should not hear it; otherwise they will disturb you. But don't listen to anybody. It is a question of keeping your word -- and to a dying father."

The boy said, "I promise. You just tell me."

So he whispered in his ear, "You do one thing: when I am dead, cut my hands, my feet, my head, into as many parts as you can."

The boy said, "What are you saying? For what?"

He said, "Wait, I have the whole plan -- then throw each part into all the neighborhoods, into everybody's house, and go to the police station."
The boy said, "But what is the purpose of this?"
He said, "Just a spiritual peace... my whole life I have been trying somehow to send all these neighbors behind bars. Now the chance has come. And when my soul sees all of them chained, going in the police lorry towards the police station, I will feel the only bliss. My whole life has been a life of misery. And my bliss will become a blessing for you." And the man died.
And the boy said, "My God, what kind of a father...?"
All the three said, "We told you before not to listen to him. He is the nastiest man you can find. Although he is our father... but that is an accident, what can we do? What has he said? He must have said something really nasty."
The young boy said, "Really nasty? I cannot conceive of anybody thinking at the time of death... he was bothered about the neighbors. And he was planning... this is the plan: we have to cut his body in as many parts as possible and throw those parts in everybody's house and inform the police that these people have killed our father -- not only killed, they have cut him into pieces -- and let them be caught red-handed. And he was saying that his soul will feel so blissed out that his life has been successful!"
What are you missing? For what do you want to come back? Is this not misery enough?
I know why people want to come back again and again, a simple arithmetic: this time you are married to a man or to a woman and you are fed-up. And you see so many beautiful men and beautiful women, they seem to be almost

other-worldly, and you are caught up with this ugly fellow, disgusting. But in this life it is very difficult to get rid of him; next life, there is a chance.

Remember the proverb: The grass on the other side of the fence is always greener. It looks like the neighbors are living so beautifully, so blissfully; only you are in hell.

So perhaps next time things will be different. In this big world, five million people -- forgive me, not million, billion -- five billion people... it is a very rare chance that you would find the same wife again, the same husband, the same nasty children, the same neighbors. A great hope of change... for that, more time is needed. You have to come again and again.

But just look backwards, just a single glance. Millions of times you have come here, and each time you were hoping that something was going to change. Nothing changes. You have different husbands, different wives, different children, but they are all the same. Just different models, but manufactured in the same company, the same mechanism inside the bonnet. All differences are only in the bonnets.

After each life you go on forgetting that you have lived so many times. It is time to realize that you are moving in a vicious circle. You have to come out of the circle.

Here in this circle, in this circus, nobody has ever been happy.

Yes, people go out to the club, to the cinema house, to the beach, smile... but these are not their real faces; these are masks which go on deceiving everybody. You know it perfectly well.

Husbands and wives are fighting, and somebody knocks on the door and immediately they start having a very nice,

beautiful conversation. And the guest is welcomed and he cannot conceive that just a moment before these two fellows were at each other's necks. And they are just waiting for the time when you are going to leave, so they can start again where the story has stopped -- with vengeance.

One man used to pray to God, "I must be the most miserable man in the world, and I have been praying my whole life. And I don't want much -- I simply want to exchange my miseries, with anybody you like, because everybody seems to be so happy. I am willing. You choose."

That night he had a dream. He heard a voice thundering from the sky: "Everybody take out his misery, put it in a bag and rush towards the temple."

He thought perhaps his prayer had been heard.

So he filled a bag with every misery that he had. And what he found on the road..."My God," he said, "this is strange" -- because his bag was just a small one. Others were carrying such big bags; a few were even supported by servants.

He said, "My God, these are the beautiful people! I have seen them. Now I know why God was not listening to my prayer, but it is too late. If I can save my bag and come back home, I will remain grateful to God forever."

And in the temple they again heard the voice: "Everybody hang your bag on the wall. And then the lights will be put off and a bell will ring; that will be the signal -- in the dark you can choose any bag that you want. So while it is light, look all around. And stand near the bag that you want, so that in the darkness you don't miss it."

The man who had prayed was just holding his bag.
But he was surprised -- another surprise, surprise upon surprise -- everybody was standing with his own bag, holding on. He asked a few people, "Why are you holding your bag?"
They said, "Why are you holding yours? -- for the same reason. At least we know what these miseries are. Somebody else's miseries, unknown, unacquainted... now at this age, to begin from scratch.... It is better to live with our old friends."
And the lights were turned off and everybody grabbed his bag, ran out of the temple, and they were all happy and hilarious that they had got their own bags.
And the man who had prayed was so grateful: "God is really compassionate; otherwise, today I was going to be in a mess. Those big bags -- my God, what kind of miseries people are hiding! And these are the people... I was thinking they were happy and I was the most miserable person, and my bag was the smallest!"
Nobody is showing his real face.
For what do you want to come back? -- just to have another mask, another bag of miseries, some other woman to torture you, some other man to beat you, some other children to drive you crazy? For what do you want to come back? Certainly not to repeat this life.
You are hoping for some change, some possibility of change.
But here, there are only differences of bags; the contents are the same.
When I said enlightenment is ultimate death and you will not be coming back to this life, if you had understood the

misery and the pain and the anguish and the meaninglessness and the boredom of your life, you would have rejoiced. But this was only half of the statement. The other half is an eternal life, with no form. You don't have any idea of it.

You can have an idea of it if you go deep in meditation. You will find that you are not the body, you are not the mind. You will find your formless consciousness -- and that is your real being, and it is always blissful.

There is tremendous possibility if you can get out of the rut of the wheel of life and death that you have been following since eternity: again and again doing the same thing, with a slight difference -- maybe in the color, maybe in the shape -- but the experience is basically the same.

Just one life is enough for a man of intelligence to see that this is not worth repeating.

When I was a student, one of my friends never passed his master's degree. At least before he became my friend, he had failed ten times. And he was the son of a very famous professor in the same university.

The man was strange... I liked his idea. I said, "You seem to be loving this class too much -- you have failed ten times."

He said, "What else to do? Because if I pass, then I have to do some job. My father is after me but he cannot manage, because I go on failing. My mother is after me. Now they have all become tired; they have decided there is no hope. And I am enjoying immense freedom: no worry, no job, no anxiety to pass the examination... because I am not going to pass it, unless this university decides to pass me whatever I do."

I said, "I like your idea; it resembles people's lives. They go on being born into the same world again and again. Unless existence itself forces them to become enlightened, they are not going to become enlightened. You are ready to suffer every kind of comment -- everybody is condemning you, every professor is condemning you, every student thinks that they have never seen such an idiot. Ten years in one class!"

But he said to me, "Who cares about these people? I am enjoying my life."

And finally the university had to decide to pass him: "Whether his attendance is enough or not, don't bother; whether or not he writes anything in his examination paper, don't take any note of it. Whatever he writes, it is right -- he has to be passed. He is torturing his father, his mother. He is their only son. They are getting old."

And they were very respected professors -- both the father and the mother -- and he was simply cheating them and just being a vagabond.

Finally, he was passed. After I passed my examination, he was still there for two more years, but twelve years were enough. The university decided that whether he writes anything or not, he knows; he should be released.

And you will be surprised that because he was forcibly passed.... They could not give him a first class; they could not make him a gold medalist, so he was passed in the third class. And he was very happy.

He met me. I said, "I have heard that you have passed. That is some news."

He said, "It is. I have passed in the third class. Now my father and mother cannot torture me because I am not

passing, I am not trying enough. For twelve years I have done as much work as possible -- but who gives a job to a third class graduate in India? So now I am still free. They have been successful in persuading the university to pass me, but they have passed me in third class, and third class does not matter. I am freed from the university too. Now I am completely free."

But free for what?

He was drinking alcohol, he was a gambler, he was going to prostitutes, he was taking all kinds of drugs. Freedom for what?

And he died just two years ago. He lived a rotten life, condemned by everybody, and destroyed himself in the name of freedom. And all that he was doing was simply trying to escape from responsibility.

But anyone who tries to escape from responsibility cannot experience freedom. Freedom is together with responsibility.

Your life... you have never thought about it, that it is empty, that it is more or less a nausea, that it is simply boredom. That's why you need so many entertainments. But where are you going? You are not growing. You have not accepted the basic responsibility towards yourself: that you have to create a meaningful life, a life which has significance, a life which has light in it, luminous; a life which is joyful, a life which in itself is a poetry.

The eternal life I am talking about is a life of eternal creativity. You will not be in the body, you will not be confined in any form, but your energy will have absolute freedom to be creative, to make this existence more beautiful, more lovable, more conscious, more enlightened.

That's why, although you are afraid, you still feel some irresistible attraction to this crazy guy.
That irresistible attraction shows that inside you are empty, hollow, meaningless. You have come close to a presence which attracts your heart in spite of your head.
If you are courageous, listen to the heart; if you are a coward, listen to the head.
But for the cowards there is no paradise.
Paradise opens its door only for the courageous.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
WHO IS THE MODERN MAN? HAVE SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY CORRUPTED THE MODERN MAN?

The modern man has not yet come into existence.
The people in the world are all very old and very ancient.
It is rare to come across a contemporary.
Somebody belongs to a religion founded ten thousand years ago, somebody belongs to a religion two thousand years old -- these people are not contemporary. They are living in modern times, but they are not modern.
And this has created a tremendous problem: technology, scientific progress needs the modern man to use it, and the modern man is not available. Technology is available, science is available, but the people who can use it creatively are non-existent.
The result is disastrous, because to these people who are not contemporaries, science has given technological instruments, machines, which are dangerous. It is like putting a sword in the hands of a child: he is going to hurt

somebody, or himself; he is not a swordsman, he is not trained for it.

Man is lagging behind, and the technology has gone far ahead of him. He does not know what to do with it, and whatever he is going to do with it is going to be wrong.

Atomic energy could have been a great blessing to humanity. It could have removed all poverty. But instead of removing poverty, instead of making man's life richer, it destroyed innocent people in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, who had done no harm to anybody.

And now, the atom bombs that destroyed Nagasaki and Hiroshima are like toys, because now the nuclear weapons are so powerful that they can destroy the whole earth seven hundred times. And they are in the hands of people like Ronald Reagan, who is certainly not a contemporary.

He is a fundamentalist Christian. The fundamentalist Christians are the worst Christians, they are the most fanatic people. They believe that Christianity is the only religion, all other religions are wrong, and that the whole world should be turned towards Christianity.

These are not contemporary ideas. These are very primitive ideas.

And one cannot hope, either, that Ronald Reagan and people of his kind will be contemporaries.

He used to have a chimpanzee; that was his only friend. In these billions of human beings, he could not find anybody worthy of friendship... a chimpanzee. And it shows something about you, the company you keep.

And when he became the president of America, on the first day he had gone to the beach with his chimpanzee for a walk. An old man saw them, and he could not believe his

eyes. He thought that this was an insult to the whole country, that the president should go for a morning walk with a chimpanzee. He went ahead, stopped both of the fellows and said, "President, sir, do you think it looks right to be president of a great country and have a chimpanzee as a friend?"

Ronald Reagan was just going to say something and the old man said, "You shut up! I am not asking you; I am asking Mister President." He was thinking that the chimpanzee was Mister President -- and perhaps he was right.

Sometimes, jokes are serious.

And if Ronald Reagan is angry at me... I know you cannot expect anything much more from a chimpanzee.

Now he has in his hands such powers to destroy....

Modern technology and science has not corrupted man. Man is not capable of using modern science and technology in the right way. The modern man is not born yet.

I am reminded of H.G. Wells, who has written one of the best histories of the world. When the book was published one interviewer asked him, "What is your idea of civilization?"

H.G. Wells said, "My idea? Civilization is a good idea, but it has still to happen. It is still an idea, somebody has to make it a reality."

Technology and science are not the problems.

The problem is the retarded man.

But we are strange people. We always think in strange ways.

Mahatma Gandhi was thinking that if all science and technology that has been developed by man and his intelligence after the spinning wheel could be drowned in

the oceans, then all problems would be solved. And this country believed him! And not only this country, but millions of people around the earth believed him, that the spinning wheel would solve all the problems.

Railway trains have to be stopped, airplanes have to be stopped, post offices have to be closed, telegrams, telephones have to be destroyed -- because all these things have come after the spinning wheel. In fact, nobody knows what can be saved. Electricity? -- no. Medical science? -- no. In fact, one will have to find out when the spinning wheel was invented. Perhaps bullock-carts can be saved, fire can be saved....

That's all: fire, bullock-carts, the spinning wheel, and everybody is a mahatma -- and all problems disappear automatically.

The question is not technology.

That's what Gandhi was insisting, that technology is corrupting man. My fight with him is that it is man who is retarded, that he is not capable of using the technology rightly.

How can technology corrupt man?

Do you think if Mahavira comes and sees a gun, the gun will corrupt Mahavira and he will start firing here and there, this way and that, because the gun corrupted him? Technology cannot corrupt anybody. Technology is just a means in your hands, and whatever you want to make of it you can make of it.

Medical science thinks man can live three hundred years: old age can be simply avoided, diseases can disappear, man can live young, healthy, for three

and most probably they already have rested in that, no politician is interested in that. Their interest is in how to create death rays.

And if death rays can be created, do you think it is inconceivable to imagine that life rays can be created? The same genius, the same scientist who can create death rays is capable of creating life rays.

But nobody is asking for life rays.

The demand is for death rays, and most probably they already have death rays in the Soviet Union and America both. Then there is no need to send a missile with nuclear bombs; death rays can just be directed towards a certain spot and they will pass through people, killing them in such a way... they will not destroy anything else. Your furniture will be saved, your houses will be saved, your cars will be saved -- they will only destroy life.

A strange kind of world.

If death rays are used, houses will be standing, cars will be there, trains will be there; only life will not be found anywhere.

Is technology corrupting man? No, I do not agree with that Gandhian idea.

I hope that we will be able to create life rays, so that if life rays pass through a village the whole village becomes young, full of life.

But religions will not like my idea, because even old people will start falling in love. Life rays? -- no religion will be ready. Death rays are perfectly okay.

Life rays passing through the Vatican... the pope falls in love, starts dancing in a disco, finds a girlfriend. As far as I am concerned, I would love for that to happen.

Contemporary man has to be brought into existence. That is my work. That's why everybody is against me -- because they are not contemporary people. I am fighting a fight against everybody, because there are old, ancient, dead skeletons....

If contemporary man comes into life, the whole of technology will be a servant. There is no need for any human being to function as a servant; technology can do that. Man's labor hours can be almost finished. Machines can do that, and can do it more efficiently than man can ever manage. And if all the work can be done by technology and machines, man is free to evolve his consciousness. He has time enough to meditate, to transcend this life, to enter into the transcendental, the immortal.

And machines can do miracles. You have heart attacks -- so many people die of heart attacks -- and now it is practically possible to exchange your hearts for plastic hearts. That does not mean that your love will become plastic, but the heart will become so strong that there is no possibility of its failure. Man's body can be improved in every possible way. Plastic surgery can make human beings as beautiful as you can dream of.

But the political idiots are concerned only with how to destroy. They are not concerned to beautify human life, to prolong human life, to help human beings to remain young, youthful, playful. They don't want this earth to be a place of festivity, of joy, of song and dance; and they don't want to give humanity time enough to evolve into new dimensions of being.

They are perfectly satisfied with the old, out-of-date humanity.
So I repeat again: the new man, the contemporary man, has not yet come on the stage.
We have to herald his coming.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
MY IMAGINATION IS VERY STRONG. SOMETIMES WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES, I SEE MYSELF SITTING WITH YOU AND THERE ARE NO MORE QUESTIONS. THEN I FEEL LOVED AND ACCEPTED. WHENEVER I EXPERIENCE THIS, I FEEL SO JOYFUL.
IS THIS REAL, OR JUST A MIND-GAME TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM REALITY?

If you can manage it exactly the same, again and again, then it is not imagination. Then it is not the stuff dreams are made of, because you cannot repeat a dream.
But if you can imagine such a thing only once, and you cannot manage to experience it exactly the same again and again, then it is a dream; then it is a mind game. Don't waste time on it.
This is the distinction between dream and reality: reality is that which remains as it is. Dream is something that happens once and is gone. And it is not in your hands to bring it back, you cannot manage to dream it. Every morning you will open your eyes -- your room will be the same. Every night you will close your eyes -- your dreams will be different. That which remains the same is the real,

and that which goes on fleeting, changing, and is not under your control, is a dream.

Don't waste your time in dreams.

One night Mulla Nasruddin suddenly nudged his wife and said, "Be quick! Where are my glasses?"

The wife said, "Are you mad? What are you going to do with your glasses in the middle of the night?"

Mulla Nasruddin said, "No argument at this moment, we can discuss things later. First my glasses!"

So the wife gave him his glasses. He put the glasses on, closed his eyes.

The wife said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "Nothing. I was having such a beautiful dream, but because my eyes are not the same as they used to be in my youth... it is old age, so I could not see clearly; things were vague. From tomorrow I am going to sleep with my glasses on, because one never knows."

The wife said, "Can I ask you what the dream was?"

He said, "It is better if you don't ask... such a beautiful woman, but she just slipped out of my hands because of a simple mistake: I had no idea where you had put my glasses. And I tried my best -- by putting on my glasses, praying to God, that `just once more' -- but nothing happened. Instead what I saw... it is better not to say."

She said, "What did you see? You have to say!"

He said, "Don't create any trouble in the middle of the night. I saw you! That was the last thing I ever wanted to see."

You cannot repeat dreams. They are not objective, you cannot share them; you cannot invite friends and have a dream party.

Reality is objective; even the inner reality also is objective. So you can check it. You try again. If you can manage the same experience, then don't be worried. It is not a mind-game, it is a beautiful meditation. Go deep into it with all my blessings.